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Autumn Elegy

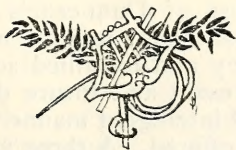
Drab twilight, gray rainfall—
Locust whirring, vista drear—
Cloud lowering, air lifeless—
Dead embers of the dying year.

Bleak shadow, day's spark lost—
Pall of autumn settleth o'er
Dripping poplars, dank hedgerow—
Bright August gone to come no more.

Dark deepens, tense, death-like—
Ghostly sable over all—
Black, forboding hush broken—
Dismal note of the night-bird's call.

Dead summer, God speed thee—
Sadden'd morrow as sad to-day—
Now October, soon winter—
Vain cycle of the year's decay!

Paul G. Sullivan, LL.B., '28



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Jun 6 '29

Duquesne and the Field of Pharmacy



THE recent establishment of a School of Pharmacy is significant evidence of Duquesne University's remarkable growth and progress and of the very real desire of the President and Board of Directors to serve the public in the most efficient manner possible. The opening of this new school, which is Duquesne's first excursion into the field of medical science, is the first move in the fine program of development and expansion that is contemplated for the scientific departments of the University.

Before deciding to open the new school, the university authorities made a careful study of community needs, and subsequently a survey of present-day conditions in Pharmacy. In their investigation the President and Directors were impressed by the excellent opportunities which the profession now offers to young men and women; by the higher professional and scientific standards now maintained in Pharmacy; by the activities of the professional organizations; by the recent advances in pharmaceutical education; and by the pharmacist's own keener appreciation of his responsibilities, special duties, and proper functions as defined in the code of ethics adopted by the American Pharmaceutical Association.

Persons not in close contact with the profession are amazed at the many changes and the rapid progress made in Pharmacy during the past few years. As the President of a middle-western state university stated not long ago, "Pharmacy is not a petty trade the skills of which may be acquired incidentally. Pharmacy is an important servant of medicine. More and more must the pharmacist possess technical ability; must be a citizen of culture and be inspired with a high motive of human service. Through our school of pharmacy this university meets one of its chief responsibilities to the state; that of providing a body of thoroughly trained and high-minded pharmacists."

The chief purpose of Duquesne's newest school is, of course, to train pharmacists; to give men and women such schooling in pharmacy and its allied sciences as will enable them to meet the present and future demands of their profession in an able and intelligent manner. Three well-planned courses of study are offered. A three year course, leading to the degree of Graduate in Pharmacy, fits the student for the general work of the drug store and dispensary. Two four

Bachelor of Science course to cultural studies. In the final year of both courses the student may elect his studies to a certain extent, specialization being permitted in the field in which the student may have an individual interest.

But it must not be thought that graduates of the various courses are fitted only for the work of the retail store. They may become hospital pharmacists, analytical chemists, pharmacognosists, bacteriologists, water-control chemists, or teachers in schools of pharmacy. They may enter the wholesale drug business, or do general chemical and pharmaceutical manufacturing and control work. They may become salesmen or detail men for medicinal products. That a course in pharmacy makes an excellent foundation for the study of medicine or dentistry will be seen from an examination of the various curricula. The curriculum of the three year course, for instance, includes general chemistry, qualitative and quantitative analysis, pharmaceutical chemistry, organic chemistry, drug assay, urine analysis, business law, accounting and business practice, commercial pharmacy, pharmaceutical ethics, general pharmacy, manufacturing and dispensing, history of pharmacy, pharmaceutical law, botany, histology, materia medica, microscopy, bacteriology, physiology, first aid, Latin, English, and mathematics.

The work of the school is to be conducted upon Duquesne's usual high plane. The standards of the American Conference of Pharmaceutical Faculties will be maintained, and the legal requirements of Pennsylvania and other states will be met. Sessions will be held five days a week, the work of the first year being given mainly in the morning and the early afternoon. Since it is recognized that the average pharmacist must be a good merchant, both the professional and commercial sides of pharmacy are to be given due consideration. Students are taught to be good business men as well as good pharmacists.

The faculty which has been engaged for the new school is a competent one. Its members have had experience not only in teaching in schools of pharmacy but also in the actual work of the retail pharmacy, in hospital dispensing, in government service, and in general analytical and control work. Hugh C. Muldoon, Ph.G., B.S., D.Sc., for the past five years Dean of the School of Pharmacy or Valparaiso University, and at one time on the teaching staffs of the Union University College of Pharmacy and the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, is professor of Chemistry and Dean of the School of Pharmacy. Leslie B. Barrett, Ph.G., Ph.C., a graduate of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and formerly an instructor in the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University, heads the department of materia medica and botany. Russell R. Batter-

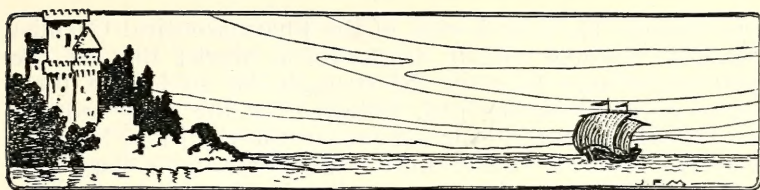
shell, Ph.G., B.S., a graduate of Valparaiso University and professor of pharmacy at that institution, will have charge of the department of pharmacy. In addition to these heads of departments the school has as members of its faculty specialists from other schools of the University, including the schools of Law; Accounts, Commerce and Finance; and the college of Arts and Sciences.

At present the School of Pharmacy occupies the first floor of Canevin Hall, on the campus. Special laboratories for pharmacy and materia medica and botany, and offices, lecture and preparation rooms have been arranged. A new chemical laboratory was installed on the first floor of the present science building. All the new apparatus and general equipment purchased is the finest of its type so that it may be used later in the fine new science hall which is to adjoin Canevin Hall on the east. A considerable portion of this new building, which will be erected in 1926, will be especially planned for and devoted to the needs of the School of Pharmacy. The forethought of the Board of Directors is evidenced by the opening of the School of Pharmacy at this time. It is their plan that it shall be in operation and smoothly functioning when the new building is ready. The number of students which can be accommodated will then be greatly increased, a condition much to be desired, for the supply of good registered pharmacists is never equal to the demand.

Opportunities in pharmacy are now better than ever before. The many hospitals, the large number of wholesale houses and drug manufacturing plants, the more than 50,000 retail drug stores, and the thirty-five billion dollars invested in the United States in pharmacy in its various phases, indicate the possibilities of the profession. The course of college study is comparatively short, the cost is low and the student is able to earn a portion of his expenses while in college. He is sure of a well paying position as soon as he is graduated and registered by the State. The work is attractive, the return on the capital invested in a drug store is entirely adequate and the opportunities to do good are many. No one, except the clergyman and the physician is closer than the pharmacist to the people of his neighborhood.

Pharmacists must be competent and well trained dispensers of medicine. The profession demands knowledge, skill and integrity. No profession is more exacting in the many demands made upon its members. The responsibilities are great that life and health may be safeguarded. Thorough training and adequate preparation are essential. The School of Pharmacy of Duquesne University aims to give such training.

HUGH C. MULDOON, Dean
Duquesne University School of Pharmacy



Nationalism

EVERY race is filled with pride at the thought of its history, its products, its achievements and its rank among the peoples of the world. Nationalism has always governed the actions of nations. We begin to realize its potency when we see how men strive for their country's welfare, fight for its ideals and even die for its causes. It is animated patriotism and is as selfish as the love of a mother for her child.

It is through a consciousness of national pride more than through any other agency that a country is kept to the fore in world events. In the term, Nationalism, there is compressed an enormous amount of a nation's life and history. It propels only the noblest sentiments of loyalty and faith through the veins of a nation's subjects. It arouses men and bands them together for its defense. A country may have splendid leaders, but if these do not have a united people at their backs, nothing can be accomplished. The mass of people are the nation. They are its life-giving substance. It is their actions, their hopes and aims that mould its policies. In a word it is nationalism that holds the people together and fills them with fidelity.

The nations with subjects keenly interested in their national life are the ones that dominate the world. What nations today are playing the important roles in affairs of the universe? One says off-hand, United States, England, France, Italy. And these are governments in which the citizens form the important cog in the transaction of business. We have seen the same situation in the past. Rome was just a little settlement, but its people were animated with a deep concern for their country, and Rome came to rule the world. We watch with interest the struggle of the Irish for absolute freedom. For hundreds of years the spirit of Irishmen has continued that struggle despite the growing power of England, its Cromwells and the Irish traitors. They too are slowly arriving at the door of liberty. Only an intense national year courses, one leading to the Pharmaceutical Chemist degree and the other to the Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy degree, are identical with the shorter course for the first

three years. The fourth year of the Pharmaceutical Chemist course is devoted mainly to technical work; that of the spirit could have kept up the struggle for so long a time. Again, a little country girl, followed by the fully aroused nationalistic spirit of France, drove out the victorious English, saved the honor of France and wrote an inimitable chapter in the history of the world. Joan of Arc, leading her king to the altar for coronation, hailed and applauded by the French people, is the leader of a magnificent pageant depicting the might and strength of nationalism. America itself is an example of such a force. From the town meetings of New England, held in crude quarters and scarcely tolerated by the governors of the king, down to the congress of the United States as it sits in state by virtue of the people of this country, there is but one strain through its whole history and that can be well summed up in the word nationalism. There are countless examples of a like nature to be found in the written records of men. It is uncanny what such spirit can do. No man can adequately measure its power, yet no leader dares to ignore it.

But in the name of nationalism and in its wake a host of crimes has come forth. A race filled with power and an exaggerated sense of superiority is apt to grow arrogant and forgetful of the rights of others. But when there arises in its path an equally nationalistic people and with one nationalism pitted against another, only disaster and destruction can follow. Some one has remarked that nations swell with conceit over their exploits. But they stand like trees in a forest, each priding itself on its splendid isolation and advantages while under the soil their roots are entwined and above in the sky their branches freely mingle.

Clasing nationalism has stunted many constructive reforms. It has kept out of existence the real league of nations. It thwarted Wilson at Versailles and it has been the specter at every council table in the world's history. Just recently it caused the downfall of the conference held to regulate traffic in narcotics and dope. Today that monster of dope is allowed to go unchecked, spreading havoc and moral ruin, because nations were blinded by their ambitions to the humanitarian point of view, that of minimizing the possibility of men becoming dope addicts.

Despite the recent examples of the destructive force of nationalism, however, the governments of the world are coming to see that patriotism is not incompatible with internationalism. Misunderstanding and suspicion keep nations apart. European statesmen especially are working more and more in harmony and are transcending nationality. They at

least are learning that only in the realm of co-operation and mutual aid lies the future peace of the world, contentment and progress. And it is only when all nations acquire a spirit that is above the narrow limits of nationalism, a spirit tempered with common sense and reason, that wars shall cease and the hour of universal peace will have dawned.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A.B., '27.

IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES

When Sometimes a Man is Only a Human Being

I walk among the fields of green
Upon a summer's day
And I do greatly love the scene,
For I am far away.

Away from what? From Bill my friend,
Who's large and handsome grown;
From Bill to whom a note I penned,
Which would I could disown!

Bill's heart that time with honey dripped;
The ninety days are gone;
The money, too, from me has slipped,
And now I fear Bill's brawn.

I walk among the fields of green
Upon a summer's day
And I do greatly love the scene,
For I am far away.

JOHN M. LAMBERT, A. B. '28.

"Two in One"

"Oh! don't worry about me, Dad, When the time comes, I'll be able to take care of myself," said John Welsh, Jr., in his customary optimistic manner, after he had been severely reprimanded by his irate father for his indifference.

His father, seeing that it was almost useless to try to convince John that he was wrong, said, "Son, any success you wish to attain in this world you must work for. I can support you no longer. It's up to you to either make or break yourself. Go out into the world and make a man of yourself—a real he-man. Learn the exact meaning of responsibility."

With these words, he concluded, thereby closing the door of prosperity on his son's face. John did not seem to realize what had been said, or if he did, it had little effect upon him at that time. Indifference of this sort characterized all his actions.

A few hours later, however, he was scanning the want ads of the evening paper with a look of determination in his eyes, for those words of his parent seemed to have awakened him from that drowsiness of indifference and neglect.

The following morning John bade his father good-bye. He was bound for "Millionacres, the Land of Prosperity," a village controlled exclusively by its owner, Mr. Michael Million. He had little trouble "hooking up" (as he phrased it) with Millionacres Realty Company, a firm interested in selling beautiful lots for summer homes. The thing John liked best about the job, was that he was supplied with name cards, which he displayed with a great degree of pride in a rather boyish fashion. He decided to send his father one, accompanied with a little note, telling him of the success that he had thus far met with; so he betook himself to one of the stenographers. He glanced at the identification placed upon each desk, and finally his eyes rested upon one, "Miss Anderson," a demure young lass of nineteen summers, who was so interested in her work that she did not notice her new admirer.

After clearing his throat and adjusting his tie, John stepped closer and said, "Pardon, Miss Anderson, would you mind typing a letter for me?"

She turned and inquired: "Are you a member of this firm?"

"I sure am," replied John, producing his card.

"Well, all right, what is it?"

He dictated the letter, making many unnecessary pauses so that he might steal just one more glance at the "Queen of Millionacres," as he had already christened her.

When he left the office he was whistling, "Yes Sir! She's My Baby," with a certain amount of expression. He was so thrilled by the girl's beauty, that he would have trounced any one who denied the possibility of love at first sight.

He resolved right from the start to get acquainted with her. Consequently, it did not take long for him to "date her up" for an occasional dance or show, or perhaps dinner, or even to call at her home. On one of his visits he was introduced to her father, who immediately took more than a passing interest in him, for the simple reason that he admired John's live-wire personality, and at that time he was searching for a man of Welsh's type.

During the next few months John made frequent visits to the Anderson home, and on many occasions was forced to contend with "added company," in the form of Reginald Blythe, fire chief and ladies-man of Millionacres, who from all appearances, was also very much interested in Mary.

One evening, hoping to be alone with Mary for a few minutes, he made an unexpected visit to her home, but Blythe had chosen the same evening, as was evident from the sight of his car parked in front of the house. Young Welsh rang the bell and was escorted to Mr. Anderson's room, where he was greeted in a most cordial manner by that gentleman.

"John," he said, "While Mary is entertaining Blythe, I wish to talk over a few things with you. I have an opening for a live-wire, go-getter in the Sanders Fire Insurance Company, of which I am President. I want a man of determined character. I think you are that man. What's your answer?"

"Well, before I can accept," responded John, "I would like to know the nature of the work expected of me."

"Certainly, certainly," returned Mr. Anderson, "here's the proposition: since the Sanders Company's entrance into the fire insurance game, we have tried time and time again to talk Old Million into insuring the whole of Millionacres, but thus far our efforts have been in vain. He cannot see the necessity of fire insurance. Your job will be to make him see it. Will you take it?"

"I'll try, Mr. Anderson," the youth replied.

"That's the way to talk, boy. You'll succeed too, or I miss my guess. Be ready to start in a couple of days."

The next morning, John gave the Millionacres Realty Company notice of his departure from their employ in the course of a few days.

The following week, with ways and means by which he might be able to approach Million figured almost to a cer-

tainty, John set out to make Million see the necessity of fire insurance, but his carefully laid plans were torn to shreds by the shrewd old man. He even went so far as to tell John not to approach him on the matter again. But young Welsh was not the sort of a man to become pessimistic about such things. Try, try, try again was his favorite motto, but on this occasion, the harder he tried the less he succeeded.

At the end of three months of perserverance, he came to the conclusion that he was a failure, for he had accomplished nothing during that time. He wanted to quit—to tell Mr. Anderson that he could not succeed in his work—to leave Millionacres forever. With this end in view, he went to Anderson's home. Again he found Blythe's car parked a few feet from the house. He hesitated a while—"Gee, but I'd like to bid Mary good-bye,—to tell her that I love her,—but I can't with that pest continually hanging around."

Suddenly a big smile lighted his countenance. He resolved to stick it out for a few more days. He was willing to let Blythe spend one evening with Mary, for he saw that his day was coming, in the near future.

The next morning he arose exceptionally early and betook himself to Lang Avenue, on the northeast outskirts of the village. There he hurriedly constructed a makeshift garage, to the amazement of the residents of that place. He had no machine as yet, but he might buy one from the Sanders Fire Insurance Company.

About nine o'clock that night he decided to pay Mary a little visit, but again he was confronted by the presence of the fire chief.

"Darn the luck," cried John, as he prepared to go back to the hotel.

"What's that? A fire whistle! Gee! that's a life-saver. Blythe will have to leave now." As he finished, Blythe hurried out, and away he went.

Mary stood on the porch. When she saw John, she ran to meet him. "Did you sell that insurance for daddy yet, Jack?" she asked.

For an instant he was speechless. He wanted to tell her the truth, but he could not betray that confidence that she seemed to have in him. Then he replied, "Not yet dear, but I soon will."

At this juncture, Mary noticed Mr. Million crossing the street and coming in the direction of the house. He ascended the steps, breathing rather quickly, and obviously worried.

When he had regained his breath, he asked "Welsh, are you still connected with the Sanders Fire Insurance Company?"

John replied that he was, and asked what he could do to help him.

"Listen, Welsh. I have considered your proposition from various angles, and I have come to the conclusion that fire insurance is absolutely necessary. Draw up a policy for one million dollars."

"No sooner said than done," replied John.

When the signatures were affixed, Mr. Million queried, "By the way, could I collect insurance for damage caused by fire that would by chance break out to-day?"

John thought for a moment. "Most assuredly so, Mr. Million. Why do you ask?"

"Well, son, I've got the Sanders Company hooked right from the start, for there is a fire raging at the end of the village this very moment."

John told Million that the Sanders Company's word was their bond; that they were prepared for situations of that nature, and that he'd find them to be the best firm in Million-acres.

With this assurance, Million departed, leaving Mary and John to talk over a few things in private. By and by Mr. Anderson unobtrusively made his appearance, and heard Mary's answer to a very important question asked by Jack. It was, "Yes."

Imagine Mr. Million's shock on the following morning when he read the headline in the **Morning News**—"Fire in Lang Avenue causes great excitement, but little damage"—and it went on to relate how an old garage was burned to the ground.

Do you wonder why Jack was heartily congratulated by his father, and by Mr. Anderson—and especially by Mary?

LAWRENCE A. O'CONNELL, A.B., '26

The Education of Character by Means of Will Power



WHAT is character? This is the question which most naturally suggests itself to our mind, but to answer requires the genius of a profound philosopher. However, with my limited store of knowledge, I will attempt to give an adequate definition. In modern times, man is said to possess Character, when, true to his convictions, he endeavors with firmness and perserverance to conform his conduct thereto.

But on the other hand, a man without character is swayed by every breeze of opinion, and finally permits himself to be ruled by those of his friends who comprise his social environment and the frequently scandalous lines of his acquired literary tastes—or rather I should say, his trashy reading.

Personally I do not think there is a single man who has forceful will-power and lacks character, or has character and lacks will-power. In fact it appears ridiculous and contrary to reason that a man of either type should exist. To prove my assertion it would be well for me to define "will." I shall give the definition of a learned Jesuit Father. "Will, in a word, is the power to act deliberately—that is to say, the power of being the master of one's own actions." How fine a phrase: To be the master of one's own actions! What wonderful possibilities are realized when one can truthfully have this brief but characteristic phrase applied to oneself! What a delight to be able to cope with the omnipresent difficulties of life, the disastrous circumstances and the illusive temptations!

In order that we may be master and lord of a certain thing, we must have it in our possession; consequently, to be masters of our actions we must actually be in possession of them. From this we may readily see that to be a master of ourselves we must be so by means of the will. How are we to accomplish the feat? By no other means than by will-training. Those who are desirous of devoting their lives to body-training are not discouraged by the knowledge that daily exercises, which demand great sacrifice of time, are required. It appears quite reasonable to them to give their time to attain their ideal. It would be very strange were it otherwise with those who desire to cultivate a strong will-power.

Will-training is a slow process, but a very sure one. It requires much time and great effort, but most of all much earnestness.

In the preceding paragraphs I have given a definition of character and will. I shall now endeavor to point out some of the difficulties that must be overcome by the will. Let the

student serve as a typical example. Because of his social environment, the student has the greatest difficulty of all to overcome, for when younger and at home he had paternal guidance to keep him on the right path, but when he becomes a student of a college or a university, he must work out his ideal when away from his classes in the best possible manner. At the same time he must "will" this ideal and mould his life toward that end.

He must have relaxation just as he has work, but the majority of students entertain strange illusions in this respect. Many have not the least notion of the method of study. They work as they play, by fits and starts, without any kind of system. They prepare for their examinations in the same manner as they would for ordinary occasions—that is to say at the last possible moment. The result is, they present themselves in great confusion of mind; their nerves are strained, their memory paralyzed and incapable of action; they experience great difficulty in replying to simple questions—when ever, in short, they are called upon to dispense in small doses, what has been compounded in an instant. This kind of preparation almost invariably proves fatal, because no time has been conceded for the full and normal assimilation of the instruction received. The best means of creditably passing an examination consists in preparing for it by daily, systematic study, not in view, mainly, of the examination itself, but in view of the acquirement of knowledge. The intellectual life, like the moral life, is a matter of habit, mainly depending upon strength of will. Oft repeated experience has demonstrated that a student who devotes two or three hours of each day throughout the year to serious work will not be required, within the last three or four months prior to his final examinations, to overtax his brain-power. He will have had leisure to digest all that he has consumed, and if it be necessary to rush at the last moment, he will stimulate rather than exhaust his acquired knowledge. And, morally, he will have gained enormously. The virtue of studiousness, which such application helps to foster, is acquired just as are the other virtues. Its acquisition entails the constant intervention of the will. The prospect of an examination drives the ordinary student to study, not on its own merits, but rather because certain consequences have to be faced in the event of failure or success.

On the other hand, the student who persists manfully in his daily application will be astonished at the gratifying results. Then if we desire to be men of character let us begin by being upright men—that is, attending to our duty no matter what it may be. Let us advance along the lines here advocated, and as students we shall be successful and our future as men of the world will be secured. J. S. McDONALD, A.B., '27.



Crowded Schools



OLDEN brown, soothing russet, flaming scarlet and the stolen color of the yellow sunflowers melt and merge in the autumn leaves, and as they fall the colors whisper a call to youth, summoning him to class-room, lecture hall and laboratory, for they are the heralds of educational days. A legion has this year answered the call, indeed the schools are not in a position to accommodate the incoming students.

Every year has its increase; like autumn leaves their numbers grow; and one begins to wonder just when the increase in the student body at various higher institutions will cease.

The reason for such a great number entering the formerly select field of collegiate endeavor, is the realization that a person going out into the world is compelled to compete against men who have specialized in their branch of activity, men who have had the advantage of a university training with its accompanying sense of security and feeling of self-reliance. These reasons are being more and more recognized and have, if not completely, then to a great extent, taught people that today, unless a man be a college graduate his chance of attaining a good position, of sitting in the councils of the elect, are few indeed.

This realization carries with it an obligation. Night schools commencing with the primary grades and ending with the different college courses are to be had in every large city. It is incumbent on a man who recognizes higher educational advantages to seize them because he owes it to himself, to his family, city, state and country.

It is a particular field of education in which we are interested: namely, Catholic education. The Catholic colleges and universities are securing a large number from the legion mentioned above. This is as it should be; since in addition to the obligation incumbent on another not of the faith, the Catholic owes it to his church. The church now needs men who are well educated, well grounded in secular and religious teaching. It needs men who have tasted the sweetness of Scholasticism and know the bitterness of the sophistries of tawdry philosophic systems. It needs attorneys and engineers with a scientific mind made pliable with the teachings of the

Nazarene. It needs business men who can see the beauty and blessed hope in the coming of the Redeemer.

Today as always, the church stands for truth; and so of necessity does every Catholic man, and every Catholic college and university. To us it seems that there never was so much danger of falling into error on some questions as there is today. How many of us have not at one time or other become involved in vexatious discussions on Evolution? What is your position and why do you hold it? What is the Catholic Church's position and why does she hold it? Could you answer these questions in such a manner as to convince a skeptic that you knew what you were talking about?

Another question is that of Socialism and allied problems of political reform. Do you not think we as Catholics should oppose, and do so intelligently and efficiently, a system which would destroy individuality, enterprise, the home and everything which tends to make the world such a glorious place in which to live?

As college men we have a duty. There is upon us an obligation to stimulate in the youth coming after us a desire for higher education. A few well chosen words at the right time will do incalculable good in turning a youngster towards a college or university. We should be conversant with all the surface advantages and disadvantages of our colleges and universities. Many a college man will discourage a youngster in high school by depicting in overdrawn language the scenes of drudgery he will encounter in college. The man who does this is little short of criminal, since he is robbing someone of a desire for or at least a passive interest in a college career; he is taking away from another a treasure which he himself is accepting, and from which he rightly should never draw any benefit.

It is indeed a joy to see the great number of young men awake to the possibilities of a good education; a greater joy to behold our higher institutions each year sending forth the Levites of the secular sciences, who, when the autumn of life creeps upon them and they like the leaves begin to fall, the mellow sunshine playing upon the glorius colors of their deeds, will leave an ineffaceable canvas for future generations.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A.B., '26

The Brilliant Man

The guerdon of merit is his—
The man's who forever is gay,
The man's who sees life as it is,
And recks not what others may say.


He's tranquil in time of distress,
He's hopeful in midst of great woes,
He knows that he'll meet with redress
In measure beyond all his throes.

And real is his life, though a trial;
He gladly contributes his share;
His fellows he helps with a smile
And ever has kindness to spare.

The present has given us friends,
The future will take them away;
The evil of time that impends
Grows less with our kindness to-day.

RAY A. BERG, A.B., '28

A Writer of Romances

HE present day writers of romance seem to take a model form wherewith to carry out their plots. It has become evident to the reader of novels that the poor, industrious young man invariably marries his employer's daughter and becomes a member of the firm; that the capricious society debutante without fail joins conjugal bonds with a successful, stern-minded scientist; that the black-sheep of the aristocratic New York family is banished, arrives at Springsvale or some other equally small town, saves the only girl in the village from runaway horses, and returns home after marrying, to live happily ever after in the bonds of matrimony. But the reading public is fortunate to have a contemporary romancer in Jeffery Farnol who departs emphatically from this modern balderdash. It is intended to briefly explore herewith his work, not in one, but in several productions together, such as "The Broad Highway," "Sir John Dering," and "Peregrine's Progress."

These books have a setting in England at the time when horse and coach, lace and frill were in vogue. Farnol seems to have become at one time deeply engrossed in studying customs and manners of the period and by the clever way in which he disposes of them we conclude that he acquired a masterful knowledge. His characterizations of the buck, corinthian, milady, the inkeeper, the tinker or the toiler of that time are delightful, if we may be excused the use of a weak word which so strongly expresses our view. Every little courtesy, each gallantry, seems to be in its exact place; the mincing and the unpretentious milady are nicely depicted. Indeed, we find no fault with the best part of Farnol's writing.

Let us here point out (pardon our presumptuous temerity) what we consider a fault in the author's productions. We do not believe in a similarity between the plot of one story and that of another as occurs in "The Broad Highway" and "Peregrine's Progress." Both books picture the hero going forth into the world, fresh from the bosom of loving relatives, to gain experience, and after some time returning bewedded and happy. We have the courage to mention our belief that these likenesses between plots can only prove fatally uninteresting in the end.

Farnol has the plot complete in his stories. He brings in the action and the sentimental part at the logical moment. His stories are interesting and his love making scenes anything but "shiekish." Together with these favorable qualities an unexpected humour frequently appears while his characters continue to use a pleasant philosophy. These points place Farnol at the top of our list of contemporary romancers.

J. J. BRENT, A.B., '26



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

The Staff a Past and Present

THE Bell of Time tolls out another year for the MONTHLY, and with its dying peal pass the students who comprised the Staff of '24 and '25. Great is the loss felt by the incoming staff in the graduation of those men who marked a new path for the course of the **Monthly** by making it entirely a student publication, thus establishing a precedent of which they are rightfully proud. But as the old gives way to the new, so those men have left vacant their positions for the advent of another group whose duty it is to "carry on" along that now beaten path on which they were the forerunners. Consequently, we of the Staff of this present year assume our duties with the same spirit which characterized the pioneers of last year.

Before venturing upon our journey, let us extend our heartiest congratulations to Paul G. Sullivan and his cohorts for the successful establishment of the MONTHLY as strictly a student paper. We hope for the same success as they enjoyed, and as friendly enemies, we will endeavor to surpass the work of the men of '25, and pass another milestone on the road of the MONTHLY'S achievements.



Our Aim

A word or two concerning the intentions of our Staff for this current year. The character of this bulletin is such that all departments of learning as well as all phases of student life are considered from a student viewpoint. The various writers are acquainted with almost everyone and everything bearing affinity to this institution, and when the time arrives for the publication of their articles they will write of events here-

abouts with but one objective in view—the best interests of Old Duquesne. In other words, if there is need of reform in school spirit (the very vital organ of any institution) these columns will make you aware of the fact; if conduct towards a visiting team is not as it should be, there will be found a lesson in etiquette, entitled, “How to Act in the Presence of Visitors;” if some students insist upon attending games with an air of indifference—keeping mum while cheers are in order, there will be a writer covering that situation who will head his article, “The Exigency of Vocal Culture for Some Dukes at Games.” We didn’t intend to be reformers nor stoic-faced carpers, but rather constructive critics with the sole purpose of aiding the progress of Duquesne University. The men of this Staff as well as the great majority of you Dukes are striving for the success of the Red and Blue, and such instances as I have mentioned are characteristic of the few. Few they may be, nevertheless they are detrimental to the interests of this school. Are we going to listen to the remarks which are a hindrance to the advancement of our athletic endeavors? Shall we let pass unwarranted criticism of the men who are trying to bring recognition to our school? Every REAL student will say, “NO.” We here and now invoke the aid of the REAL students to co-operate with us in curbing this tendency of the few to “razz” things Duquesne. This situation rests entirely with the student-body. Let’s give our ALL to our Athletic Director, so that he may realize his dream of a Greater Duquesne.

The MONTHLY’S motto is, “Give Credit Where Credit Is Due.” Give us the opportunity of doing so at all times.

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A. B. '26.



Colonel Mitchell and the Air Service



THE present writing Colonel Mitchell, the stormy petrel of our Air Service, is the central figure in a nation wide investigation of our Aircraft. He has defied everyone; he has sought trouble and is now getting it. He is apparently about to have his day of reckoning, but it is more than probable that the investigating committee will consider only his breach of Army regulations and not the questions of national defense involved.

The record that Colonel Mitchell has made in the Army establishes him as a brave man and capable pilot. Because of his unquestionable record he is at once freed of any unworthy motive, and is stamped as a man who has the courage of his

convictions. In view of this fact, one is led to believe that there is truth and sound judgment in his criticisms and value in his suggestions. However, the real trouble lies in the method he has adopted to bring this condition before the eyes of the public.

The public is ever willing to listen and sympathize with anyone who has been made a victim of official tyranny, but it will not give ear long to him who is right whilst everyone else is wrong. It will not stand for a know-it-all. Colonel Mitchell might well be counted among the number of such persons. "He protesteth too much."

Immediately following the Shenandoah catastrophe, he gave out the following startling statement: "These accidents" he said, "are the direct result of incompetency, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration of the national defense by the War and Navy departments. The conduct of those departments has been so disgusting in the last few years as to make any self-respecting officer ashamed of the clothes he wears."

There is but one way we have of estimating the validity and soundness of these changes, and that is by studying Col. Mitchell's own statements and thereby deriving some idea of his accuracy and his powers of observation and deduction. Recently he has written a book, "Winged Defense." It contains many wild, unproven assertions, many unsound arguments and many errors. In fact these were so apparent, that our once strong faith in him was greatly shattered. His book abounds in startling seemingly false assertions, as for instance, "I can say now definitely, that we can encircle the globe in a very short time on a single charge of gasoline." In his foreword Colonel Mitchell says "This little book has been thrown together hastily." It indeed seems strange that a book making such serious charges and advocating such radical changes be "thrown together hastily."

Undoubtedly his book will be of some service, for it offers many important and constructive suggestions. Many indeed are the charges that will be proven false, but at the same time we cannot but admit that they are far from being "ravings of an unsound mind" as they were called by Colonel Mitchell's superior officer. All is not well in our aviation. There is trouble somewhere. It certainly is not as bad as Colonel Mitchell pictures it, nor is it as rosy as our Secretary would have us believe. A thorough and sincere investigation is sorely needed.

COLEMAN F. CARROLL, A.B., '26.

Barnum's Philosophy



DURING these days of dishonesty and flagrant transgression of law, not a little blame has been heaped upon those with the authority for suppressing vice. Causes innumerable have been given in explanation, among them being the following: delinquency on the part of the officers, political interference and numerous other actualities; but even admitting that they are facts, they cannot account for the widespread lawlessness.

Did you ever stop to consider that we as individual citizens held in our power the eliminating of 50 per cent. of the annual disbursement to the class of businessmen called criminals?

Perhaps you think that I suggest a careful beating of the "dens" in much the same manner as westerners each year kill off the rabbits on the coast. Such a system would be useless, for ere long there would be only pursuers.

The best method, in my way of thinking, would be to refuse under any consideration to buy the Man of Iron in front of the Northside Carnegie Library; to look disdainfully upon a part ownership in the Junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers; to endeavor to attain a true idea of our powers of assimilation and thereby place in the discard the phrase that has caused more men to fall than any machine gun in France, namely, "Learn in Ten Lessons"; to be willing to give the bootlegger a sporting chance, and throw into the nearest ash can all articles pertaining to the reincarnation of Sherlock Holmes; to patronize the neighborhood jeweler, as the chances of returning a "flawless" diamond upon its refusal to shine with expected brilliance are greatly increased.

Before entering upon profuse ridicule of the preceding advice, ask yourself the question, "Haven't I at least once in my life tried to get something for nothing?" The answer contains the secret.

It seems that human nature, in the guise of the proverbial "sucker," has been the cause of quite a few assuming the character of confidence men. It is natural for humans to follow the line of least resistance. Further, some have followed it to such an extent as to strike work out of their lives. They are not going to stoop so low as labor when there are many beautiful parks and large statues to be sold to gullible gentlemen who would like to turn their money over rapidly.

Perhaps the only way to eliminate the annual or perhaps daily sales of the Statue of Liberty would be to hang a placard in all languages bearing the news, that it is not for sale. Probably even that wouldn't suffice, for the promise of "throw-

ing the sign in" would only increase the value of the proposition.

Nam, we have always been taught that the encouraging of wrong-doing is subject to punishment. **Atqui**, individuals that do not hesitate, when given the opportunity, to buy at an accommodating price some extensive piece of property or a sculptured figure from the pages of history, are guilty of encouraging the sale of fly traps for gaping humans. **Ergo** they should be relegated to the Isle of Cane Sugar in the Kingdom of the Winged.

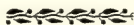
The major is proven by tradition and has been glaringly exemplified to all of those who have complained of being "one of those who didn't do it." In regard to the minor, no special conclave need be called to declare that said individuals are suffering from the apparently prevailing malady of ossification. Which being a reality, the only means of procedure is contained in the word banishment.

On the surface the glaring predominance of credulosity in the world is something to be overjoyed with. In all this filth, people still trust each other. The trust, the belief, is as a matter of course the unmentioned term. Greed, dissatisfaction and an exalted opinion in the one and only Ego together with prevailing and uppermost thought, "Get something for nothing", form the underlying motive for crime. It's a wise man that says, "It can't be done," and gently but determinedly steps aside as the crowd surges onward to purchase for the small sum of ten cents, a book containing the way to wealth, rapid advancement, position of authority, the way to be a manager.

If crime is to be among those missing, the people of the world must hesitate to have the significant sword of "suckerhood" placed upon their broad shoulders.

MORAL—A Broad Head Stops Little Ridicule.

JOHN A. McDEVITT, A.B., '26



To Him who Works and Waits



VERY age and clime, every people and place, have put a stone in that immense building called civilization. The world has experienced the age of the dreamer, that of the thinker, and today, that of the doer. Antiquity gave us art, architecture and philosophy, the Middle Ages contributed the finer arts, deeper reason, and above all preserved the faith, and finally modern

times bestowed the physical sciences, especially that of chemistry. In all the chemist's work, he secures from and is subject to nature, while in some instances out-rivals her.

The diamond, nature's first and foremost gem, is now being made in the laboratory with scientific, not pecuniary success. In making artificial diamonds, two great forces are brought into play, namely, intense heat and terrific pressure. Hence it is that the crowning glory of nature in the inorganic world, becomes subservient to the active intellect of man.

Now let us call these two forces which reproduce nature's best, cause and condition. If nature's best is thus produced let us see how the principle can be applied in the higher role of human life, by designating cause as pain and poverty as condition.

The pages of history speak in clear and convincing language, as one peruses and examines the events of humanity, that the magnanimous men of the world were made and cultured in this medium. In ancient Rome, Horace the great leader of Latin literature, was born a poor man as he himself relates, and so too, was the subtle Cato. In medieval times, the exponents of thought and culture were the monks, arrayed as it were, by the vows of chastity, obedience and poverty. Even in the present age, the life of Pasteur, with its simple and humble beginning about his father's tannery, was the foundation of his triumphal and immortal success. Moreover, the lives of the captains of industry ring in like tones. Rockefeller, Astor and Carnegie spent the time of their youth in great want and restriction. And indeed, Goethe, the Shakespeare of Germany, whose facile pen produced numerous and distinguished works although far removed from Religion and its influence nevertheless proclaims, "Renounce, renounce and renounce again."

Hence it is that the great men dotting the immense vista of time whose works have rendered them immortal, whether in science, art or religion, were thus produced by the old but true principle of work and worry, brawn and blood, which crystallizes pure character and true culture.

EDMUND JOSEPH WIETHORN, A.B., '26

News of the Campus

Bishop Gogarty, after a prolonged stay at the University, departed for Ireland during the early part of September. After remaining in Ireland for two weeks, his Lordship will visit Paris and Rome, where he will make his "ad limina" visit. Thence he will return to Kilimandjaro in East Africa, where he is Apostolic Vicar. While at the University, Bishop Gogarty made many friends among the students. He has their wishes for a long and happy life in the service of God.

* * * *

Lavelle beware! Buechel had an operation for appedicitis during the vacation period and he lays all blame for incurring the common affliction to his endeavors to grow a regular mustache. Students are delighted at his failure to do so. However, they sympathize with him for his illness to the extent of remarking that retribution seldom fails to overtake those who attempt the obviously foolish.

* * * *

A five cent box of matches, bearing the autographs of notables of the Senior Class, was surreptitiously purloined while the said notables were gathered 'round the festive board in a downtown cafeteria. A sophomore was present at this luncheon and suspicion points her index finger (left hand) towards him. It is enough! The proud and rightful owner of so valued and useful an article is Thomas Yeaglin, Senior Class. Let the articles be returned and no questions will be asked.

* * * *

Father Edward Quinn was recently ordained, and sang his First Mass in the College Chapel, on September 6th.

* * * *

"Barney" Appel and "Firpo" Guthrie will receive all their mail at Ridgefield, Conn., in the future. They have entered the Novitiate of the Holy Ghost Fathers, which is located in one of the most beautiful parts of the country.

* * * *

Classes were resumed in the "Dug-Out" on Wednesday, September the 9th. The management must anticipate a record breaking year, for we notice a change in the interior dimensions.

* * * *

A farewell party was held at the beginning of the school year, in honor of "Chuck" Cherdini. Keefer, Haney, Callahan

and McNally were in the receiving line and a good time was had by all. "Chuck" left on September the 17th to take up the study of Theology at St. Vincent Seminary. The idol of today will not push the hero of yesterday out of our recollection. Cherdini, we assure you that your name will illuminate the pages of our history forever.

* * * *

The Duquesne University Camp at Harmony Junction has closed the most successful season it has experienced in years. Some of our students spent as long as three weeks drinking in the unmatched beauties of the great open spaces, while others were compelled to be satisfied with week-end visits.

* * * *

All those who did not have the pleasure of gazing upon the comely profile of "Miss Pittsburgh" need not lament. "Dickie" Callahan, the royal son of the Sahara, has promised to have her at the Junior Prom. "Gummy's" sojourn to Atlantic City was enjoyed to such an extent that he put on a tardy form in returning to college.

* * * *

Buechel is having a very difficult time seeking information about this "Mother Fury" that the boys talk about. Ray was confined to a bed in St. Francis Hospital during the summer months, recovering from an operation, and as a result, he missed numerous social affairs at which "Mother Fury" was very much in evidence.

* * * *

Since "Probo" Butler no longer decorates a seat in the Arts Department, it is necessary that we choose his successor, a Duke capable of leading the "Tuxedo Clan" to Seton Hill.

* * * *

Larry O'Connell informed his classmates that up in Verona they use lawn mowers instead of carpet sweepers. Now, he is known as the possessor of a coffee-pot dome.

* * * *

"Coke" Carroll has added a classy two year old to his Thucydides stable. "Exigency," as it is called, has gotten off to a fine start and is running at a dizzy pace as we go to press.

* * * *

The Man Who Found Himself (?)

McNally, our student prince, asserts that he spent three hours the other evening doing a Greek exercise. Well, Mike, you are not pumping air into a basket. Some day, you, too, may be able to read fraternity pins.

WILLIAM D. SAVAGE, A.B., '26

JOHN J. BRENT, A.B., '26



The Athletic Outlook

ANOTHER year has rolled around in the history of Duquesne University and once again the Dukes are prepared to spend their last energies in the field of athletic endeavor, to win for their Alma Mater, recognition in conference circles. And we can well afford to smile and hope these days, for, if early appearances mean anything, the ensuing year is going to be a banner one for the old Red and Blue. This promise may sound empty when we consider the many promises of its kind which were made in the past years and which never materialized. This time, however, there is a new factor to consider; one which will some day turn the dreams of every loyal Duke into a reality. That factor is the presence of one Francis McDermott, Athletic Director.

As we look back over Duquesne's history in sport last year, it strikes us that that year marked the beginning of a phenomenal rise in the athletic world for the hill athletes. The football team was not as good as it might have been, but right there the fire-works commenced. McDermott was appointed Athletic Director, Davies was made Basketball coach, and between them they turned out one of the best teams that Pittsburgh has seen in many years. This team brought to Duquesne their first Tri-State Championship. Then, not to be outdone by the basketball team, the net stars, under the capable leadership of Paul G. Sullivan, proved themselves worthy of sectional honors in tennis. The baseball team thought outshone by these two aggregations was never theless dangerous and held a position among the leaders. The track team was just an experiment. This year we look for much better results.

Now we must keep the ball rolling. The football prospects are much brighter; the basketball outlook, if not better, is surely just as good; it is too early to promise anything about baseball, but we are hoping for the best; a real top-

notch track team is promised and there is no reason why the net men will not continue in their championship stride.

With an outlook such as this, is there any reason in the world why every Duke should not be literally bursting with enthusiasm and full of that real college spirit found in other institutions that have a less hopeful outlook than ours? We wish to direct this remark especially to the college men. The football team that you see out on the field every afternoon is not the High School team. It is the Varsity team, really representatives of every class in the various departments of the school, and nowhere else. Every man that is out in that practice squad is in his classroom every day. They are all college men and it is the college men who should support them. We are thankful for the support the High School gives the team, but it is not their team, it is the college team. We don't want the outsiders who come to the games to get the impression that this is a boys' school. We want them to know the truth, that Duquesne is a men's school. The only way we can create that impression is to have the college men out there cheering the team at all the home games. Coach McDermott has instilled a wonderful fighting spirit into his players. There are no slackers on his squad. It is necessary to watch only one practice session to realize how earnestly those coaches and players are striving to put a team on the field, of which the Dukes can be justly proud. McDermott has made his players realize that they have a sacred mission to perform in defending the colors of their University, and they have imbibed the spirit of their coach. They have responded heartily to the arduous drills that he puts them through; they have never balked at the long, wearisome preliminary practice.

McDermott, besides establishing among his players a morale of the highest order, has brought about many innovations in Duquesne's department of athletics. Strict training rules were laid down at the beginning of the season, and are being obeyed to the letter. Every evening after the grind on the field, the players report in Canevin Hall for a blackboard drill. Last, but by no means least, a house in the vicinity of the school has been rented for the quartering of the athletes during the playing season. Here the players will live according to schedule. They will keep regular hours; eat at a training table, and in every possible way be kept in fit condition for every game. A very good schedule has been arranged, with two or more important games booked for Forbes Field. We learn from outside sources that the Alumni will be out en masse this year to back the team. Mr. McDermott has brought about all this and he has done it for the student body and the good of the University. The coaches

are doing their share, the players are doing theirs; now it is up to the student body to come across. The least we can do is be present at all the home games and give our loyal support to the men who are fighting to bring us home a championship. However, it will do no good to be present at the games if we sit with clamped jaws and glum faces, apparently ignorant of what it's all about. When you get to the game open your mouth and yell. Let the players know they are playing before a crowd of live men and not of antiquated mummies.

But all this is beside the point. We have drifted from the real subject in hand which is the football team itself. If you will excuse us we will now proceed to that business.

The Football Team

Enough has been said already about the morale of the team. As this article goes to press it is too early to make any prophecies as to what men will constitute the varsity team when the whistle blows for the opening game. However, this much can be said, that whatever men are picked to represent the first team they will be primed for the fray, for every one of the fifty or more candidates who report every day is absolutely in fit condition. It is expected that thirty men will be carried on the squad all season. The men are fighting so hard for positions that the job of weeding out the less impressive candidates looms bigger and bigger every day.

Kelly and Kenny are making a desperate fight for the center position. There is a wealth of material in the battle for the berths at tackle and guard, including McCormick, Clifford, Flanagan, Shinnors, Gardrie, Beck, Lippincott, Weir and Verosky. Captain Good, a capable man and a veteran of last year, looks like the best bet for one of the end positions, while Don Upton, Fitzpatrick, Harrigan, Dolan and Kuenzig will fight it out for the other wing position. Kitlar, Coleman and Delehunt are quarterback candidates. Joe Drier looks like the logical man for the job at fullback. And for the halfbacks, McDermott must choose from men like McDonald, the speed merchant, Velar a luminary from Union High, Haydock, Sammon, Wambaugh, Plant, Jarret and Lacy. It looks like a big year for the Dukes.—LET'S GO.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A.B., '27



Alumni

THE ROLL CALL



VACATION time is over and the students are again climbing the bluff that leads to their different classrooms, eager to become acquainted with new students and renewing old acquaintances. Some miss the old faces that have dissappeared, others do not even remember them or inquire their whereabouts. A review will show that some have entered other colleges to complete an education begun at Duquesne. The larger number have left the classrooms to begin the struggle of making their own way in the world. Some too, have unselfishly given up everything in life to enter in the work of spreading the Gospel among men. Upon these, I would think, the utmost credit should be bestowed. We must admire their strength of character which enabled them to follow the call. They could without much effort have selected and easier and less responsible life. Many a young man is morally and physically suited for the Priesthood who does not possess the strength of heart necessary for the decision. Our object then is to express open admiration for the men that left our ranks this year to enroll under the banner of God. May they enjoy every blessing and success. We, who have been left behind, wave a fond farewell and beg to present our congratulations upon their decision.

School of Arts

Bernard J. Appel and Regis C. Guthrie have entered the Holy Ghost Novitiate at Ridgefield, Conn.

James A. Marron has returned to the Holy Ghost Seminary at Ferndale, Pa.

Gerald D. Doran, Robert M. Murphy and Stephen J. Tushak have enrolled at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Charles J. Cherdini, Thomas B. Harnyak and Thomas A. Sullivan have taken up the study of Theology at St. Vincent Seminary, Beatty, Pa.

Paul R. Butler, Nicola Carlo, Paul J. Kontul, Theodore V. Noroski, Paul G. Sullivan and Jacob S. Trybus have begun to read Blackstone at Duquesne University School of Law.

James C. Vitullo has transferred to Georgetown Law School.

William P. McGarry and Thomas E. Thornton have become business men.

School of Accounts

John R. Good, Joseph R. Doherty, George A. Dorsey, Frank T. Ebberts, Martin A. Flanagan, Herman C. Hofacher, Esther Kochin, Louis E. Meyer, Ernest G. Nassar, Earl W. Nolf, Barney Phillips, Cyril G. Ruffennach, Henry Schor, Samuel A. Weiss, George S. Wilson and John A. Witt have entered Duquesne University Law School.

Almost Alumni

Bernard Kelly and Bernard Woods, both out of Duquesne University for several years, have returned to finish their course, the former as a junior in College, the latter as a freshman in the Pre-Medical Department.

Harry R. Jordon, of the freshman and Robert Philpott, of the sophomore class in the School of Arts, have entered the Pre-Medical Department.

JAMES DURKIN, A.B., '27



Duquesnicula

Larry: "Let's stag the Verona hop, Boly, What say?"

Boly: "I'm on, but think we will have a good time?"

Larry: "Don't worry, there'll be plenty of deer running around."

—*—

The latest Fords are minus lights—too many stars out.

—*—

"Is your Packard friend coming tonight?"

"No, this is Willys-Knight."

—*—

McCaffrey says that he doesn't mind fixing a miss so long as its not in the engine.

—*—

Scene: Young husband nervously pacing up and down floor. Enter a smiling nurse, bearing tiny bundle in her arms.

Young Husband: "Quick! Am I a father or a mother?"

—*—

Ireland is undoubtedly the greatest copper producing country in the world.

—*—

Orator: "I tell you the press should and must be free!"

Buechel: "Oh, I don't know. Two cents isn't bad."

—*—

IN THE DUGOUT

"Has anyone here seen Pete?"

"Pete who?"

"Petroleum."

"Well, Kerosene him yesterday but he hasn't Benzine since."

—*—

The other day we noticed an item containing a description of a woman who had shot her husband. The season has opened a month earlier this year.

—*—

"This is the first cigar I've smoked in six weeks."

"Sworn off?"

"No. Had lumbago and couldn't stoop over."

—*—

Evidently Crafton is unaware the war's over. Just the other day the citizens shot two mail carriers for Confederate soldiers.

—*—

History Professor: "If Lafayette had not responded to the call, what would Washington have done?"

'26: "I suppose he would have asked the operator for his nickel back."

—*—

Prohibition was not in vogue in days of Columbus so he took a few schooners along on his trips.

—*—

"What did you pay for that hat?"

"Two bucks."

"That's two deer!"

—*—

Doc: "Who else in this class has had newspaper experience?"

Backseat: "I have."

Dec: "Fine! What paper did you handle?"

Backseat: "Oh, none in particular. I sold them."

—*—

Buck: "Timetish?"

Nig: "Halfnourago."

Buck: "Yesh? Dinthinkwasholate."

—*—

Quigley claims he threw his radio set out the window and he heard Glasgow.

—*—

Senior: "Where did you get that shiner?"

Soph: "I went to the Pines last night and was struck by the beauty of the place."

—*—

They say that all great men started with little. Well, we've started—haven't much of a past—but will admit that our future is spotless. Don't throw—We carry knives!

—*—

Steamer Flanagan asserts that no team should ever beat Duquesne, as there are always ten coaches on the Duke's train.

—*—

AT THE SERIES

He (explaining game): "That first one pitched was a ball."

She (Beautiful Very Dumb): "But I thought that's what he always threw?"

—*—

Upon returning from the Verona party, Gummy Callahan admitted himself to be so flat that he could scarcely tip his hat.

—*—

Brent: "I tell you there was a hot time at Riggy's party last night."

Foley: "How so?"

Brent: "One of the girls grew wild and tore down the hallway."

THOMAS H. YEAGLIN, A.B., '26

JOHN J. BRENT, A.B., '26

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Thanksgiving

When the Autumnal Artist has painted the trees,
And the soft cushioned earth wears its blanket of leaves :
When the forest is tinted a beautiful shade,
And the rivers and mountains their splendors parade,
In a last blush of beauty before winter's blast,
Fair Nature gives thanks for a joy that is past.
When the touch of Life's Autumn has made us to bow,
And the white hoar of age has saddened our brow,
If we can be happy and joyous and gay
For a soul that has lived in a beautiful way ;
If Life has been good and has treated us well,
If we have a story we don't blush to tell,
Let us learn our lesson from Nature's glad song
And give thanks to our God who has kept us from wrong.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A.B., '27.



See America First



MORE than 2,000 college students who have been supplementing their education by vacation travel in Europe are shortly to resume work in the classrooms. These are not the children of the wealthy, but boys and girls who have saved their money to take advantage of the low students' rates which the steamship companies wisely provide . . . This (European travel) is a university extension movement that is well worth while. It will add to the knowledge and information of young Americans, broaden their tolerance which is a speedy and effective cure for provincialism.

The New York Herald-Tribune is quite right in its deductions, but there is also another angle to the situation. This is a hard cynical world when offers are made to give us something at a cut rate. Naturally then the first question is, "Why have steamship companies 'wisely provided' these low students' rates?" Apparently, foreign steamship companies have decided to make a concentrated effort to acquaint American youth with European views, people, natural and historical wonders.

Seemingly they offer American youth one of the best means of education. This is not the case. It is merely a shrewd business move to lessen operating expenses. Our government does not admit immigrants or visitors huddled in steerage. To off-set the loss thus incurred some enterprising company partitioned the steerage space into cabins and advertised as vessels carrying second class passengers only. This enabled many students to visit Europe while the steamship companies have been able to show a bigger profit than in the days when steerage was allowable. The government prohibition was an advantage to them. Let us realize in the beginning, then, that rates were lowered only for expediency.

People have not learned that American excursions are cheaper and more beneficial. The most perfectly equipped railroads in the world carry us all over the country for little money when excursions are run. We can go from Pittsburgh to Washington, D. C. or Chicago and back, for \$6.00, or from Pittsburgh to New York via Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia for only \$12.00. Correspondingly low fares are quoted for distant places like San Francisco and Yellowstone Park. There is no 10% added for tips, not to count the

actual tips which must be given even the ticket seller in the theater. Hotel prices are not tripled. Every comfort is supplied and every luxury enjoyed, at regular prices. But if we merely wish to pay three times what a thing is worth and be surrounded by servants who cannot understand a word we say, possibly some obliging hotel keepers could arrange to boost his prices and hire some foreign servants.

There is surely a need for Americans to know America. Very meagre, indeed, is our acquaintance with its wonders, extent, history, politics and even with the people themselves. It is most certainly a very desirable thing to visit and study in Europe, but why not "See America First"? Here it is that practically all of us will earn our livelihoods and leave our descendants. Certainly it would be better for us to know our own country before we visit a foreign land. America is by far larger than any European country. The wonders of this continent both natural and artificial have a far greater variety than can be found in any part of all Europe. The only wonder that Europe has that we have not, is the treacherous smoldering Mt. Vesuvius; and now Mt. Shasta is showing signs of activity. We can enjoy Shasta without thinking of tragic death dealt out to many unfortunate dwellers on Vesuvius. We may then soon rival them there. The kaleidoscopic beauty of the Grand Canyon (in Colorado) surpasses the timid green of Switzerland's Campagnole. Mount Ranier, Atlas-like, supporting a world of clouds, is more appealing than Mont Blanc. The hot and cold springs and geysers of Yellowstone National Park are the natural wonders of the world. Here boiling and freezing water come out of the ground so close together that they seem almost concealed accomplishments of some inspired plumber. Our trees are old and venerable and their girth and height cannot be equalled. Even in the East, when the Great Painter brightens the heavens to give us his benediction before night, staunch Gaelic sons declare the beauty of the twilight shedding soft colors on fertile vale, lake and plain, to be a more beautiful country than Ireland.

The log cabins of our forest districts surpass all your vaunted Swiss chalets in quaintness, simplicity and beauty. This cabin-dwelling population is just as picturesque and more charmingly hospitable. They lack only the dull monotony of expression, produced by the stagnation of a thousand years spent in one place with one motto and ideal, "Make a living." Our people see farther than that.

America has something that no country can boast of. It has the Indians and cowboys. The Indians, those fearless and hardy hunters, owned the richest continent in the world, only to trade it for trinkets, glass beads and fire-water.

Even the languages of the aborigines of other countries are dead. The American Indian, now wealthy by government grants, leads a well supplied if less poetic life on reservations. Foreigners leave their native land to see him, and to see the cowboy. Most Americans think that the cowboy is a thing of the past now, seen only in motion pictures. We have the authority of our towns-woman, Mary Roberts Rinehart, that "the cowboy is still with us." These statements may seem exaggerated and while exaggeration or high coloring is justifiable in describing our country, investigation will prove the veracity of my statement even in minute details.

The wild game of America is more plentiful and is not made virtually dead by an ever-closed season. Here the hunter may shoot deer, elk, big-horn and bear, not to mention the numerous small animals. In continental countries, species of wild animals are to be found only in zoos or in the game preserves of some wealthy man. The natural environment of these animals is so far removed that their native beauty is spoiled by dull senses of perception. American game has all the grace and beauty of untrampled growth in the open. Nowhere else can these be found but in the unsafe and unhealthy climate of equatorial Africa.

Some are attracted to Europe by its historic battlefields, but what about our own? True, we cannot herald any like Marathon in Greece. If we make abstraction of this latter country, our battlefields are just as important, numerous and beautiful. Our victories at Saratoga and Yorktown are as brilliant as any of Hannibal's feats. Washington's crossing of the Delaware and privations at Valley Forge surpass the cleverness and hardships of Napoleon while he leaves no memory of duplicity and false diplomacy. San Antonio with its Alamo, and Gettysburg with the lingering memory of Lincoln's touching epitaph mark the ground where the fate of nations swayed in the balance. Europe could not have expanded and driven back the Asiatic hordes permanently if America had not provided the room for expansion. The political reforms in England could never have been accomplished if America had not beckoned as the hope and refuge of the oppressed. The battlefields of America are impressive

and more beautiful because their number has not been multiplied by petty feuds.

The knowledge of our country is most important for one main reason, that it may be appreciated. By this appreciation is meant all the devotion instilled by patriotism in the highest sense. The Herald-Tribune is right that the influence of European travel is broadening, but why not let our mental expansion be caused by the power of American manners, beauty, customs, language and history. It surpasses or equals Europe in all these. Let our motto be "See America First."

JAMES B. DURKIN, A.B., '27.



The Halloweavesdropper



THE Hallowe'en Party at the home of Betsy Lamar was an annual event looked forward to with unabashed expectation by the members of the younger set. The one near at hand promised to outdo the eclatic past by becoming the most pretentious and glamorous of all. The clarion to the sportive frolic had been sounded by the able hostess in the form of numerous invitations, and the echo it had awakened in the souls of the fortunate recipients was evidenced by increased activity, of shops catering to those whose personality cannot suitably be expressed except by le dernier cri.

The comfy home of the Lamars had been turned topsyturvy to satisfy the whim of a petted daughter. Colors in multihued profusion vied with the splendor of early autumn; butchered pumpkins stared blankly from secluded nooks; witches on brooms recalled tales of old Salem; black cats and pompons filled available positions; the setting enhanced the artistry of an interior decorator and everything conceivable had been done in an effort to dim the supposedly unparalleled past.

The magnetism of social events, in accordance with Waistseinername's famous law, increases geometrically with the personality of the hostess and the nearness of the event. Hence the early part of the evening of October 31st found Ray Stanton in that state of mind in which the baser functions of clothes have long since receded into what at best could be styled subliminal consciousness as he deftly arrayed himself in sartorial finery for the role he was to play a short time later.

For the nth time his eye wandered to the card of invitation; for the nth time his hand went out to finger the polite solicitation and bring it within sharper focus so that his brain might more easily absorb the subtle message which its delicacy seemed to convey. Were the card a mirror, it would have reflected a not unusual face. Ray was handsome—clear blue eyes, a Grecian nose, unblemished skin, and a wealth of lustrous hair; but we would hardly compare him with Lord Byron, Don Juan or a score of lesser lights. He was just a likable youth who might have stepped from the pages of Booth Tarkington.

With the formal note nestling securely in a convenient pocket, Ray ventured to another room of the dwelling. Stepping over the threshold he was confronted by the smiling, whimsical eyes of his sister.

“Have you finished the costume, Mary?”

To his utter amazement he was met with an affirmative answer. Mary Stanton was a few years his senior and knew a thing or two about the world and its ways. Mary could be the life of any party—and usually was. Fond of playing merry pranks as she was, her sense of humor had brought about many a lesser casualty in order to prevent the occurrence of a greater mishap to those whose rate of mental vibration needed acceleration to keep them abreast of their day and age. But we digress.

“May I inquire who the lucky girl might be?”

“Certainly. Blanche Walton. I’ve decided to go alone.”

“I’m sure Blanche wouldn’t share your view.”

“Since I haven’t offered myself as an escort, the statement remains unchallenged. I intend to have a good time and if perchance I meet—an interesting ‘Miss’—I don’t cherish the desire to have the conversation politely interrupted by someone asking for a compact.”

“Ha! Ha!” laughed Mary, and pressing home her advantage, with a knowing twinkle she continued:

“Why not ask Sally Brown?”

“Why the rigmarole? No one knows better than you that Sally has a bad cold and isn’t going. Besides, I’d get a sweet reception calling at this hour.”

“Now listen, Ray. Quick speech is not the same as quick thought. Sally is going. I spoke to her to-day. Said she was

going to wear a domino clown suit—one like Caruso wore when he sang Polonius.”

Mary eyed her brother suspiciously and was relieved to see his countenance brighten. She smiled at his artless attempt to be master of his thoughts and to keep them to himself and, had he known it, she gave him a lesson in that art by making that smile seem the expression of sisterly affection instead of appearing to be what it really was, the open enjoyment of her inward amusement at his inability to conceal his mind. This feeling was heightened when Ray, after thanking her for her trouble, affected an air of the utmost nonchalance and inquired in the most casual manner possible:

“A domino suit, was it?”

“Have a good time,” replied Mary, reciprocating in her answer and tone the pretended irrelevancy of the question to any point of practical information while her smile now betokened the good-natured merriment she was having at his expense.

“Thanks! I intend to,” was his feeble rejoinder, and then, wheeling around, “Where are you going?”

“To town with Dad. He promises to know a few numbers.”

The meaning was as apparent as the depth of still water, but Ray, ostensibly satisfied, bounded to another corner of the room to kiss “Mother” a good-night. With the banging of the hall door and the subsequent banging of a dilapidated Ford the hero vanished into the night; with the swiftness of the winged teal Mary vanished into her boudoir.



The chatter at the home of Betsy Lamar would have out-Heroded a forest of English sparrows. The snap in the air of a clear moonlight night had added a physical tingle to the nerves that served to accentuate the excitement of expectation. Entrance into the home of Miss Lamar fascinated the senses that had been wrought upon by nature’s charms, and the entire gathering moved about radiant in enjoyment of the happiness that had been prepared for them. Ray, after a few minor delays, had made his way to the entrance hall where Miss Lamar seemed a being come down from another world expressly to meet him. Taking him aside, she was effusive in the expression of her joy at his coming as she had been very eager to have Miss Brown at the party, and Sally, while expressing great thanks for the invitation and announcing her

determination to accept it, had particularly inquired whether Ray Stanton was to be there, requesting, however, that the fact of her inquiry should be kept a secret. "Of course," said Betsy, "it would be all right to let Ray know it." It was evidence of the sincerity of her own joy at his arrival.

This information surprised Ray in the effect it had on him. It put Sally in an altogether new light. It showed that she really loved him after all. Instead of being tinged with snobbishness in affecting to be annoyed at his uncouthness she now loomed up as one in regard to whom he had not always acted up to his own ideal of the perfect gentleman; and he determined to make the evening forever memorable in his life by redeeming himself in the eyes of her whom he had always considered, and now wanted to consider, the paragon of female loveliness. While lost in reverie as to how he should best play his part he noticed all eyes turning to observe a new-comer, and glancing in the direction of their gaze he saw the cynosure of all eyes to be a figure in a domino clown suit. As she moved about mystifying all by the thoroughness of her disguise, she nevertheless intrigued their curiosity to the highest pitch by the vibrancy of youth no less than by the poise and queenly bearing that radiated in the grace of every movement of her figure and costume. Ray was happy; there was one being besides her who knew the secret of her identity and that being was himself.

From a prominent corner of the living-room a five-piece orchestra started in an auspicious manner to do justice to a popular number. Ray, determined to be beforehand with opportunity, was in an instant at the side of the new-comer.

"The first dance, Sally—what sayest thou?"

"All right, but I'm not Sally."

Within no time Ray and his partner were pushed from one side of the room to another, but in that brief time the new arrival had been engaged for the next four dances.

"Have the next dance?" asked Ray.

"I have, and a few after it."

The unexpected reply brought nothing but silence, yet it served the purpose of the giver to make the receiver doubly determined to obtain another dance. When the orchestra ceased playing, Miss Lamar announced that all would unmask at midnight. Amid a series of huzzahs she edged her way to our hero and his companion and listened to the palaver which

Ray directed at her in his attempt to carom off her to the heart of his coy dancing partner, whose ineffective attempts to suppress her laughter at his sallies of wit testified to her glowing appreciation of her hero. With the following fox-trot Betsy Lamar was elsewhere in successful pursuit of her aim to have merriment and have it more abundantly.

Eleven o'clock found Ray and the domino-clad figure that was the dynamo of his ecstasy nestled comfortably in a rather obscure nook.

"I'm having a wonderful time," she cooed softly.

"I'm glad you are," replied her counterpart with that male basso which was the direct antithesis of her dulcet tones from the upper register and signified acceptance of her invitation to talk love. "By the way, how is your cold? I didn't know you were coming till Sis told me just before leaving. You yourself said you weren't coming when I spoke to you over the 'phone the other evening."

"I hadn't thought of coming, but my cold is much better, and as long as you don't mind my keeping this 'hanky' to my nose—"

"Not at all. I'm certainly glad you came, even though with a nosegay, if you don't mind my making a banal remark in the hope that you will understand. But perhaps we had better change the conversation."

"Yes, please do."

"Well, let's have your opinion of the 'Charleston.'"

"I don't like it," then, with true Spartan courage, "because I can't do it. Can you?"

"I can if I get half tanked."

"You mean—"

"Yes, if I gargle a few drops of the intrinsic stuff."

"You don't drink, Ray. It isn't possible."

"You're not a good fellow nowadays unless you do."

"Don't believe it."

"Glad to hear you say it, Sally; but why all this sparring, Sally? Why not come out with it? Why were you so anxious to meet me here to-night?"

While the two talked time went flying on. Eyes of envy peered furtively from time to time into the corner where the lovers were ensconced. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and Ray's self-imposed stay away from the Brown home had gotten to the point where he felt he could bear it no longer. He had determined to make Hallowe'en the forking of the ways and consequently had a few nights before 'phoned Sally

and requested the favor of being her escort to the dance. If she cared for him at all she would accept the proposal; if she did not accept it her refusal would be the occasion for him to intimate briefly but clearly that henceforth they could be friends but nothing else. Consequently her complaint about having a cold was interpreted by Ray as a mere pretext, and while it cramped his style to the extent of subduing the saucy message that would have implied she was a liar, it had not decreased his determination to show his self-respecting independence in choosing the pole-star of his life.

Sally's presence at the party, however, and particularly Betsy's indiscretion in betraying her request, had thrown a new complexion about the whole affair, so that Ray from the depths of despondency had first resumed his former self and then in the course of the evening had soared to hitherto unexpected heights of emotion as he realized the grave injustice he had been doing Sally in his misinterpretation of her motives and realized likewise the great loss he would have himself sustained had she not been big enough to overlook his lack of delicacy and of tact.

Of course it would appear despicable on his part to have made his sister the scapegoat for his own delinquencies; but so convinced was he of his unswerving loyalty to the principle right from the start of his love career to brook no interference or intermeddling from others in his affairs of the heart, that he felt it no injustice to Mary to acquaint Sally with the facts in the case. Mary had so consistently taken Sally's part in discussions with her brother over his love difficulties that he had come to the decision to act in a manner the direct contrary of her wishes. He was fixed in his resolution to have her understand that she was to be no factor in the relations between him and Sally. With this entering wedge of explanation as a starting point he progressed rapidly to the point where he felt as elated over brushing away the mental barrier between himself and Sally as the trumpet-blowers around Jericho felt when they saw the walls of the famous stronghold topple and fall at the blast of their instruments. Sally had responded to his appeal; ill disguised attempts to suppress sighs and sobs bore witness to the extent to which Ray's vindication awoke the flames of affection within her soul; only at times did she seem to maintain self-possession sufficient to keep him from drawing her too near him as he surrendered more and more to the tempestuous exaltation with which he depicted himself as the champion of so high a standard of love that he would fore-

go the honor of winning the heart of the dearest girl in the world rather than allow the noblest of all emotions to be sullied by having anyone, even his own sister, pull the wool over his eyes and perpetuate the execrable dictum that love is blind. No, the girl to whom he gave his heart would have the sweet consolation of knowing that her worshipper was one who married her with his eyes open, was one who married the incarnation of his mental image and not a counterfeit of it, who married her for her own dear, sweet self just as God made her. He wanted no filler, paint or powder on the image of God.

"Now, Sally, we're mummers here to-night and mum's the word about our little talk. You won't tell Mary, will you?"

"No, I won't," and a convulsive sob betrayed the depth of her emotion.

The striking chimes betokened the hour of midnight and all hastened to reveal the countenances hid during the evening. Ray led the domino-clad figure to where the expectant group was awaiting them. Divesting himself of his mask he turned to gaze into the face of his partner, and found himself staring like a fool into the laughing eyes of Mary.

The significance of the contrast between the triumphant merriment of the one and the sheepish confusion of the other did not dawn upon the crowd immediately; the deception had been so perfect and protracted that it took the gathering by surprise, but when it burst it broke as a flash of lightning and intensified Ray's confusion by the uproar of laughter that ensued. His chagrin made him feel dizzy. The whole party quickly took on the appearance of a sea of swimming faces mocking him in his predicament, with Mary's face setting the pace for their derision. One countenance alone stood out from the rest, glowing with sympathy, with eyes beginning to glisten despite effort at repression, a look of conscious and well-defined purpose animating its features, a transformation taking place that seemed to change her into a vision from another world. And yet instead of receding she was approaching him; never in his life had he conceived it possible to experience such ecstatic emotion as now surged through his head and heart while the apparition drew near to his side.

"Forgive me, Ray, for making a bet with Mary that she couldn't fool you. I'm glad she won the bet, for I sat behind the portiers and heard every word you said. But I'm sorry for your sake; I didn't think to carry the joke so far."

"Good-night, Ray," said Mary. "No, I'll not tell Mary."

MICHAEL A. McNALLY, A.B., '28.

Auri Sacra Fames



YOU may say, "I care not for it, e'en though others all adore it; when it comes to thrills it always leaves me cold." But when you haven't got it, you'll go out and try to pot it; that's the way it always is with "cursed gold." When your stomach's full of food and your overcoat is good and your shoes are stout and good, both toe and heel, you will say, "I hate this gold that makes men thieves and robbers bold," while your well-filled wallet in your pants you feel; but when you're down and out and your wallet's not so stout and you're hungry and you're feeling mighty cold, you will moan and you will sigh, "I'd give a lot if only I could get my hands on just a bit of gold." For no matter what they bray, there's not a man that can gainsay, no matter what ridiculous theories he may hold, that to live aright and eat lots of bread and fish and meat, you've got to have the THRICE ACCURSED GOLD.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A.B., '28.



In Quest of Experience



JAMES Dougherty had returned from one of our big eastern universities after having successfully completed his sophomore year, and was now intent upon spending the summer months in getting practical experience; accordingly, he petitioned his parents to permit him to go to New York City and there seek employment. The Dougherty family were in possession of an abundance of this world's goods and therefore Jim knew there would be no use in his putting forth as a reason the pecuniary gain he might receive from such an exploit. However, he advanced the plea that such a change would help him greatly by giving him a more extended knowledge, and also, since he was taking a course in business administration, it would benefit him in his work at school. At first his parents would not listen to his plan, but Jim by persistent pleading with his mother finally secured her consent; and then it was only a matter of time until he received his father's also.

Immediately after receiving the consent of both his parents, Jim made the necessary arrangements, and was soon ready to

set out for the metropolis. Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty both saw Jim off at the station and received his promise that he would communicate with them frequently. He did not, however, keep this promise, for we find that it was nearly three weeks before they heard a single word from him, and then in the form of a cablegram dated at Paris. One can easily imagine the anxiety and distress of the aged couple during this period, also their surprise and amazement at receiving word from their boy in Paris. What happened to Jim and the circumstances that brought him to Paris certainly proved to be a great lesson for him.

After arriving in New York City, our young friend spent a week seeing the sights, visiting the theatres and promenading on Broadway's Great White Way. But finally he awoke to the fact that his money was low and that if he wanted to avoid the humiliation of writing to his father for more, he had better look for a position. Accordingly, he set out early Monday morning in quest of the realization of his dreams—the post of a gentleman in a bank. He spent the first day visiting several banks and brokerage houses, but in each place he met with the same reply; namely, that they had not any positions vacant. A little discouraged, he now consulted the want ads for an office position. Tuesday passed by, and our friend was still without a place. He saw several that were to his liking, but he was unable to qualify for any of them, not having had any previous experience.

Jim was about ready to “throw up the sponge” and return home, when suddenly the idea came to him that he might try at one of the steamship offices. He thought and thought about this, and the more he did, the more he convinced himself that he would not try at the office but would go directly to one of the boats and there seek employment, for not only was he getting desperate, but he would also be attaining a long cherished desire—a trip across the Atlantic.

Thus early Wednesday morning found Jim at the dock of a big ocean liner that was leaving that day. He asked the officer in charge of employment if he could give him any kind of position. The officer shook his head and said, “No, we have a full crew—unless you want to fire.” Jim, not knowing the significance of a fireman on a big liner, quickly seized the opportunity and said, “Certainly, I’m willing.” And now James Dougherty, the son of a wealthy steel man, became a fireman on an Atlantic steamer.

He was assigned a berth on the lowest deck and at the stern of the boat. He also was given instructions to report for duty four hours after the time of sailing. He was to work in shifts of four hours each; that is, he would work four and then rest four hours. At the appointed time, Jim appeared at the furnace room, was given his instructions and started to work. His first four hours were hours of torment and suffering. The intense heat, his blistered hands and the slavish toil all recalled to his mind the comforts he had left behind him. He certainly welcomed the end of his first shift. Never did his bed feel so good to him. The second shift was but a repetition of the first.

By this time the steamer was well out into the sea and Jim was beginning to feel the effects of sea-sickness. He could not remain off duty, however, but had to relieve the other crew. He had been working about one hour of his third shift when his head began to whirl around. This, together with the intense heat, caused him to keel over. The officer in charge, seeing him, shouted to one of the other firemen, "Throw a bucket of water on him and drag him to one side." This was done and Jim lay in that condition for nearly an hour. When he finally "came to", he opened his eyes, saw the officer standing over him and heard him say, "Get up out of here and get to work." Our helpless friend, though hardly able to move, picked himself up and finished out the shift. For five long days and nights Jim went through untold torture and misery in one form or another, so that when he reached Cherbourg he asked for his money and swore that he would never return home in that manner.

His only hope was in Paris; so accordingly he set out for that city. But here too he was disappointed, for he found himself at a great disadvantage in not knowing the French language. For two days he sought for employment in Paris, but was unsuccessful.

Thoroughly discouraged, Jim now decided to cable to his dad for relief. His funds were quite low now, and for a time he doubted whether he could stand the expense of a cablegram. However, he realized it was his only hope and determined to make it brief.

So thus it was that the elder Mr. Dougherty received the following cablegram dated Paris, July 14th:

"Broke"

(Signed) JIM.

It is needless to say that Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty were overjoyed to hear from their son and of course they were unable to fathom what had brought him to Paris. The elderly gentleman was very determined, however, not to help his boy, and said, "He was seeking adventure and a change. Now he has it, and let him make the best of it." But once more the motherly devotion and kindly disposition of Mrs. Dougherty conquered the stern and stubborn character of her husband, for she induced him to send their son the much needed relief.

Immediately upon receiving the money, Jim made a "bee-line" for the coast and secured passage on the first boat leaving for the States. On his return trip we find him numbered, not among the list of firemen, but on that of the second-cabin passengers. During the days that our young college student spent on the ocean, he made countless trips to the engine room and there his heart went out to those poor unfortunates who were going through the same hazardous labors that he had but recently experienced.

Jim had ever with him one thought, that of how he would explain to his parents his actions of the past month. He turned this question over and over again in his mind, and decided his best plan was to tell everything as it happened, even at the expense of being made the goat.

When Jim finally reached home and explained his actions to his parents, his father, much to the surprise of his son, changed his attitude. He was proud of his boy—he admired the man in him and was determined to reward him. And as a result, to-day we find James Dougherty a Junior in one of Paris's finest universities.—Coleman Francis Carroll, A.B., '26.

For All, Our Thanks

The golden grain and corn are reaped,
And husking bees are everywhere;
The orchard's fruits are gathered in—
The apple, peach, and plum and pear.
The jams are made and stored away
For winter's use, when days are rare.
The ripe and yellow pumpkin, too,
Of luscious pies will yield its share.
In farmyard wide, the gobbler struts,
And fattens for the festive board.
From God's great store all is received;
Our thanks we give then to the Lord.

J. H. Savulak, A.B., '26.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

"Independent" Candidates




SEVERAL disgruntled candidates of the recent Republican elimination contest immediately thereafter announced their determination to place their names upon the November election ballot.

This practice is by no means a new method of procedure, and is allowed, providing certain statutory requirements are met. In some instances it has been a winning method and the fickle rabble has hailed the traitor as a knight errant. But for all of that, it is a contradiction of the successful one's political creed, as expressed by his babble before his denial, and a shattering blow to the morale of any political party.

If the gentlemen who indulge in such practice cannot see the fallacy of it, then the elephant's hide, the donkey's face, or whatever mask they adopt as a party symbol must lack those economic and moral virtues ardent exponents of the various "isms" have extolled to the sky since the beginning of parties. Again they demonstrate a lack of confidence in the parties' decisions after the elimination; otherwise there could be no doubt in their minds that the party to which they entrusted their own fate had decided for the best. And finally they jar the poor public and leave them floundering in a sea of doubt and confusion, thereby forgetting a certain obligation every office seeker owes to the populace.

DELOS R. JOHNSTON, A.B., '27.

The Drama of Purpose

VERY living organism, whether it be plant or animal, is created for the purpose of accomplishing some one end or other. Each life-bearing object has a distinctive aim to set before it. These ends, therefore, are as numerous as the species that are found in the world.

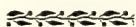
Man, the highest of all life on this earth, has for his purpose the attainment of happiness and the enjoyment of beatitude to be achieved in its fullness in the life to come. It may seem foolish to say that such living specimens as plants have a purpose for their presence in this universe, yet they have, in as much as they are stepping-stones for the higher type of purpose embedded in the spirit of God's greatest creature—man.

The meaning of end or purpose, can be easily misunderstood, for it has various applications. Thus, the end of the workman is to finish his product and from the profits thereby to enjoy life according to his principles. On the other hand, the purpose of the product is to accomplish for its purchaser the work for which it has been constructed.

HARRY JORDAN, '29

Everything in the world, it is needless to say, is here to perform its allotted work. The skylark soaring high in the air has fulfilled its mission if only to inspire the mind of the gifted Shelley.

MICHAEL McNALLY, '28.



Freshman Rules, From the Freshman's Point of View

I

Arguments have been delivered pro and con in regard to the Freshman Rules and still the issue is deadlocked. The principal adherents to the rules are the college sophomores while the college freshmen are their chief opponents. This is as it should be from a general viewpoint, but from a personal viewpoint I think the opponents of the rules are wrong. There is no danger whatsoever as long as hazing is not permitted.

Foolish and laugh-provoking initiations are all right and entirely harmless. It is not great sport for the freshman, but he will have his inning when he is a sophomore. To wear a freshman cap or "dink" is no disgrace, but is a matter of

school spirit. As the freshmen tramp down the hill on their way home, their vivid red-and-blue dinks can be plainly seen. They present a wonderful sight, and by their numbers show that Duquesne is a large and progressive school. The wearing of a "dink" is not only a matter of school spirit but even a means of publicity.

If by your apparel you plainly show that you are a freshman, you are not degraded, but are somewhat distinguished. Every one knows you to be a member of the Freshman Class, whereas members of the other classes are not so easily recognized.

As for the jibes of your fellow students, let them pass. To be a college student and not a good sport is disastrous.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A.B., '29.

II

The real value of Freshman regulations is not readily apparent to the casual observer, and many consider them a lot of foolishness. But anyone who has had to observe these rules can tell you their value. The fact that nearly every big college in the country has them, and that very few faculties oppose them, should prove to the skeptics that they have a real value, both to the school and the students.

In the first place, when a man has to go around with a foolish looking "dink" on his head, he has to do the bidding of the upper-classmen, and it naturally lessens his conceit. Of course there are many who do not need this treatment, but it does them no harm, and in many cases strengthens their characters. Anyone who thinks he is abused or who sulks when the upper-classmen show their superiority over him, will not amount to much when he comes face to face with the real adversities of life.

Besides their value to the man, these rules also have many advantages to the school. They promote an intense class rivalry, which leads to a strong school spirit. It is this spirit that makes Notre Dame and Carnegie Tech the popular schools they are. Both of these colleges have given to the world some fine men, and they always have teams with a never-say-die spirit.

So if Duquesne University wishes to have this same spirit, the Freshmen can make it possible by adopting the new Freshman Regulations.

RALPH L. HAYES, A.B., '29.

News of the Campus

THE schedule of Sunday evening concerts and debates, recently made public, shows that there will be but seventeen of these seances this year, of which seven will be held before Christmas. Three facts are bound to lend them triple interest: the debates are all to be inter-class competitions, with eliminations at Christmas and Easter; each class will have but one opportunity to arrange an entertainment; and a rehabilitated University orchestra will be on hand to furnish the music. The retirement of Professor Weis as director of the orchestra after long years of faithful service, obliged the Very Rev. President to look about for a successor. At the suggestion of Mr. J. Vick O'Brien, head of the Department of Music at Carnegie School of Technology, and himself an alumnus of Duquesne University, the President invited Mr. Joseph E. Rauterkus to assume the position. He accepted, and has already gathered around him a numerous group of musicians whom he is imbuing with his own enthusiasm for really good music, and forming into a well-balanced responsive organization.

* * * *

At an early hour on the frigid Saturday morning of October 10th, a band of loyal Dukes seated themselves, as snug as possible, in Tom Yeaglin's high powered touring car and set as their goal, Dunn's Field, Cleveland, Ohio. After experiencing a six-hour ride, which could be called anything but a pleasant mid-summer motor trip, the boys finally were numbered among the spectators at the Duquesne—John Carroll football game. Tom Durkin, Styka, Callahan, Foley, Stoecklein, Johnson and McCaffrey added considerable color to the crowd by wrapping their chilled bodies in blankets, which easily gave forth a rainbow impression. After the game our courageous Dukes went through a warming-up process in the Hotel Cleveland, and later joined the Varsity at dinner, only to be left behind when the gridders boarded the train for Pittsburgh. Having partaken of a luscious meal, the boys decided to demonstrate a few collegiate steps at the Crystal Slipper, which is Ultra Tony Ritziest-of-the-Ritz (pardon us Mr. Danver).

The Commerce students held the first "All-Get-Together" entertainment of the year in the new gymnasium on October 30th. Ralph Harrison and his orchestra added considerable merriment to the event by playing music in a manner that eclipsed the fondest expectations.

* * * *

Dean Muldoon of the School of Pharmacy having acknowledged the importance of inter-class athletic competition, intends to promote a basketball league which will consist of one team in every class in the college. The winner of first place in this newly organized league will be presented with an engraved loving cup. The class winning this trophy for three years shall gain permanent possession of it.

The rules governing the league are as follows:

Eligibility Rules: Members of the Varsity squad shall not be eligible for membership on any of the departmental teams. All players must pursue a course toward graduation and must at all times take the minimum amount of scholastic work required in their departments.

The scholastic standing of all players must be certified by the Deans of their departments every two weeks.

All players must have been registered in their departments from the beginning of the semester.

Finances: All finances shall be pooled into the treasury of the league.

Practice Sessions: Accounting and Law Schools shall practice on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 12 to 3 in the new gym. Pre-Med. and Pharmacy shall practice from 3 to 5 every afternoon.

College shall practice in the new gym on Tuesday and Thursday from 12 to 3.

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The Annual Autumn Dance of the Newman Club was held on Wednesday evening, October 28th, at the Duquesne Council House. The Dukes were very well represented and continued to show great interest in the Club activities by entering a team in the Newmanite Basketball League.

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One did not necessarily have to be a member of the Buccaneers in order to have his name and picture in the paper during the World's Series. "Scandals" McCaffrey, by virtue of his all-night vigil, was awarded the opportunity of seeing

himself as the photographer had seen him on the morning of the opening game at Forbes Field.

* * * *

Philosophically speaking, the bi-location of a body is impossible, yet an individual of the Freshman Class asserts that the chair on which Judge Landis sat during the Series decorates the parlor of his domicile.

* * * *

Tuesday evening, October 27th, the Varsity football players were guests of the Gamma Phi Fraternity, at a dance held in the K. of C. ballroom. The La Rose Garden orchestra of Atlantic City entertained, and the music was so thrilling that it caused even the very chairs to toss their legs carelessly in a Charleston "twist."

* * * *

Rice, Quigley and Philpott, of the Junior Class, on Oct. 18 defeated the Senior Debating team which was composed of McCaffrey, C. Carroll, and Wiethorn. The Juniors upheld the negative side of debate and effectively proved that the present prohibition law is not right. On November 1, Henninger, Lambert and Murphy, of the Sophomore Class, by successfully opposing the proposition that political parties benefit the nation, defeated the Freshman Team, composed of Barrett, Luba and Stafford.

* * * *

Endeavoring to kindle the fire of school spirit, upper-classmen of the various college departments have decreed that Freshmen are to wear a "dink" while on the campus. All transgressors of this regulation are forced to appear for trial before the Student Tribune, whose duty it is to inflict punishment according to the gravity of the offense.

* * * *

A private telephone has been installed in the office of each Dean, which is operated by means of a switchboard on the second floor of the main building. Rumors have it that Johnny Witt is very proficient at the switchboard. His intimate friends have made it known that Johnny took lessons at this occupation during the summer months.



THE Athletic season of 1925-26 at Duquesne University is now well under way. The warriors of the Duke gridiron have already begun the long, hard grind of another football season. Every September for the last few years, the Dukes have started out in the same gallant fashion, only to meet defeat and disappointment at every turn. This year things looked better. Last month in this column, we promised you a change in the general order of affairs this year. We predicted a victorious season. We raised great hopes and we meant everything we said. Then came those first defeats. Things began to look down. It seemed as if Sweet Lady Luck had again turned her back on us, and would not even cast the least suspicion of a grin in the general direction of the Red and Blue. The wonderful spirit that prevailed on the campus before the opening game began to lag. It was a bitter pill to swallow, especially after the great hopes that had been raised in the hearts of the students, by the showing of the team during the preliminary practices.

The Bethany defeat was not bad. Fourteen to seven was a good score, and Bethany, it must be remembered, has a real football team. Although a victory would have been preferable, still such a loss did not crush the indomitable spirit of the Duke squad or its followers. Then came the defeat at the hands of John Carroll, at Cleveland. It was a sad day for the cohorts of the Red and Blue when the news was flashed over the wire "John Carroll 33; Duquesne 0." But the score does not tell half the story. Those who did not see the game, cannot realize the kind of team the Dukes were forced to face in the Forest City. The defeat was far from ignominious; it was no disgrace for Duquesne to bow before such a wonderful aggregation. Still the loss did much to swell the ranks of the pessimists among the students to the great disgust of the more loyal followers.

After this game the team was the recipient of some bad breaks. In the first place a number of the regular men were injured, and then the squad lost the services of two very capable backfield men when Kitlar and Emory announced their intention of leaving school and returning to their homes.

On the following Saturday the Dukes went far above their class to stack up against the powerful Davis-Elkins eleven. Although a defeat was looked for, it was not expected to be the landslide that it actually was. The "Scarlet Hurricane" completely smothered our boys to the tune of 54—0. After this, with more men on the crippled list, but with spirit still undaunted, they immediately began to prepare for the first home game—that with Theil. By this time the ranks of the pessimists had assumed gigantic proportions. The "old boys"—at least some of them—were going around wearing that cynical grin which seemed to say, "Well, Duquesne is being consistent. They are back in the same old rut again." However, there were still many loyal Dukes who continued to hope and believe that the team would soon hit its real stride. Those who were still optimistic, believed that, if ever, the team would strike its true form in the Theil game.

But when Duquesne emerged from that fray with nothing to show for the struggle, all hope seemed to die. It seemed as though the lot of the Dukes was again to be a losing team. But don't blame anyone. Don't start to knock. It is not the fault of the players. They worked harder to win than anyone, and it's no joke to them to practice and practice, in rain and shine, until they are dog tired, and then to lose, and lose again, and never be able to wear the smile of victory. And it's not the fault of the coaches. They too have struggled to the utmost of their ability to mould a winning team. And then we want to say it's not the fault of the students. They tell us we do not have school spirit, but we do. In basketball for instance, the students back their team in victory or defeat. If a team is victorious one year and loses the next, the students' spirit continues unabated. But if a team is losing all the time, it is a hard job to retain enthusiasm. If the students of other schools were placed in the same position as the Dukes, we venture to say they would not retain one sixth the spirit that the Dukes do. They know, however, that they can always look forward to the time when that real championship team, the best of its kind, that well-oiled, almost perfect machine, the Duquesne Basketball Squad, trots out on the floor.

BETHANY 14—DUQUESNE 7

On the eve of the opening game the Duquesne squad was in fine condition, physically and mentally. They were chock full of the spirit, pep and fight that wins football games. When they pulled out of the station Saturday morning, for the scene of action, they were brimming over with confidence and they swore to do everything mortal man could do to bring back the proverbial bacon. But alas, "The best laid plans of mice and men oft go awry." So instead of coming home with the bacon, they came home with the short end of a very close score.

Before the game, athletic officials made a plea to the board of directors of the Tri-State League to be allowed to use Nate Weinstock in Conference games, on the ground that other Conference teams had received permission to use men from other schools despite the migratory rule. The officials received the necessary authorization and the Duke's stock went up another point. Weinstock came here from Bucknell, heralded as a powerful player, as well as a brainy one, by Coach McDermott; and he certainly lived up to his reputation if ever a man did, in the brand of football he has flashed thus far. He is a great player, and one who might be a credit to any team in the country.

About the game itself there is little to say that is not already known, and we do not want to dwell too long on these more sombre issues.

Duquesne started with a bang. They received the ball on the kick-off and immediately proceeded to carry it to the ten-yard line. Here time was called while Coach McDermott sent in his first team which, up to now, had been warming the bench. Then came that lonely touchdown when Velar carried the ball across the Bisons' line. The goal was kicked, and the score stood 7—0 in favor of the Dukes.

From this point until the end of the second quarter the game was "nip and tuck." Then the Bisons began a long march down the field which terminated in a touchdown. The half ended with the score deadlocked at seven apiece. In the third quarter the game became a punting exhibition with Bethany a slight favorite; but in the last period, the Bisons again started an invasion into Duke territory. The Dukes contested every inch, but slowly and surely they were forced back. Then a Bethany half-back, on an off-tackle play, broke through the Duke line and succeeded in getting past Drier,

who was playing close to the line. His interference took care of the other backfield men and he scampered down the field towards Charlie McDonald, playing safety man on the Duke defense. "Mac" made for him with that speed of which only Mac is capable; made a nice dive for his knees but missed him, and the Bison trotted over the goal line with the touchdown that decided the game.

Weinstock and Velar starred for the Dukes. Weinstock was in four out of every five tackles and was possibly the cause of holding Bethany to such a low score.

JOHN CARROLL 33—DUQUESNE 0

The Duke squad left for Cleveland Friday night before the game, minus the services of Joe Drier, fullback. Drier was on the crippled list and unable to make the trip. They realized that they were going into a stiff battle, as the Carrollites had, the week before, held the strong Quantico Marine team to a scoreless tie. There was a big crowd at the game; and in that crowd the Pittsburgh team was not without its rooters, for a number of the college men from the Bluff had made the trip to see their team in action.

Duquesne flashed some form in the first quarter, but from then on the game was a one-sided affair. John Carroll had but little trouble rushing the Duke line and skirting the ends. Weinstock, as usual, bore the brunt of Duquesne's defense. Aided by Velar, Delehunt, Capt. Good and McDonald, he fought savagely to ward off the inevitable, but to no avail. The Duke line simply could not stop the rush of those men of Cleveland. Although the score indicates an overwhelming victory for John Carroll, it does not indicate the fight and the struggle that each of those touchdowns cost. The Red and Blue cohorts fought every inch of the way and did not cease to fight until the final whistle was blown. The effect of this battle was an increase in the Duquesne crippled list. In the Duke dressing-room nothing was more in evidence than bandages and adhesive tape. The team that boarded the train that night was vastly different from the team that took the train for Bethany the previous week. But these tightly drawn lips and smouldering eyes were sufficient to indicate to the casual observer that, for all their cuts and bruises, the fight was not yet knocked out of them. This is something for the students to remember.

DAVIS-ELKINS 54—DUQUESNE 0

Oh, for ten more Weinstocks! That might be putting it strongly, but the team certainly did need something like that when they faced the terrible hurricane in Elkins, W. Va. There can be no doubt raised about this, that the Davis and Elkins football machine is one of the greatest in these parts and one which only the best in the country will be able to stop. The team is composed of big, husky mountaineers, all averaging over six feet in height—broad-shouldered, deep-chested men, with an enormous fund of strength and stamina. Over and above this they are a well-coached team, working with an unerring and unmerciful exactness which simply could not be stopped. Facing this array of giants was the small, light Duquesne team, minus two of its regulars and severely hampered by injuries to other men of the squad. It was another case of David and Goliath, only in this instance David had no handy pebble to sling nor a sturdy right arm with which to sling it, and Goliath was not a dull, unintelligent being, but a well-trained squad of very alert young men. The result was a foregone conclusion.

The Dukes must be given credit for the fight they put up against such superior foemen. It was an uphill fight; but the Dukes made it until the signal was given that the hurricane, tornado, typhoon or whatever it was, was over.

So when you consider the enormity of the score, 54—0, don't forget to consider also the kind of football players your team had to face, and the condition your team was in; and in spite of this, the fact that your team did not throw in the sponge.

THEIL 19—DUQUESNE 0

Despite the poor showing made by the team in its first three tilts, the student body turned out one hundred per cent. for the first home game. It was an encouraging sight to see one whole side of the gridiron packed with the sons and daughters of old Duquesne. All through the crowd could be seen the little red and blue "dinks" of the Freshmen, just one of the many signs indicating how Duquesne is rising to the top in the Collegiate World.

It was good to hear the ovation given to the battered home team as they trotted out on the field. Everyone expected a victory, but their hopes were short-lived, for the fates had again decreed that the Dukes should taste defeat.

There is no need to go over the gruesome details of that conflict so well-known to all of us. It was just a football game. At the beginning, the play gave promise of a possible victory for the Dukes, but it was not long before the weakness in Duquesne's line became evident. Theil began a march down the field early in the first quarter, and were not stopped until they had counted seven points. Duquesne took the ball on the kick-off, and by a series of line plays succeeded in penetrating into Theil territory. The Theil outfit, however, braced up and took the ball on downs. After this, the two teams battled in mid-field for a while, but the Greenville boys slowly forced the Dukes back and back. Time after time they pierced the Duke line for four and five yards, until once again they carried the ball across the goal. This time they missed the extra point.

In the third quarter the Dukes began a half-hearted rally, but it was quickly checked. They completed a few forwards from McDonald to Good and from Drier to Good. Then a Theil man intercepted one of Drier's throws and the rally was over. Before the game was ended Theil had piled up a total of nineteen points against the Red and Blue. The only man in the Duke backfield who could occasionally gain a few yards was Velar. On the line, Weinstock and Good did all the work. The Dukes have a fairly good backfield, but the line cannot make the holes nor can it stop for a minute the rush of the opponents' backfield men. This weakness in the line has no doubt been the cause of all the defeats so far and has rendered unavailing the hard work of Weinstock, Velar, Drier and the rest of the backfield.

But Rome was not built in a day, neither can we expect Duquesne to rise to the heights of football championship in a year or two. Eventually, the break will come. It is not according to Hoyle that the cards be always against us. We cannot lose forever. It is only necessary to look back a few years to see how rapidly Duquesne is changing—an almost unbeatable basketball team; the installation of a track team; the foundation of that famous old college institution—the Junior Prom; the appearance of co-eds on the campus; not to mention the growth of the student body brought about by the introduction of new courses. All we need now is a winning football team, and if only we are patient, that dream too will become a happy reality.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A.B., '27.

Alumni Notes

THE alumni of Duquesne University have always taken a prominent part in the affairs of our city, both social and civic. They have in many instances realized the high ideals which the professors of this university have constantly set before them. The professors have always held truth highest and as the last standard to be abandoned. Real truth makes us charitable, and the charity of Duquesne students, professors and alumni is often noticed and commented on. The thousands of acts of kindness performed by individual students and graduates are only the external manifestations of charity. The proudest boast of the university is that her sons do not forget their school training, but take an active part in charity work as individuals or in organizations.

The Rev. Father John F. Corcoran, an alumnus, is director of the Conference of Catholic Charities of Pittsburgh Diocese.

The Knights of Columbus have recently inaugurated a plan to help boys help themselves. This Big Brother Movement is protecting boys in all the ways a big brother should and naturally much good is accomplished. Further details of the work and any assistance will be gratefully received by alumnus Louis F. S. Cook, Secretary Big Brother Movement, Pittsburgh Chapter Knights of Columbus, 501 Curry Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It is interesting to note also that besides the welfare work, the Knights of Columbus have elected many Duquesne Alumni to positions of honor and trust. I find a large number in reading the Bulletin and it is quite probable I have missed many.

Duquesne Council: Grand Knight, John M. Boissou; Deputy Grand Knight, Edward J. O'Brien; Outside Guard, Daniel J. McCarthy; Delegate to Chapter, Joseph Cawley, Past Grand Knight.

Pittsburgh Council: Advocate, Paul C. Ruffenach; Delegate to Pittsburgh Chapter, Louis F. S. Cook.

Allegheny Council: Deputy Grand Knight, William J. Groff; Recording Secretary, James R. Harvey; Delegate to State Convention, Dr. W. Claude Puhl.

Bellevue Council: Grand Knight, Leo A. McMullen; Financial Secretary, Ralph J. Criste.

Washington, Pa., Council: Grand Knight, P. H. Yorke.

JAMES B. DURKIN, A.B., '27.



Glory

The victors felt an overwhelming urge
Of bursting songs that rang into the night.
The vanquished valiants stayed a subtle surge
Of tears, made by the victor's sword of might.
But when the god of conquest had been paid
In skulls and bones, and Sorrow raised her head,
The warring foemen cringed, alarmed, afraid,
And that same hour the god of conquest fled.

DELOS R. JOHNSTON, A.B., '27.

* * * *

Lines Written in A Railway Station

A kiss in parting and a deep return
Of that warm kiss,
Ah me! 'tis bliss,
Though afterward heart flames may leap and burn.
The cynic's text,
"There'll be a next,"
Rings true, and fills the volume of Fate's urn.

DELOS R. JOHNSTON, A.B., '27.

Duquesnicula

Panther: "Great Day, that was some Stadium Dedication!"

Skibo: "Natatorium, you mean!"

Buster: "Dad is going to send me abroad next summer."

Nig: "I prefer to select my own friends."

Volstead was not so original for Greek history tells us the Athenians were strong on water.

Customer: "May I have my egg order changed for scrambled?"

Waiter: (Ex-football Star) "Signals over, break up the play."

Be a good carbon, fellows. Always boost your team, remembering that Good Gulf Ad, "No Carbon Knocks."

History Prof: "Tom, tell me what you know about the Age of Elizabeth?"

Durkin—(sleepily): "She'll be nineteen next week."

Most wedding marches end in A flat.

Doctor: "Congratulations, governor, you're the father of triplets."

Governor: "I demand a recount."

Track Coach advising Foley: "Always save your speed for the next lap."

"Why does a rabbit always have a shiny nose?"

"Because she carries her powder puff on the unhandy end."

It's easy enough for a Frosh to keep his word—no one ever takes it.

'27: "I hear the optical department favors the use of Bella Donna."

She—(football enthusiast): "Oh, yes, our pupils aren't large enough to satisfy the coach."

"Oh, How I Miss You To-night," she murmured as her hubby dodged a speeding vase.

May: "I had a lovely nut sundae."

Bee: "I have one calling on me to-night."

German marks are now so cheap that Scotchmen use them for tips.

"Have you written that letter to Lincoln?"

"Not yet, I don't know his Gettysburg address."

Fahey still believes that Lacedemonians were Greek cow-boys.

"You've been drinking again!"

"Now, wifie, I've only had one drink."

"What out of—a barrel?"

The reason so many men are bachelors is that they failed to embrace their opportunities.

Team physician to player holding leg: "Where's your injury?"

Football hero: "Right 'ere."

Doc: "Then why are you holding your leg?"

Rhoda is OK except for her Pullman teeth—one upper and one lower.

Brent: "I'm sorry, boys, but I can't sing so well after eating—nor before for that matter."

Buechel: "How are you after drinking?"

"Light of my soul, before I met you my life was a cloud Series, but upon arriving he was too tired to climb the fence.

"Light of my soul, before I met you my life was a cloud through which the sun never shone, but now the skies look clear and beautiful."

"Say, Joe, is that supposed to be a proposal or a weather report?"

We know all about Scott's Emulsion, but who the Dickens wrote The Tale of Two Cities?

YEAGLIN-DURKIN.

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A Solis Ortus Cardine

From where the Sun Doth morning bring,
To where his beams by night are shorn,
The Christ, the Anointed Prince, we sing,
Of Mary, ever Virgin, born.

The Maker of the world arrayed
Himself in likeness of a slave:
And not to lose the souls He made,
Put on the flesh, the flesh to save.

He bore to make the straw His bed,
Nor in the manger scorned to lie:
And He, with little milk is fed
Who feeds the ravens when they cry.

The Angels sing to God on high,
Songs heard on earth by shephards ears,
And through the opening midnight sky
The shining multitude appears.

To Thee, on that returning morn,
Jesus, the Son of God we sing,
Of Mary, ever-virgin born,
Of Heaven and all its angels King!

J. H.





Christmas Atmosphere

THE tang of Christmas is in the air. School kiddies' hands are getting blue, and little faces are cracking with chapping skin. Their eyes are bright and their steps are quickened, as off they prance, treading along on the freezing earth. They count the days until Christmas, and wonder if their various wishes will be realized. Baby faces, not yet old enough to appear in school, are pressed against steamed window-panes. Grimy little fists clap in sheer joy at a few sparse snow-flakes, wafted down on abandoned back-yard gardens. Creaking gates swing wide their swerving, uncertain arcs, as the swirling wind bangs the old wrecks. Bronzed feathered sparrows chatter in shrill, frightened notes. Back from school come the older youngsters. The evening paper is scattered about the room as the 'kids', between coughs and sniffings, hunt out the Santa Claus pictures in diamond emporium ads. Department store toy-land ads are gone over in detail and resolutions are made to get that letter off to Santa soon.

Downtown, things are heading towards the annual rush season. Big glistening windows are being decorated. Little merchants too, have their displays and stocks all ready. Christmas novelties are being lighted "up" for the admiration of window shoppers. Attractions, best rates, jangling bells, mumbling jay walkers, winding streamers and befuddling signs, all have their part in the great holiday atmosphere. It is a wonder people do not go daft at the variety of articles that take the eye, and press the pocket-book. Banks are crowded. Last minute payments are being paid on Christmas savings accounts. The stout special officer stares at each entrant, and, like the wide-open eyes of a picture, he watches each person until his business is transacted and he departs.

Swerving taxis, loaded mail-trucks, packed busses and street cars are all harbingers of the great season. The cheery 'big brother' smiles are coming back on the faces of staid business men, as they stop at a corner Santa Claus' chimney

and drop a coin for the annual dinner of those less fortunate. The wave of interest mounts higher and higher as each sunrise brings the natal day of one who was not received so kindly. It all seems hollow. It is commercializing a festival that should be ushered amidst prayers of thanksgiving and joy. Only in walking to early Mass on Christmas Morning does one find true joy, the anticipation of attending the great sacrifice. What happy feelings one has as he crunches along to church, through the wide, white, wonderful blanket of snow. The lustre and scintillating figurative shadows cast by corner arc lights on the snow covered ground is incomparable to the rhythmic flickerings of candles to the strains of "Holy Night."

WALTER S. BARRETT, A.B., '29



World Peace



AN there be world peace? Yes. Shall there be world peace? It is doubtful. If there can be, and probably shall be, when shall it be? How shall it be? At Christmas-time, we ponder and puzzle over these problems again.

A great many people believe that there can be world peace. They say that there shall be peace. They acclaim and advocate doctrines by which peace can be had. But their claims and doctrines are utterly impossible. Yet there seems to be in the world, especially in European nations and all the nations subjected to them, the thought that world peace can only be had when the United States joins wholly and entirely with Europe.

Many Europeans claim that the peace of the world can be had either through the League of Nations, which is now functioning in Europe, but very badly and irresponsibly, or through the World Court. A great many Americans are of the same opinion. Through these two bodies Europe has nothing to lose, while this country has everything to lose. She would lose her freedom which many European nations now lack; her constitution would go for naught; her traditional doctrines and policies would be abolished; her nationalism would be annihilated (and we understand that nationalism is the root of patriotism, internationalism is its destruction); her blood and brawn would be sent all over the world to quell every petty squabble and disorder; her sons and daughters

would imbibe a foreign influence which would undermine every vestige of our sacred traditions, every form of loyalty, every spark of national love and pride; finally the advice of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and all our brave heroes would be cast to the winds. Yes, America has all to lose, nothing at all to gain. Peace can never be had if Europe expects America to give up her all, for its accomplishment. This nation can never make such a sacrifice; she cannot bridge the gap which has ever separated the land of Europe and Peace. For centuries and centuries Europe has been torn by territorial clashes, racial antipathies, intestine wars of every description, and even to-day these same wars are raging. Can the United States by mere entrance into the League of Nations or the World Court smooth over these troubles and effect permanent peace? It is absolutely impossible; she could do no such thing, without this great land of ours' becoming entangled in European affairs for all times.

Our country must take heed. She had the experience once before, and it took the blood of our brave men to blot out the scourge due to the contact with Europe. It took our glorious revolution to loosen the hold that Europe had on us.

Oh, may history not, in this case, repeat itself!

To-day, however, Europe cries out that this country is the only hindrance to world peace. They call out to us to come and join them. But all patriotic and wide-awake Americans know that it is not peace they seek. It is to fill up their coffers. It is to replenish their bankrupt treasuries. It is to keep the small profitable nations in chains. It is these and other selfish purposes that our aid is desired. Please God, the United States will remain, in fact, as in position, aloof from European trials and troubles.

But we must yet answer the question we intended to answer namely, can peace be had? Yes. But it cannot be had without the assistance of God. Him the nations of the world have forgotten. Him they have disregarded in their treaties. They have ignored His representatives. They have avoided the Vicar of Christ, who certainly would be glad to aid and Who alone has the solution of the world's trouble. Let the nations turn to God, or rather let the nations of the world return to God, in Whom alone that peace which is permanent can be found. Let the nations seek peace through Christian brotherhood and let them trust in God. Let them invite to


their treaties the Pope, God's representative, who can give a solution for peace as announced by the angels long ago, Peace on earth to men of good will.

Daily, Europe is calling for us to join them to assist in world peace. But we need not heed the call; and the Americans are not ready to pledge their sons and their son's sons to maintain and preserve, for all time, the present governments in Europe and the present governments and boundaries of the British and Japanese Empires. For if we are to have peace, let England free Egypt, desist from desecrating her sacred graves and tombs. Let England allow the Republic, which was set up in Ireland, to function. Let England give up Australia and Canada, to their own native people. Let England and Japan cease interfering with forsaken and helpless China. Let France give to her colonial possessions that freedom which they deserve. Let the United States give freedom to the countries she has no right to govern. Let every nation that exercises jurisdiction over another helpless nation, give the nation its liberty; and let every nation return to its own land and keep out of other countries. Let the nations of the world do a thousand and one things they ought to do, but are unwilling to do, if we are to have world peace. Let the nations make peace with their fellow-nations; let them also make peace with God. Then let all the nations of the world gather round and discuss the prospects of peace. Until then, let these United States guard well her happy land, from treason's blight, international complications, and especially from the greed of Europe, which is rotting the pillars of peace, and the foundation of civilization in its own lands. Let America do this not only to-day, but through all the cycles and vicissitudes of time and change, and through ages yet to come.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B. '27.



Santa Claus, Himself

S the noon train pulled into the station an unshaven and unkempt young man rolled from under the baggage car. He looked about cautiously and then made his way from the station as though quite familiar with the territory. At last he was home, at last he was in Ralston. He turned his steps toward the "Wayfarers' Inn", where he registered as John Drew. Joe Long, the generous and kindhearted old man who conducted this hotel for social derelicts, questioned him idly with regard to his last name. The richest man in the city bore that name and the extreme dissimilarity of the case seemed curious to Joe.

Joe had been well educated before he had taken up his philanthropic duties and he was also somewhat of a psychologist. He realized that his latest guest was no ordinary hobo, but either that he was playing a mysterious game or was sadly in need of funds and friends. The latter seemed out of the question, since he had paid for his room a week in advance—a rare occurrence in that establishment—and his winning smile and disposition were hard to evade. By this process of reasoning Joe's curiosity was further aroused, and he tried to satisfy it by innumerable questions, but was unsuccessful.

Having satisfied his ravenous appetite, John went for a stroll through the town. He did not think that he would be recognized by any former acquaintances since it was ten long years since he had been in the town. On all sides, he saw signs of the Yuletide, for it was Christmas week, and the store windows advertized the fact extensively. Filled with the hurry and bustle of the last-minute rush, the passing crowd paid no attention to him, for which he was very thankful. Good cheer permeated the atmosphere and premature "Merry Christmas" greetings could be heard everywhere.

As he left the business section, he came to an avenue of maple trees, now seemingly dead with the cold of winter. At the farthest end of the street stood a large rambling mansion, looking much like the trees themselves. Here lived a miserly old man, Philip Drew by name. He hated mankind in general, with the exception of his two aged colored servants, and equally despised the Christmas season, for it was at this time that two great misfortunes had befallen him. Twenty-six years before his only daughter had died on Christmas day and sixteen years afterwards her son, his ward, had dis-

appeared. The first blow was the hardest of any he had ever suffered, and from then on he had become a misanthropist and a blasphemer. No Christmas trees, holly wreaths or decorations had been displayed in his house since that time. He bade "Merry Christmas and Happy New Years" only to his gold, his walls and his dyspepsia. It was at this house that John Drew stopped, and leaning against a sleeping maple, he gazed longingly at the cold wind-blown house. He was still there and still gazing when the shadows of night began to deepen and the sun to sink below the horizon.

This was on Monday afternoon. In the morning he employed young boys and girls to do his buying. He did not shave nor change his attire, so that it was impossible for him to purchase anything. These purchases he had left at the stores, to be called for on Christmas Eve. Christmas articles of all descriptions were bought and set aside until the big day. His source of wealth was a surprise to his many purchasing agents, but since they were well paid, no questions were asked.

Then came the day before Christmas. A truck pulled up before the Inn early in the day and deposited a cargo of holly wreaths, spruce trees, turkeys, cranberries, fruit, vegetables and other delicacies, a receipted bill accompanying them. Joe Long was glad to receive them, and although he had ordered some things, they were not as plentiful as these sent gratis. All the guests there helped to decorate the hotel and they all felt much elated at the prospect of such a fine dinner on the morrow. John Drew did not put in an appearance all day, but in the evening a well dressed, smooth shaven, handsome young man entered the hotel. Something about him seemed familiar to Joe, and in a few minutes he recognized John Drew. John told him a long story and asked that it be kept quiet. He then gave each of the thirty unfortunates present, a five-dollar bill and wished them all a "Merry Christmas".

That night, if there had been any person spying upon the pretentious mansion at the end of the maple-lined avenue, they would have seen a machine parked near the back entrance. A young man would have been seen making numerous trips between the car and the door, his arms laden with bundles.

When Old Ezra came down stairs on Christmas morning, he noticed mistletoe dangling in the hall, holly wreaths hanging in all the first floor windows and a tree set up and decor-

ated in the dining room. But he received his biggest surprise when he entered the kitchen where stood his wife, Eliza, with mouth agape, looking at the profusion of packages on the table. Upon opening them, they found a big turkey, an abundance of cranberries, celery, potatoes, olives, nuts, mince meat, raisins, fruit of all kinds and many other knickknacks. Eliza had not had so much to cook for over twenty years.

"Pears to me", spoke Ezra, "that Marse Philip's gwine to die."

"Either that," rejoined Eliza, "or he's had a mos' un-countable change ob heat. Or could some sperrit or fairy had called hyah las' night?"

The first neighbor passing the house in the morning on the way to church, stopped and looked with wonder at the windows, in which hung the holly wreaths. But the passers-by were no more surprised than Philip himself, when he saw the wonderful Christmas setting planted in his home, as if by magic. Once again his heart became softened and he remembered the years of long ago. Going to a drawer, he took therefrom two gifts he had had for twenty-five years and gave them to his two faithful servants.

"Thank the Lawd," cried Ezra, "once more the spirit of good will and friendship among men has come into this house."

In answering a knock at the front door, Ezra was stunned by the apparition that arose before him in the form of John Thompson, the master's ward and grandson.

"Marse John!" cried Ezra.

Both Philip and Eliza came running and when they saw the visitor in the hall they stood stock-still.

Philip was the first to recover and with much heartfelt emotion he embraced his returned grandson, muttering a faint "Merry Christmas John".

Thus stood the young and the old for several minutes, not uttering a single word but feeling and thinking much.

After Eliza had had her share of the greetings, they all went into the dining room for breakfast. During the course of the repast John Drew Thompson—this being his full name—explained his whereabouts of the last ten years.

"I paid my trainfare to Chicago with what money I had taken with me and there I worked for a while. However I lost my job and was unable to find one before my supply of money gave out. I 'bummed' my way to Texas and worked

in the oil fields there for about two years. I saved some money and then went to California to spend it. By some luck or other, I bought a piece of real estate and later sold it for a considerable profit. The wanderlust was still strong within me so that I decided to go to Oklahoma."

"But why did you never come home, or even write?" asked Philip.

"Because I thought you did not want to hear from me, and anyway I was not satisfied with myself," John replied.

"In Oklahoma," John continued, "I met an old friend of mine from Texas and the both of us decided to work one of the three wells he had inherited from his uncle. So far they had proved of no value whatever but with the little bit of money I had we were going to try to eke out a living from them. At the end of two weeks we received the greatest surprise of our lives when the well did spout and continued to spout. We hurried to cap it and save as much as possible."

"Why didn't you try to sell it without capping it," asked the old man.

"That is exactly what we did, and we made a pretty penny too."

"What' id ya do with the money, Marse John?" old Eliza inquired.

"Why we bought some more ground and brought in three wells on it. We bought five more plots and were equally successful in all our investments. In this manner I have improved my fortune, and at the present time am rated one of the biggest oil men in the state.


"I came home this Christmas, but not in the usual manner. I rode the rails from Chicago and arriving here I made my home at the 'Wayfarers' Inn'.

"Here are some little gifts for you," and he gave each of them a small package.

"There is a Santa!" said Ezra, as he gave thanks to God.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A.B. '29.

Democracies

HE United States is considered by our people as the greatest of democracies, and their opinion is very true. Looking back over the democracies of the past, we are shocked at the rather unimposing picture presented. Where justice and freedom should be paramount, corruption and slavery crop up on every side. Far from being discouraged by the poor showing made by their prototypes, the American people should find much that is instructive and useful, by a perusal of the records of former democracies. Many of the corruptions, and most of the mistakes of these nations can be avoided by our country, if by hearkening to the lessons of the past, we may establish an honest and sensible policy of government and national conduct. Then indeed will the United States have surpassed all the republican nations.

A surprising similarity in conduct and in ultimate fate has been noticed by historians in the various democracies studied by them. They have perceived, for instance, a great and noble purpose in the founding of practically every republic. Love of Freedom, hatred of oppression, or love of one's fellow-men are generally the motives which inspire these founders. They find too that this honesty of purpose often continues in the affairs of the democracy for some time. Then things seem to change, and the shadow of corruption falls on the nation. Very often the people show a lamentable apathy in regard to the distribution of offices, and professional politicians manipulate the votes of the citizens. This generally leads to the formation of cliques. Nearly all the old republics were finally dominated by a succession of cliques. These factions quarreled with each other, with the result that countries became weak. Nor was the foreign policy of most democracies any more honest or noble. It is noticeable that they all showed a tyrannical disregard for the freedom of others. Freedom they wished for themselves, but to their colonists they handed dishonest and corrupt government. Democracies have never been found more just in their wars than Empires or Kingdoms. In fact the lust of power and wealth was quite as strong in the republics as in the other governments. A brief review of the records of the greater democracies, past and present, will show the usual democratic attitude of the past.

Greece was the first great democracy, or to be more exact, system of democracies. Athens was the greatest, and the most typical. At one time the Athenians were ruled by kings, but the leading citizens finally took over the government of the country. It was not until seven centuries before the Christian Era that Athens became a democracy. Solon and Draco, Athenian patriots, secured the freedom of slaves and debtors. The Athenians became too grasping, and when in 431, they formed a confederacy to secure the rulership of Greece, they were defeated by the Spartans, and lost their power. Then factionalism arose, and the quarreling of Demosthenes and Aeschines hastened the decay of republican Athens, and made the path of imperial Macedonia easier.

Rome was at first a more ideal democracy. The people threw off the yoke of Tarquinius, their king, who had cruelly oppressed them, and decided to rule themselves. At first the Romans lived frugally and honestly. The first four centuries were noted for the honesty of the Roman democracy, but after 300 B. C., the name of the nation was held in bad repute. Rome had begun to make conquests, and to oppress the conquered nations. While desiring freedom for themselves, the citizens of the great city kept their colonists in subjection, robbed and persecuted them. Sicily and the North of Italy were the leading sufferers among the colonies, and Greece and Carthage were the subject countries who had much to complain of. Despite the opposition of the Gracchi brothers, Rome became a den of corruption, politically and socially. Finally the bickerings of Cicero, Caesar and Pompey threw the city into the hands of the empire under Augustus. The Roman republic in its latter days was ever mean and tyrannical and acted in a most undemocratic way.

The Republic of Venice was a great democracy in the middle ages. From a freedom-loving people the Venetians became wealthy traders and arch-politicians. Venice became a plutocracy in time, a land of fabulous wealth. Finally Napoleon destroyed the alleged democracy, and it suffered for its crimes.

The career of the French republic has been little different. Founded in the name of liberty as the eighteenth century drew to its sad close, this democracy gave itself over to the career of blood. Napoleon used it as a stepping-stone to an empire, and continued the tyranny of the former dynasty. Popes and emperors, priests and laymen suffered from the first

democracy of France and its aftermath. The new republic in France is no more democratic in action than any Imperialistic dynasty. Of late the suppression of religious orders, the destruction of Germany, and the enslavement of the Riffian tribesmen have been the aim of this republic.

The United States of America should avoid studiously the pitfalls into which other democracies have fallen. We have plenty of examples to teach us to beware of imperialistic attitudes on international subjects. The United States should be, and is, a democracy in every sense of the word. Freedom in domestic affairs, fair play in outside dealings, have so far kept our country to the straight and narrow path of true democracy. As long as the United States follows the dictates of an honest and honorable code of government, Americans can feel sure that they belong to the only real democracy the world has ever known.

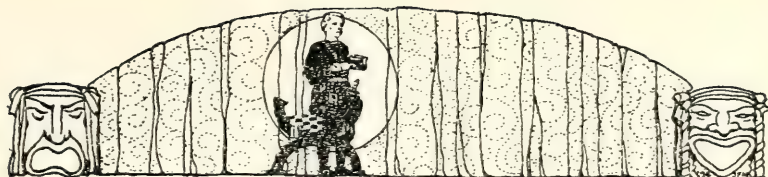
PATRICK W. RICE, A.B., '27.



Just A Smile

A smile from Ray Louth,
And, oh! what a smile—
Began at the mouth
And spread for a mile.
'Twas cheery and free,
And filled up my heart
So brimful of glee
I thought it would part.
It took me by storm;
It shone like the sun
And equally warm
But more full of fun.
It chased away gloom
And gave my poor heart
A lot more of room
For love ne'er so smart.

MARTIN J. MOONEY, A.B., '28



"Class Night Audiences"

A Custom, distinctly unique, at Duquesne University, a supplement to the English course in the College of Arts, is the Sunday Evening entertainments and inter-class debates. These affairs present such obvious advantages to the participants that it suffices merely to mention or direct attention to the benefits accruing from them. However, a few words might be said concerning the audiences.

It is indeed a regrettable fact that so few of the students take advantage of the opportunity afforded by these entertainments and debates. We have observed the attendance at class nights; on some occasions aside from those taking part in the program, the class presenting the affair was represented by only three or four men. A strange thing is that those who are conspicuous by their absence will "ride" fellow students who "flunk" a part in a play or lose a debate.

Absence in some cases is of course excusable, but a continued program of four years indifference is—well, not a record of which to be proud.

It seems to me that such a man lacks a sense of fairness and has a distorted idea of both friendship and decency; this is rather strong language but the exigencies of the situation warrant its use. Picture to yourself a Sunday evening in the University Hall; a discouragingly small crowd is present; many of them because it is inclement outside or they have no other place to go. The front rows are filled with children, who of course take a vivid interest in college debates on such subjects as "Resolved: That the Problem of Universals as Taught by William of Champeaux is Directly Opposed to the Nominalistic Conceptions of Roscelin;" there is also present the usual crowd of the curious, and the long suffering boarders. One of your classmates is making his first public appearance in a play or a debate. He looks out into the audience and sees all strange faces, not one among them depicts anything other

than apathy or curiosity; sympathy, friendliness and that undercurrent which says "We're all with you, come on now," are all missing. His classmates are just a little too busy to lend him the encouragement of their presence.

Let's do away with this condition. If we cannot attend the entertainments from unselfish motives and bring our friends also, why then, look at it in this manner.

The debates and plays usually deal with subjects that are current in content. This is particularly true of the debates. When you hear a debate, no matter how poor the speakers or how weak the arguments, you receive gratis the benefits accruing from the work of both affirmative and negative; you reap the harvest of their investigations in the library and their perusals of magazine articles; you are recipients of the debaters' personal views on the subject and all this is presented in logical form. An audience also has the advantage of detecting faults in the manner of delivery and grammatical and structural errors in a speech, they can also note and endeavor to emulate striking points in delivery and salient facts in oratorical diction and composition.

The plays are usually rich in theme, and while their presentation may sometimes be a trifle off color, nevertheless they give one the opportunity of noticing the methods followed in amateur acting and acquaintance with the better playlets, a knowledge that each day is growing more valuable due to the stimulus given the Little Theatre movement all over the country.

This is not a question of finding fault but merely a statement of a condition that SHOULD NOT exist. "Class Nights" have wonderful possibilities and could be made the finest things in our entire scholastic course; it is a little difficult to make them really extraordinary since the preparation is of necessity, brief, yet a little sacrifice is worth while. If you don't support YOUR "class night" for the honor of your class or for the sentiment expressed in the Alma Mater song, "—we are brothers true and tried"—then do it for your own sake, because of the education you will derive from it.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A.B., '26



The Year's Decline

The day is cold, the falling rain
Gives place to sadness all;
The dreary sky and winds make plain
The passing of the Fall.

All nature long has lost the green
Of summer's brilliant hues;
December, with its wintry sheen,
Conjures other views.

The gloomy hours, the wintry blast,
Sad mortal, are the note
Of earthly things which cannot last,
Of pleasant days remote.

Arise and greet the frosty morn;
Let joy yourself partake;
Forget that care, that care forlorn;
And gloominess forsake.

JOHN F. McKENNA, A.B., '28



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

The Holiday Season


THE season of glad tidings is here with all its awesome grandeur and peaceful magnificence. This, our prosaic universe, gladly welcomes the Yuletide with its repertoire of elaborate social functions and happy times for all. Yes, all the world is bright and gay and troubles seem so few. Everyone is inoculated with the sweet nectar of the god of joy. Even the poorest of paupers is happy as the long-awaited season draws near. Everything radiates with the brilliance of the time. The streets are crowded with a cosmopolitan army of gift-buyers rushing to and fro impelled by the desire to make others happy on that glorious day. The time-honored custom of "giving" creates in the soul of man a feeling of consolation and love for all those near and dear to him. He glories in the realization that he is making someone else happy by his little gift. This eagerness to make others joyful converts the world into one of frenzied activity. The customary pace of the shopper seems to have been hastened with the arrival of the holiday season and everyone appears to be exercising a newly acquired energy in their quest for gifts for their friends. The business districts are a seething mass of excited humanity. The shrill blast of policeman's whistle sounds a discordant note 'midst the humdrum of this conglomeration of hastening people. The tingle of a little bell attracts the attention of the kiddies and once again they tell their tale to Santa Clause. A grown-up, passing by, hesitates to listen to the request of the little ones as they earn-

estly but timidly beseech Santa to grant them their every wish. This onlooker recalls the days when he too, had the satisfaction of telling this grand old man of his needs. He, like all of us, regrets the day when he lost faith in the old man from out of the northern skies. Christmas held a nonpareil thrill for him when he believed in the old boy with red "nickers". All of us feel as he did. Christmas lost its punch after our discovery but as we grew older we began to realize the real import of the day. We awakened to the fact that the Christian world makes due preparation for the advent of the Christ Child; that the custom of visiting received its inception from the lowly shepherds who travelled far to pay homage to the Infant in the lonely stable at Bethlehem; that the spirit of gift-giving was inaugurated by the three Wise Men of the East; that this silent scene was redemption's happy dawning. This realization of the redemption of mankind makes humble the heart of God's creatures and we bow in timorous adoration before the manger of the Messiah. We give thanks to the Son of Man that we are of the chosen among men and like the shepherds and Magi of old we are seized with the spirit of homage. This feeling within us extends not only to this more exalted concept of Christmas—the birth of Christ—but also to the secondary notion of good feeling among men. We are effected by the message of the angel, "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will." Everyone wishes for the happiness of his fellow-man at this period of the year and we of the Staff of the MONTHLY not unlike the rest of the world, extend our heartiest greetings to all our readers for a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

JAMES F. McCAFFREY, A.B., '26



Hold Your Friends

NWARD and onward speeding with the fulfilment of our duties that crowd our every day, onward pressing our sails against the attacking wind to reach the harbor of our life-long hopes, we selfishly, though often unwillingly, harm ourselves by shutting out our acquaintances from our circle of activity and thought.

Each one of us places an ideal before him; each one of us makes certain requirements of ourselves, and we strive to meet them, or at least to come nearer to them every day by

means of our different occupations, which we deem necessary, or which our circumstances provide for us. Yet, considering for a moment how we will fare when the prize of our desire is already in our hands, a question confronts us: Shall we enjoy the fruit of our labors? Shall we be able to serve humanity with our wealth if we are wealthy, with our knowledge if we are learned? Knowing that the deepest satisfaction lies in serving others, does it not strike us that our preparations for life are deficient, when in the struggle for supremacy and the pursuit of an ideal we forget to do a thoughtful act even for our friends?

Life may have its strategic moments, wholly serious, centered upon our individual welfare; but, to have one's soul filled with complete contentment, to be consistent with unperverted human nature itself, one must be able to hold friends. It is indeed unnecessary to mention the value of a true friend. Not a few people have been cheered when they were gloomy, have received fresh energy though disappointment alone was looming over them. To have a faithful friend is a rich blessing that flows on one incessantly in a thousand different ways.

We hear much about choosing friends, the kind they must be, and most of us do take pains in our selection. But, we allow the bonds of friendship to become loose, and then "weeds grow up in the untrodden path." And our reason is that we do not have any spare time from the multitude of things in which we are enwrapped, to give to our friends. Yet we know how immensely we miss and appreciate people after we are separated from them. If we were wise, we would cherish their companionship while we can, we would give them a thought while the giving is yet good; and though it may seem somewhat of a sacrifice during our earnest pursuit of achievement, it will be only to our benefit in the end.

It is not just the choosing of friends, important as that introductory step may be, but the holding of them that will bring to us the invaluable prize of happiness in years to come.

JOSEPH BULEVICIUS, A.B., '26.

Gift-Giving

"Thirty more shopping days till Christmas." Again that season of glad-tidings and joy rapidly approaches, and with its coming the spirit within us rises higher. Along with the approach of the Yuletide season, comes the thought of that time-honored custom, handed down from antiquity,—Gift-giving.

This venerable practice, with its origin by the three Magi, who presented the Christ Child with gold, frankincense and myrrh, has not passed through the years unsullied. The spirit of the Magis' giving was inevitably pure love and reverence for their Maker.

If the principles of love and good will are lacking in gift-giving, the prime essentials of the act are lost. If we, in bestowing a gift, assume a wholly selfish or commercial attitude, it would be better for us to abandon the practice altogether. This is not the attitude of Christ nor of any true Christian.

We should all endeavor, therefore, during the Christmas season to impart with our gifts the feeling of the Christ-Child, the feeling of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

PAUL A. NEE, A.B., '29




Patrick J. Fahey

On the eve of the month devoted to the faithful departed, a note of sadness was sounded in our midst as one amongst us was called before the heavenly Tribunal "to render an account of his stewardship." Grim shadows of fading life had hovered over one who was closely connected with Duquesne University and on October the 30th the Editorial Staff of the MONTHLY was notified of the death of Patrick J. Fahey, the man who printed the inaugural issue some thirty-three years ago. Mr. Fahey was a man of untiring efforts and the arduous and steady labor of a printing establishment began to impair his health as he advanced in years, to such an extent that he was finally compelled to relinquish his work at the beginning of the present school year. It marked the first time that he failed to print this publication in his thirty-three years of efficient service. This long period of business activity afforded him the opportunity of establishing innumerable friendships with Duquesne students of the past,

especially the members of the MONTHLY Staff. The late printer was regarded as a friend by those students whose activities brought them in close contact with him. We can well write of him as one of our own because during his years of business connection he gradually assumed the demeanor of one of Duquesne and, as we are wont to say, "moulded himself into a loyal Duke." Things Duquesne always held interest for him and no year passed that did not witness him at the important social affairs of the school. So highly was he regarded by members of the Faculty that several times he was selected as a judge of the annual oratorical contests. He was very active in Catholic society functions as a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus and the Knights of St. John.

In behalf of the present and all past Staffs of the Duquesne Monthly we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved ones who have lost in him, a father—nay, a pal. As the world rejoices during this festival time in anxious anticipation of the coming of the Messiah, let us not be engulfed by the spirit of the times without recalling the thought of the sad occurrence and in the silence of fervent prayer breathe for him, our true friend, Requiescat in Pace.

JAMES F. McCAFFREY, A.B., '26.



News of the Campus



YRIL J. Vogel, a member of the Junior Class of the College department, had the honor of being elected president of the Pittsburgh Conference of Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at a general meeting held Sunday, December 6, in the Duquesne University assembly hall. The presidency of the local conference came as a culmination of three years earnest endeavor upon the part of Mr. Vogel for the good of the Crusade movement.

This choice at the same time brings great distinction to Duquesne, because of the fact that one of her students holds so high a position in the Pittsburgh Conference which includes all Units from Catholic grade and high schools and colleges in both the Pittsburgh and Erie Dioceses.

The most enthusiastic Mass Meeting in the history of

Duquesne was held in the new gymnasium on Wednesday morning, December 9, for the purpose of boosting the pristine smoker of the Intermural Basketball League. Father Carrol, Messrs. Moran, Lee, Wright, Muldoon and Kennedy successfully stirred the smoldering cinders of school spirit by imbedding in the mind of every student the individual responsibility that rests upon their shoulders. The faculty also made it clear that the only way our dreams of a Greater Duquesne can be realized is by inviting and fostering the three essentials of college life; namely, sacrifice, courage and good sportsmanship. Now, Dukes let's add more fuel to the fire of school spirit and enable it to burn for the remainder of the school year!

One of the largest crowds that has ever witnessed a smoker at our University was present at the new gym Thursday evening, December 10, when the Intermural Basketball League held its initial affair for the benefit of the teams in that organization.

Bo McMillin, who first gained country wide recognition as the famous All-American player at Centre College and who now devotes his time to coaching the activities at Geneva College, provided the feature in the form of a talk.

Following the speech of McMillin there were a half a dozen amateur bouts which brought forth a lot of clever action. Jack Barry, a local fighter, refereed our bouts as usual. Jack refused to allow the leather pushers to put on even the slightest kind of a "necking" party and hence the 18 rounds of combating were chock full of honest-to-goodness fighting.

Bruce Jackson, being unable to resist the wonderful music furnished by the Blue and Gold orchestra, wrestled the Charleston championship from Tommy Quigley. Bruce proved to be McMillin's only rival for enthusiastic approbation. The smiling Bruce displayed unexpected talent both as a singer and a Charleston performer. A thundering applause made it necessary that Jackson dance until he could dance no more.

The musical and vocal selections of Jimmy McCaffrey, the Philpott brothers, Fred Myers, and the Moonlight Entertainers cut the smoke-laden atmosphere with pleasant harmony.

The entertainment was a howling success and judging from the spirit manifested throughout the evening, jousting for the Pharmic trophy, the symbol of the Duke intermural

championship, will prove a great attraction throughout the winter months.

Father Carroll, our amiable dean, was taken suddenly ill and confined to bed at the Mercy hospital during the latter part of November. However, nothing serious came of the illness and soon again the pass word "Quid Sit?" was heard to echo and re-echo within the spacious walls of Room 32.

Father William Keaney took the Chair of Philosophy during the absence of Father Carroll and expounded the doctrine of Hylomorphism in an interesting manner.

Father Carroll failed to present a billet to the class on his return and all the members of the afore mentioned class are still expectantly waiting for his "written excuse from home."

A notable performance before one of the largest audiences of the year was the success achieved by the freshman class when they presented their entertainment on Sunday evening, December 6. The title of the play was "The Turn in the Road", a two act comedy by Gladys Ruth Bridgham. In the cast were Frank Karabinos, Richard Callahan, Louis Minewiser, Paul Wambaugh, Regis Amrhein, Paul Nee, Thomas Reilly, Joseph Hanzel, and John Desmond. The play was under the capable direction of Father John Malloy.

Savage-Brent



The Return

The sun glows red o'er the distant sea,
And slowly descends the night;
The outline rude of the shapeless clouds
Is finally swept from sight.

A light appears either here or there
Some distance adown the bay;
The captain blows the foreboding horn
And sets the brig on its way.

Upon the near dock a woman stands,
Her children on either side,
With kisses thrown to their daddy dear
Whose ship floats out on the tide.

A dimming light soon alone remains:
The fog now enfolds the sea;
The faithful wife with her children seeks
Their cottage across the lea.

"O mother," cried the sweet blithesome May,
"I'll always be good to you."
"No matter what comes, you rely on me,"
Said Jack, "I'll be always true."

How glad she felt in her mother's heart
To gaze on her love and pride!
And then she thought of her loved mate
Far out on the heaving tide.

She saw the crucifix hung aloft
Before which a light would burn,
A glowing symbol of yearning desire
And suit for his safe return.

Two curly heads bent beneath the cross
In prayer for their daddy dear
Who now was sailing the salty sea,
Hoping he would soon be near.

With many months came at last the day,
The voyage was at an end;
On shore stood mother and May and Jack
And the Airedale, their faithful friend.

A growing figure upon the deck,
Was that of their daddy fair
With face alight as with wave of arm
He showed he would soon be there.

Soon Jack and May he has clasped in arms,
The mother now rests from fear;
And all rejoice in each other's love
And go to their cottage near.

Their home once entered, the children seek
The crucifix, there to pray
In thanks to God for their sire's return,
In simple and childlike way.

The vigil light, as they knelt, aglow,
Illumined their golden hair,
And daddy's eyes were suffused with tears
In hearing their loving prayer.

His faith increased in the great pilot God
Who guides through life's stormy foam
The fragile bark of the human soul
Safe to its eternal home.

RAYMOND BERG, A.B., '28.



THE Football season of 1925 is over. In some respects it was a disastrous season. The records show seven defeats against no victories. The best Duke machine could do in the matter of points scored was seven, while their opponents amassed something like 175 markers. This indeed is a record of which we can not boast but neither is it a reason why we should bow our heads and abandon that loyal spirit which was so prevalent on the campus in the early part of September. We certainly cannot blame the coaches or players for the fact that the team failed to garner a single victory. No one will venture to say that the coaches did not do their utmost to develop a winning squad from the material they had; and no one will dare to say that the players did not do their best. The students displayed a greater spirit this year than ever, but they still left much to be desired. They were too critical, too pessimistic, too ready to give up. Although loyalty and interest and real love of Alma Mater is gradually gaining a foothold in Duquesne, there is still a woeful lack of cooperation and support between the students, the faculty and the teams. As long as this lack of cooperation and support exists, as this spirit of disinterestedness exists, Duquesne will never be a success. Until the students of every department, Law, Arts, Accounts, Pre-Meds and Pharmics, really begin to love their school, until every Duke and Duchess becomes imbibed with the spirit of Duquesne first, last and always, the Red and Blue will never have a successful gridiron team.

Don't be ashamed of the past football team. We know that our men could have done better, if we had really encouraged them. If there was one redeeming feature of the season, it was the Geneva game. In that fray the Duke cohorts re-

deemed themselves for every defeat they had suffered. The Covenanters came here a heavy favorite. According to the dope, Geneva was fifty points better than Duquesne. What happened? The Dukes literally played them off their feet, Skinny Hamilton and all of them, and Geneva, champions of the league with the aid of Lady Luck managed to get a 7-0 victory from Duquesne. What was the reason of this? What put so much fight in the Dukes? It was the fact that, for once, every student was out there to see his team win and the stands vibrated with the cheers of Loyal Dukes. That's the kind of spirit we should have had all season.

But let that be enough of post-mortems. With the advent of the Basketball season, we hope to win. If we retain the wonderful spirit that we had at the last football game, and carry it through the basketball season, we are bound to come out on the top of the heap. It's easy to climb on the bandwagon and cheer and wave a flag when you are in the back of a winner, but it takes a real, redblooded man and a true sport to back a loser.



The Basketball Team

Wherever basketball is mentioned, wherever men who know, understand and love the merits of a good basketball team, are gathered, be it in the home, in the university or in the places resembling that rendezvous of ours,—the Dug Out, one name is bound to be mentioned. That name is Duquesne. Duquesne teams will be considered as the best that basketball can offer. The science of the game is inborn in the Dukes. To watch them in action, is to watch a fine combination of basketball tossers whose shots are true, team work par excellent, defense impenetrable and attack fast and bewildering.

Last year Duquesne was fortunate in securing one of the best coaches in this district, Chick Davies. We are proud of Davies and want him to know that we recognize his great work and are behind him always. Davies knows basketball and he knows how to teach it. The men on his team have

great respect for him and express great admiration for him as a player, coach and a gentleman.

Chick is back on the job this year, along with all the rest of the regulars and scrubs of last year's team except Capt. Cherdini. Of course we dare not hope that there is a man in the wealth of new material that will be able to fill the position of the great Chuck. However, the other four regulars, Roy O'Donovan, Dick Schrading, Monaghan and Serbin, because of having played together for one year, will be much more experienced this year than last—if that be possible. The subs Reicht and Ebitz, who did such wonderful relief work last year are also back and they too seem to be improved. Besides these men an abundant wealth of new material reported for the squad. All together forty men handed in their names to Coach Davies. This was a very phenomenal turnout of basketball candidates and showed that despite their failure in football, the Hill athletes were bound to show everyone that they were not beaten. This hearty response to his call was no doubt encouraging to the coach but such a squad was very unwieldy, and as soon as he could do so in all fairness, Davies made his first cut which reduced the squad to twenty men. Then began the real battle for varsity berths.

Everyday after the preliminary work, Davies divided his squad into four teams and set them against each other in the scrimmage work. O'Donovan, Schrading, Monaghan and Serbin took their old positions on the first team. In the guard position left vacant by Cherdini, Davies has been using De Maria of the Pre-Medical department. De Maria is a fast and a good basketball player. He handles himself well on the floor, works nicely with the other regulars, passes accurately and shoots with great precision. The varsity squad will to all appearances be Serbin and O'Donovan at forwards, Monaghan at center and Schrading and De Maria at guards. It is not known how many men Davies will carry all season but of course there are quite a few substitute positions yet to be decided. Fritz and Reicht will probably land two of them. Clifford, Hill, Delahunt, Weinstock, Moll and many other good men are at it, hammer and tongs, to land the other positions. One man who has been showing up very well so far, and who will probably land a berth on the varsity is Jim O'Connor, better known to the students as "Ancient." He will be a good man to fill the center position, if anything

should happen to keep the elongated Sticks Monoghan out of the game.

Twenty games, ten at home and the same number on the road, including ones here with Penn State and West Virginia University and the annual trip to Annapolis for a meeting with the Navy five feature the schedule as announced by Manager James F. McCaffrey. The season will open with an alumni game on December 18, and will close on March 6, with the Westminster game.

The Intramural League

A great step forward has been taken by Duquesne University in the organization of the Intramural basketball league, composed of teams from six departments of the University—Law, Arts, Accounts (Day-school), Accounts (Night-school), Pre-Meds and Pharmics. The Pharmacy department, under the capable leadership of Dean Muldoon, a man who has already won the hearts of every Duke and Duchess, has offered a cup to the championship team of this league. The games will be played preliminary to the Varsity games. The schedule has been arranged. Every department is heartily in back of the movement as well as every faculty member. It is bound to be a great success and will be in the future a source of a wealth of athletic material for Varsity teams.

Let us thank the Dean of Pharmacy and his Pharmics for starting the ball rolling and let us join with them in rolling that ball, the development of our University until Pittsburgh becomes too small to hold it.

All hail, then to the Intramural League; All hail to the varsity; All hail to our University and let's away to a season of honor and victory and a new era for the Red and Blue.

THOMAS QUIGLEY, A.B., '27.

Alumni Notes

The first convention of the national Federation of Catholic Alumni met in New York recently. The work of organization was actively begun only a short time ago but already it is realized that much good can be accomplished by this society. Some of our best known schools are so crowded that students are being turned away while some schools equally good do not have enough students to pay even ordinary expenses. This federation can go far to remedy this condition by keeping all alumni in touch with each other. Nothing is an absolute success from the beginning and this federation is no exception to the rule. Not all the colleges responded to the call but such a number did that the work of this body will soon attract the rest of Catholic colleges.

We are proud that Duquesne has always seized an opportunity to better its own scholastic standing and now that it is an overcrowded school it is back of every movement to help other smaller schools. Duquesne had not one but three delegates and to anyone who read any of their speeches the effect of their presence is plainly evident. "America" has said "Too much praise cannot be given the Catholic college men who labored to form the federation and to make its first Convention a success."

Duquesne was represented by Dr. Alfred McCann, the widely known journalist and pure food advocate, Rev. Michael J. Brannigan, C. S. Sp., and the Rev. Paul Connolly C. S. Sp. For the benefit of their friends Father Brannigan is at the Holy Ghost Theological Seminary, Ferndale, Mass., and Father Connolly is at St. Mark's, New York City.

Martin Carl, has entered the Real Estate business in Florida.

Paul Dunn, the fun loving pre-medic of last year is now working toward his M. D., at Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cyril Shiring is studying medicine at the University of St. Louis.

In an earlier issue we stated that James C. Vitullo was studying law at Georgetown, but we were recently informed that he is really at George Washington University.

T. B. DUNKIN, A.B., '27

Moonlit Falls

I sat on the bank at midnight
And gazed up the silver stream
To where the beams of moonlight
Played on the watery teem.

I sat on the bank at midnight
And watched the shimmering falls.
Oh! what a magnificent sight
To look on those pearly walls!

The air was calm and quiet
And the forest was all asleep
Save the tumbling water riot
As it thundered down to the deep.

What awe—inspiring sight
To gaze on that beauteous sheen
And feel the pulse of God's might,—
Who painted that wondrous scene.

FRANCIS RIEKE, A.B. '28.



Hair



It is always a surprise to a person to discover what charms and wonders a common-place subject may possess. I felt at first that the subject of hair was rather "bald" as to details. (Pardon the pun). But a little investigation showed that hair as a subject for discussion, is inexhaustible. I am going to speak only of the salient points of its use: as a distinguisher of races; as a heat conserver; as a sexual ornament; and as an industrial product.

One of the proudest characteristics of our family of the race, has been and is its long, silky, hair. In all text-books on political geography this distinctive trait of the Caucasian is mentioned. It is a certain means of identification. It has been a symbol of racial superiority. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The strange thing about hair is that while it offers so many opportunities for beautification and adornment, it yet possesses manifold material uses. It has long been known by medical men that hair has a distinctly useful value as a preserver of the heat of the human body. It prevents "excessive dissipation of heat by radiation." The importance of hair as a means of warmth is better seen in the animal

kingdom, where the animal's fur plays such an important part.

The long flowing tresses of the white race have from time to time immemorial lent themselves to adornment. This has been done principally by the women, but men have not always lagged behind. Old manuscripts have pictures of women with towering head-dresses, while only a short time later their hair is seen cut in much the same way as the present "flapper's". "Bobbing" is not a new thing. Although it may seem strange, mustachios were once held to be manly adornments. If you couldn't produce a long, flowing, silky mustache, your chances as a gay Lothario were nil. Of course our modern safety-razor producers have a reason for this. They say that shaving was such an arduous task in those days that men preferred to go unshaved rather than risk its dangers. That may be so.

At any rate the introduction of shirt waists for coatless men in the summer-time will probably soon reach us from Paris. If so, it will be the harbinger of a better day for the hitherto drab male. It will serve as an easy step to the stage when the young man's fancy will express itself in flowing locks, where scholastic rivalry, having veered from brains to brawn, will enter another phase as students vie with one another in seeking to duplicate Milton's success in gaining by means of tresses and curly locks the winsome title of "the lady of the college."

The colleges themselves have a glorious prospect before them. No longer emulating one another in developing the brain as a center of intellectual power, they will soon perceive that the demands of the time will require them to discard its growth as a source of muscular and locomotive prowess and to concentrate on enhancing its vegetative properties. The problem of the most effective cerebral fertilizer will engross all activities in preparation for the pivotal day in the academic year when the college shall enter in a national pageant of beauty its bevy of bearded ladies.

JOHN F. MURPHY, A.B., '28

Duquesnicula

Hotel Clerk: "Pardon, madam, do you have a reservation?"

Fair Phoebe: "How dare you! Do I look like a Squaw?"

Sergeant Of Awkward Squad: "Didn't you hear 'About Turn'?"

Recruit: "No, what about him?"

Brent claims that if he loved a rich girl and a poor girl, he would marry the rich and be good to the poor.

Coke: "This Morning, I played 7:30 at Holy Rosary and 8 at the Cathedral."

Scandals: "What did you have to eat?"

The Skipper says he sent his daughter for a felt hat and she returned with a sailor.

His Honor: "What's the prisoner charged with?"

Officer: "Straight whiskey, your honor."

Can anyone tell us what time the fish get out of school?

"I've noticed you've been keeping company with Doc. Martin's wife. Aren't you afraid of him?"

"Nope. I eat an apple a day."

Durkin says that we're due for some warm weather. He can feel the change in his pocket.

Delos: "Marry me and we'll go light house-keeping."

Cleo: "But dear, I'd be afraid to live in a lighthouse."

The common complaint: "Every time Nien sees a taxi she becomes paralyzed from the hips down."

Jones: My wife just gave me the deuce."

Smith: "What's the matter now?"

Jones: "Twins."

Doctors have many enemies in this world, but they'll have lots more in the next.

Foley: "Well, pretty soon I'll be out using my B. A. and M. A. degrees."

Doc.: "Yes, but your P.A. will still have to support you."

To get a really good likeness of some people, an artist should use vinegar instead of oils.

Warden: "It is our custom to allow prisoners to work at their former occupations."

New Inmate: "Fine. I'm a traveling salesman."

Shaughnessy, take note: Many a man has put himself in a hole by thinking his flivver could climb a pole.

Gummy: "This cake's good; what's it made of?"

Tris: "Nuts and dates."

Gummy: "H'm. That's right, they do go well together."

Ray Buechel reports a new type of accident—his girl friend's tooth fell off the bridge.

Irate Father: "Didn't I see you kiss my daughter?"

Collegiate: "Really, I don't know. I didn't notice."

As the law was pursuing Savage down Fifth Avenue, Nig jumped on Kaufman's scales and got a weigh.

YEAGLIN-TOM DURKIN

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Doers

I speak of those who dream yet live to-day,
Not of that crowd of venturous ones that bind
Their thoughts, their hopes upon an aimless wind;
They are the brave that work as best they may.
How smooth the path moves upward to the gay!
Their life is joy and has not any grind;
But dreadful fate makes him for aye a hind
Who takes the gifts of God and does not pay.
The active man looks forward with a hope
That life may bring to him some honest good,
But does not look beyond his mental scope:
His dreams are used not idly but as food--
The kind that leads the toiler up the slope
And brings him to that spot where few have stood.

JOHN MURPHY, A.B., '28.





The Answer To A Question



blinding flash, a deafening roar followed by an ominous reverberation as the great guns speak out, informs one that the abode of Mars, the Balkan States, have provided the opportunity necessary for answering a question which has attracted the attention of the people of the world, has been the cause of cabinets disintegrating, stocks fluctuating, armament conferences meeting and pages of comment just like this being written. The question is whether the League of Nations is capable of carrying to a conclusion its fundamental ideals or is another error in the judgment of international relations attributable to a wish to deceive on the part of diplomatists or to a mistake by philanthropists.

The noise necessary to awake the slumbering god was the furor caused by the killing of a Greek official by a Bulgarian. Trumpets were sounded, supplies issued, companies, regiments and batteries formed, and Greece invaded Bulgaria.

Mars overlooked the fact that both countries were members of the League of Nations and was as rudely surprised as the rest of the world when Bulgaria, the country invaded, appealed to the League instead of promptly declaring war.

It was very gratifying to see how rapidly the League acted to halt the warfare. The nature of the warning implies that no nonsense on the part of the children of Mars will be tolerated by the larger powers who are shrewd enough to recognize the festering of that old wound, disputed boundaries.

Each power follows quite naturally, the rule of human nature and blames the other. Greece, the aggressor, demanded an indemnity of \$400,000 and rumor had it that Premier Pangolos of Greece would refuse to permit the League to intervene claiming the dispute to be a private matter between the two countries. In view of the drastic order issued

by the conference that all hostilities cease and that all troops withdraw to their own frontiers, Mr. Pangolos receded from his attitude of defiance and at the present time is quite tractable.

The information which finds its way through our news channels, which at best are precarious to the existence of truth, seems to say nothing of the almost certain operations of Bulgaria. This may not be a conscious oversight in view of the guerilla type of warfare which would be maintained by Bulgaria in that remote region of Macedonia where the trouble occurred.

A fact which may or may not possess some significance is that England wishes it to be plainly understood that she supports Greece in her invasion of Bulgaria and by doing so tacitly expresses approval of Greece's defiant attitude toward the League of which England is a member. There has been no statement from the "ruler of the waves" since Greece has subsided from a typhoon to a zephyr.

The entire unpleasantness, while answering the question which caused so much discussion, strangely enough reopens the argument, inasmuch as ardent advocates of the League in this country will point with pride to the prevention of Graeco-Bulgarian trouble and the opponents of the League will direct attention to the spectre of the international diplomat who is showing his leering face in the present matter.

We do not propose to set forth a list of arguments for or against the League, but are supremely satisfied as to its treatment of the present difficulty. A war at this time, or in fact at any time, is the last thing to be desired, and a war such as this would be certain to attract allies to both sides. Many people consider themselves too far removed from the scene to be affected by it. Well—if we remember correctly this was the attitude of almost every American at the time a Serbian university student shot the Austrian Archduke.

There is a ray of hope in the fact that Bulgaria appealed the case, a beam of hope since Rumania evinced a desire to serve as an active mediator, and a beacon of hope in the action of the much maligned, much praised League of Nations.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A.B., '26

Sheerluck



JOSEPH Henry was a likeable chap, who had but recently qualified as a voter. He possessed a rather keen sense of humor, together with a quiet but kindly disposition.

Joseph was bookkeeper in the general store of Hampton, where everybody was acquainted with everybody else and social friendliness was the prevailing note in the atmosphere. He had started in as all-around "utility man" when he was fourteen years of age and worked hard until he had reached the pinnacle of success—a salary of eight hundred dollars and thirty-three cents a year. (The thirty-three cents was a gift. He earned the rest.)

The people of the village, although they liked Joe, oftentimes wondered why old "Si" Perkins kept him in his employ for such a length of time, because Joe was known to disappear mysteriously at regular intervals—some four times a year. He would be gone about two or three weeks each time and not a soul in the village ever knew his whereabouts.

The first time, he was scarcely missed; the second time, the people began to ask questions among themselves; and when it happened so frequently and at such regular intervals, they began to be amazed. "What could have happened to Joe?" "I wonder where Henry is?" "I see "Si" Perkins is worried—I wonder if he fired Joe?" were some of the questions bandied about the town.

But as mysteriously as Joe Henry disappeared, just as suddenly would he return again, and never a soul in Hampton heard anything of his whereabouts from him or anyone else. He would begin his work as if no interruption had taken place, everything would run along smoothly and the talk would quiet down, only to be renewed about three months later when the same thing would occur again.

The climax came when, on the morning after one of Joe's disappearances, Perkins announced that his safe had been robbed of his lifetime savings, which amounted to a few thousand dollars, and a brand new set of false teeth, valued at thirty dollars.

The news spread rapidly about the village, and, much as the town folks trusted Joe, they could not but point the finger of suspicion at him under the present circumstances,

for Joe himself was nowhere in evidence. Try as they would, they could not solve the problem of the robbery and the frequent remarkable actions of Joe. Finally, after due deliberation, old "Si" decided to get a "real detective feller" to work on the case, and to unravel the mystery. Consequently, Sam Brooks, the "unanimous choice of the people" was chosen to go to the city to select a real live wire detective.

Amid ill-suppressed excitement, Sam departed to fulfill his task. The following day he returned, accompanied by a "city slicker" answering to the title of Sheerluck Freeze, self-admitted Master Detective. Sheerluck forthwith unleashed a barrage of questions which kept the crowd that had assembled at the Perkins Emporium busy spouting answers of varying degrees of accuracy. He dwelt at length on the character of Joseph Henry, and on the veracity of "Si" Perkins' statements. Of course, the old fogies backed "Si" to the limit and even went so far as to suspicion Joe in the presence of the detective; but Jennie Walters soon silenced them, for she had always trusted her "Joey" and she always would hold a warm spot in her heart for him.

Sheerluck found many reasons on account of which Joe might have disappeared.

"Perhaps", ventured the famous sleuth, "Mr. Henry is subject to lapse of memory—perhaps he walks around in a daze for some time and gets lost; then again, perhaps he is a bandit and goes to some secluded spot to pull a job."

At this later supposition Jennie again uttered a loyal protest, as the majority of the crowd began nodding their heads as though they'd thought just that all along. Seizing Sheerluck by the arm, the girl pleaded,

"Listen, please don't make such statements about Joey, for you'll see, he'll show up and explain it all."

"Well, Miss" responded Freeze, "Ya' see I was hired to uncover the mystery and I can't quit till I've done my duty; ya'see, the evidence is very convincing."

"Oh! please don't say that,—Joe was always honest; I love him! I know he'll come back to me free from any shame or disgrace." Jennie was dangerously near to tears.

"I hope so, Miss," returned the detective non-committally as he departed to work on his convincing clues.

Considering his first hypothesis—that Joe was a victim

of amnesia and wandered about in a daze until he recovered, Freeze went straightway to Doctor Quack, lone physician of Hampton and personal attendant of Joe, on the rare occasions of the latter's illness.

From Dr. Quack he found that Henry was never afflicted in such a manner and had never been troubled with any kind of sickness, except measles, chicken pox and mumps. "And even if he had amnesia," ventured the learned medico, spitting tobacco in disgust, "how could he walk around in a daze unnoticed by the villagers?"

Freeze then began work on clue number two—that Joe was a bandit who retired to some secluded spot after "pulling a job."

The objection raised to this was—that Joe never had a surplus amount of money, or his bank account never took a sudden jump—and he was always the same old Joe—quiet—likable—manly. If he did "pull a job", what did he do with the money? Did he hide it somewhere and use it next time he disappeared?

After two weeks search, Mr. Sheerluck Freeze passed 'round the word that at two o'clock Monday afternoon, at the Old Town Hall he—Sheerluck Freeze—would unravel the mystery of Joseph Henry.

Needless to say, at the appointed hour all Hampton gathered to hear the facts of the case—to see Joe Henry charged with the robbery of his employer's safe;—to see Jennie Walters wilt after she heard the evidence proven against "Joey";—and to give Sheerluck Freeze a great ovation for his clever work.

Freeze began without preliminaries:—

"My dear friends: I have solved the mystery! I have recovered the money! Mr. Perkins, you will find your money in the bottom of the empty vinegar barrel that the sugar tub sets on. I placed it there! !—Joseph Henry is back in your midst ready to start to work again.—He is not guilty!"

"Where is he?" "Where is he?" shouted Jennie, and the entire populace echoed her astonished Cry.

With sweeping gesture, Sheerluck Freeze removed wig, glasses, mustache and false front teeth,—the crowd gasped—

"Joseph Henry"! "Well, of all things" Jennie rushed to

him—"Why in the name of goodness did you do this?" "Why did you hide the money"?—"Oh! they said all kinds of nasty things about you "Joey"!"

The erstwhile Sheerluck Freeze smiled boyishly.

"That's all right, as long as you didn't, Jennie. I promise never to leave you again."

And now—Joe Henry turned to the crowd that stood perplexed and vastly taken back—"I did this," he began, "first, in order to get a thrill, and to find out what the people really thought of me; secondly, to see if Jennie, here, really loves me; and thirdly, to try out my new correspondence course, How to be a Detective.

"I take this opportunity to thank you for your assistance in the accomplishment of my purposes; I also wish to introduce my wife-to-be—Miss Jennie Walters."

Jennie blushed pleasingly, as was to be expected. And when the wild demonstration that followed had subsided, Joseph told the folks that he was going to the city to start a detective agency; incidentally, he mentioned the cause of his absences from the home-town. He was studying and practising, gathering to himself that experience which ultimately made him a real detective.

L. A. O'CONNELL, A.B., '26

The Call

The world is wrapped in a silvery robe,
For it snowed while we slept last night;
And the trees and the fields alike repose
'Neath a blanket of sparkling light.

The wintry sun from his throne above
Looks down with a red-rimmed eye
On the glistening hills and the frozen brooks,
Whose laughter seems never to die.

The snowbirds and cardinals are calling
Through snowladen bushes and grass,
And the furbearing folk of the woodland
Leave their marks as they silently pass.

When I look from my study window,
And these wonders all beckon to me,
My lessons and troubles are all forgot;
I'm out, I'm happy, I'm free!

THOMAS REILLY, A. B., '29

Literature and Life



HOW many of us have ever given a thought to that which is known as literature? Many have read literature and many have written it; some are familiar with a number of famous passages while others can quote not a single line. But it is regrettable that many who have the opportunity, neglect to acquaint themselves with the writings of noted authors. A learned man once explained the essence of what literature really is, when he said: "Literature is the expression of life in words of truth and beauty. It is a history of the human soul".

Let us dwell on each individual thought which is stated in the definition of literature. The most interesting thing about this world is human life and the greatest thing about literature is that it deals with human beings. We might say, however, that many literary works are not true to life, if they set forth improbabilities as facts. Romances like "The Three Musketeers" contain such improbabilities; but the reader beguiled into accepting the preliminary circumstances, and the situations in which the writer places his characters, is also ready to accept as real the actions assigned to those characters. Moreover, if a writer can prove that apparent impossibilities are possible, then he is true to life. Let us consider now another phase of the definition. To be literature the writing must have artistic expression. It is an age-old axiom that beauty is essential to art. That literature is a record of man's spirit, his thoughts and emotions is self-explanatory. It is a history of the human soul; and let me repeat, this human element is the greatest thing about literature.

Let us now investigate the meaning of literature a little further. We might consider what it can do for us. It can give us an outlet for our emotions. The poet or literary genius feels just as we feel, but he has the happy faculty of being able to express this feeling. He then expresses our feelings for us; and his writings are an outlet to our emotions as well as his. Our affections and feelings demand an outlet or an expression and hence the pleasure in literature. Let us consider examples. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address covered but very few minutes. Edward Everett's speech on the relationship between the State and the Federal Government, was delivered in two hours. Lincoln's Address became im-

mortal because he expressed for the people their own opinions and their exact feelings and he was an outlet for their emotions. The same is true of Everett. In the "Psalm of Life" Longfellow strikes a common chord; he felt as most people feel. Shakespeare, too, discloses to thousands their own emotions and ideas; he furnishes an outlet for our feelings. We have Macbeth types to-day; we have Portias; we have Romeos. Literature can keep before us a vision of the ideal. We live and progress by ideals. If we become satisfied and have no goal ahead, we become stagnant and our life a failure. In Browning's "Andrea del Sarto", Andrea, a faultless painter, says, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" The real rose out of the ideal. Shakespeare disclosed the law of gravitation long before Newton's discovery came. Airplanes and submarines were idealities long before they became realities. Poets have anticipated the scientific progress of the day; they have expressed ideals in human nature. We find these expressions in Longfellow's "Excelsior". Thus literature keeps before us a vision of the ideal, refreshing and inspiring us. Though we attain our aims there must be others still further on, or we become unhappy.

Another consideration of literature is that it can give us a better knowledge of human nature. We become thoroughly acquainted with the writer himself; we perceive his traits, his faults, his hopes and his true character. This can be attained simply through reading the works of a literary genius. How Byron's untamed revolutionary spirit stands revealed in his impetuous verse! How gentle Keats betrays himself! How brooding Poe, and soaring Thompson, and smiling Irving, and rollicking Twain, discover their interesting inner selves on every page of their immortal work! Not only the knowledge of the writer's character but also of human nature in general do we obtain from the portrayal of characters in writing, whether true or fictitious. Fictitious characters, if but true to life, are only new combinations of experienced traits. We thus acquire a knowledge of the force and power in great characters and of the inefficiency and stagnancy in weak characters—all of which are experiences in life. Shakespeare, it is said, has more than two hundred distinct types; George Eliot has more than one hundred different characters.

Literature can restore the past—it can interpret the present—it can anticipate the future by keeping ideals before us.

The poet vitalizes the past; he can make it live for us; manners and customs of a previous age are brought back to us by literature. Literature, too, can show the glory of the commonplace. It is erroneous to think that literature has naught to do with common, ordinary things. A great thing in a genius is the power to see greatness in ordinary things. "Anything can be made poetic", says Goethe, "if we know how to use it". Examples corroborating this are found throughout English Literature. We might cite, at random, Lowell's "To a Dandelion", Shelley's "To a Skylark", Burns' "To a Mouse".

Literature can help us master our own language. This ability we acquire unconsciously by intensive reading. Good literature, as a requisite, has permanence. Time is its best test and the only authentic one which is impartial. Good literature has universality. Because of this trait, Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" will live longer than his other works. He describes the life on the Mississippi in his time and as he knew it, but in all life and for all time we will find counterparts of these experiences. The theme of "Romeo and Juliet" is universal; it could happen in any place, among any people and at any time. Universality, however, is not a prime factor of good literature, but is only one of the greatest assets and almost a criterion of real literature. We see literature, then, as it really is and as it always will be. A short time spent in reading will increase in us a zeal for only the best literary productions, which will, let us hope, counteract the detrimental trash which is so prevalent among the reading public today. In how many ways will we be the gainers!

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A.B., '27





Leaf Murmurs



hh.h . . . What a merciless wind! And so cold to-day. Such a cheerless day, too. The immense, dull clouds floating over the hazy-blue sky are an ill omen. I don't mind the warm wind so much as long as I have strength to hold on to the branch; but this cold wind is chilling, cruelly killing me.

There comes another gale, for the trees up above are all bowing down in rapid succession. I must hold on tight, for I will be bl. . .

Oooh . . . So fierce! Every succeeding wave of wind seems to be sharper and more cutting than the previous one. If only the sun would come out for a moment, for one tiny moment, that I could warm my stiffly frozen frame. No hope. Not a shadow of a hope. And yet, not so long ago, how it scorched everything and how sweltry hot the air was! It was very uncomfortably hot many a day. I cannot forget how one sultry afternoon, some barefoot boys, apparently just out of their swimming hole, came down under this tree, and in its shade enjoyed a short, yet light and carefree nap.

But that was before my sister leaves were unexpectedly torn off from their branches by the autumn wind. They did make a desperate attempt to hold on to the branches which they so loved and adorned, but with every new destruction-bearing gust more and more fell to the ground, shrivelled and disappeared. That is why I made a frantic attempt to cling to the branch, for I know that, once having left the tree, I come back no more.

Yet, when all the leaves were on the tree, they composed a beautiful picture. Rustling in the spring's light breezes, as the branches swayed to and fro, we gave shelter and comfort to many a tiny bird, who entertained us with such perfectly captivating melodies that we all would whisper to one another that these notes are so obviously divine, that they could not emanate but from Heaven itself.

One early morning, just after the first rays of dawn had made their way through the narrow spaces between the leaves, and wakened the little birds which nested on a branch just above me, a young man, with head uplifted and eyes fastened on the picturesque, brightening sky, was coming near. He seemed engulfed in deep thought. When his eyes fell on this tree, he took out a pencil and a pad and wrote furiously. We could see that he was admiring us, and his face was radiant with extraordinary satisfaction. Those that were closer to him managed to see what he wrote, and informed us that it was a poem entitled "Leaves". We danced from joy that he wrote about us in preference to the multitude of other leaves about us.

It pains me to think of that morning. We were beautiful then, while the sunbeams played on our living green. Today I am alone, being the only leaf on the whole tree, and not a bit attractive. The dreadful drab shames me. But here comes some more wind—

How I struggled this time as I was tossed about! One instant, I was pressing close against the branch, and the next, just one little fiber was saving me from drifting away hopelessly up toward the sky. Never did I experience such a cruel day. I realize that I am useless as I am, but if only I could manage to stay on till the sun comes out, till one little ray of that same sun that once was burning-hot brightens up my wrinkles for one twinkle of a moment, I may still revive. It is so good to live and be of service to little birds and little boys, and . . .

I wonder why this wind today is so determined to seize my last, envied remnant of life. I would like to live and play some more.

Oooh.. The end. I'm through. It wrestled with me till it tore me off. I must come down through the branches, down, down, to the ground. Who could be so jealous of life to a poor, little leaf? The snow flurries are already wildly rushing through the air. Here lands one on me. It seems warm. Or is it that I'm numb? No, no! It must be warm.

Yet my battle is lost. This is where I must lie till the wind takes me further, here in the exact spot where two lovers did woo each other, one beautiful, gorgeous night. The moon was hanging near, and I and my sister leaves glided back and forth to let the silvery moonbeams diffuse over her

fair countenance. She was all the more enticing, as we formed a mosaic of constantly shifting light and shadow on her dainty figure. Finely formed phrases were exchanged and set their youthful hearts vibrating.

Alas! No more such eyes of lovelight can I see, no more am I to be admired. No more songs of happy birds nor shouts of mirthful boys will I hear. Fate forbids.

Here in the lovers' trodden spot I must stay till I am at last totally, unmercifully destroyed. A thin blanket of snow hides from me even the dismal looking sky, that this morning caused depression. But I am surprised that the snow is so warm, so enticingly, dreamfully warm. I cannot relate more just now. I am tired. I am in need of rest. But I will tell more a little later, I'm sure I will; please, little snowflakes, pray that I would.


Yet now I'm so warm. . .

JOSEPH A. BULEVICIUS, A.B., '26

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Some River Views

The Charming Allegheny

 HE view that unfolds itself before the eyes of a person who at sometime or other during the summer months has had the good fortune to linger for a few moments on the Hulton bridge is beyond doubt the finest and most delightful that could ever be afforded a native of Pittsburgh or the surrounding suburbs. At this point the Allegheny river, which for miles back winds and twists through the wooded valleys, deserts its crooked path and pursues a straight course for a distance of approximately half a mile.

When viewed by day, especially under the glare of a hot midday sun, this stretch of the river offers a charming scene to the observer watching from above. Hundreds of small tents, seemingly no bigger than dog kennels, line both banks, their white canvas gleaming brilliantly in sharp contrast to the green background of trees and shrubs. A long narrow island situated in the middle of the river, its shores dotted with camps and cottages, the different names of which are neatly spelled in even white letters, somehow conveys the impression of a large ocean liner riding at anchor, such as one might see in the shadow of Brooklyn bridge. Scores of little


boats may be seen on the surface of the river, some of them gently bobbing up and down on the waves, following in the wake of the ferry which cumbrously plows its way through the water, now and then emitting a silvery flash as the sunlight strikes the wet bulwarks.

Cheerful and pleasing as this sight of the river by daylight may appear, it is incomparable to the aspect presented by the falling dusk of evening with its touch of tranquillity and repose. A veil of darkness and silence takes the place of the light and gayety of the day, and the land bordering on the river now rests peacefully under the shades of night. Occasionally a train passing over the railroad trestle that spans the river below the island, breaks the silence with a piercing shriek of its whistle, and the golden glow of the lights in the trailing coaches is reflected on the water for a few brief seconds; then with a rush and a roar it is gone, leaving behind it a silence and darkness more profound than before.

PAUL CAIN, A. B., '29

* * * *

Morning On The Ohio River

LEAR breaks the morn on a peaceful world. The golden rays of the rising sun creep over the blue and distant hills and dip merrily into the fertile valleys, driving out all signs of gloomy night. But the river is still wrapt in the clear gray blanket of dawn and the mist rising from its peaceful surface swirls in magic forms like fairies on a crystal floor. At last the sun reaches the river and with a Midas-hand gives joyous color to these elfin cloudlets. And the azure sky drops its tinted cloak upon the gentle waters.

Yet the mist whirls still dance on towards the rising sun. On, on, until at last they reach a waterfall. And there where the water is most joyful they gather in a feathery cloud. All their beauties here unite and midst the diamond spray of the laughing waters a billowy cloud, of gold and silver and the rosy tints of the new born sun, rises up and fades away in the blue of the summer sky.

THOMAS REILLY, A.B., '29



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Professional Football

THE recent advent of Knute Rockne, the famed coach of Notre Dame football, into the field of unemployment and re-employment, has added another topic of interesting material for the discussion of local sport gossipers. Incidentally, it has also given rise to the very unimportant question of the institution of professional football as a national attraction to supplant the now prevailing system of intercollegiate contest on the field of scrimmage, just as has the turning professional of the famous Roving Red Head of Illinois. In this way: some of the local sport scribes, who hesitate to publish the fact, think they see the writing on the wall as far as college football is concerned. They vision for themselves the moneyed game throwing a pall of darkest black over the amateur contest, and think, all this of course to themselves and to their own opinions confined, that the morrow in football seasons will see the downfall of major college sport. They explain the move of Rockne as a realization on the part of Notre Dame's athletic council that college football will lose its attraction, and rather than be under the burden of a long-term contract for a huge annual salary, the farseeing authorities are letting Knute park his trunk whither he will. And, they say, Red Grange's turning professional was due to that young collegian's keen penetration into the financial futurity of professional football.

Are our sport writers practical idealists or only practical men with a foolish idea?

From reports spread throughout the nation by the various news associations it isn't hard for a straight thinking man to get at the bottom of the Rockne trouble. Anyone familiar

with Notre Dame's past policy in regard to the game that has made her famous knows that all questions have been left entirely in the hands of the famous coach. Now rumour, unsubstantiated, but surely plausible, has it that after the season just ended the faculty of the South Bend University took into their hands the undeniable right of saying whether the 1926 team will play a certain team at a certain place. The faculty board, it seems, ruled a particular college off the 1926 schedule. Rockne, we think, protested more for the sake of upholding a principle than to take the part of the college just dropped. This, in our humble opinion, formed from some little knowledge of the Notre Dame system of football management and from news dispatches and a consensus of opinion gathered from the newspapers of the country, explains away the flurry of Rockne in the regions of South Bend.

Apart from the fact that he was a good iceman, a good or indifferent student, a world's best ball carrier, Red Grange is an honest young man. He came right to the fore when he quit college and told the world through his vast publicity system that he was going to capitalize the reputation made on college gridiron. He has made good his statement, for to-day he stands some several hundred of thousands of dollars to the good; he has made good his statement, for to-day he stands some several millions of dollars' worth of estimation as a football player to the bad. And thus it is with professional players,—just flashes in the pan, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Why? Because football is a game which was never made to be played for money.

It's about time now that the moneyed men of sport realize that football cannot be capitalized. They know that whatever is made on the game by the colleges goes right back into the sport. They know, too, that a player can be at his best only when he practices every day of the week except one and that is the one on which he plays. They know that the spirit engendered by football requires the college atmosphere to keep a following. They know that for a century football has been nourished and developed in the educational institutions of the country, and that it is a part of them and cannot be taken away without the entire collapse of the game. They know that baseball, the only nationally paying professional game, was fostered by professional men and was always worked on a system that paid good money to its stars. Why do they not consider these things as guiding precedents?

J. J. BRENT, A.B., '26

The Union

In the lifetime of every University there come times when the student body is urged to arouse itself from a sleep of inactivity. The instrument of communication is usually a publication such as this. Fiery lines from the pen of an active and loyal student stirs anew the seemingly dormant spirit of those far less active. These articles of exhortation are placed before the student as a means of influence upon his filial emotions toward Alma Mater. The MONTHLY has been filled with compositions of constructive criticism as far as the life of the school was concerned. School spirit lagged time and again, consequently, many articles printed in the MONTHLY were directed to the abolition of this tendency and the adoption of means whereby the real life of the school would be kept active at all times. The foremost impediment to a unified school activity was the separation of the various departments of the University. The department of Night Accounts or the Downtown School as it is commonly called, due to its location, seemed to be one of the missing links in the chain of organization. The Law School rested aloof on account of its night sessions and stood upon a pedestal beyond reach of those engaged in seeking a union of all students of Duquesne. The College, Accounts and Pre-Medical departments were brought together under a closer bond only recently thru the efforts of those who made the dreams of a Junior Prom a reality. That movement was the pioneer step toward a unified Duquesne. The establishment of the Duke, our semimonthly paper, brought about a closer companionship on account of the democratic method of arrangement of its staff. These influences had their effect on the whole student body but only passively; there was still the need of active interest to be manifested by the students of all departments.

For this hitherto occult asset we are indebted to Dean Muldoon of the School of Pharmacy. He has given us the Intramural League which has aroused that latent power buried deep in the heart of the student body. Due to the efforts of this popular Dean, every department of the University is represented by a group of athletes, fully equipped and governed by a well organized association. There has been interclass competition before but not on so efficient a scale as the League boasts of. Real rivalry exists between the members of the various teams; that friendly-enemy spirit prevails throughout every corridor; a keen sense of competition in-

vigorates the atmosphere of the campus; a dogged determination to win the Pharmic Cup, presented by the school of that name, has produced heated action in the games thus far; the secret of success lies in the fact that the various schools of the University have been brought together under one bond and their action concentrated toward one end—a better Duquesne. Spirit of this kind cannot but bring recognition to our school. Concentrated effort has ever been the keynote of success, and if we would but realize that we have the third largest student body in the state we would not hesitate to organize completely and strive for the success of the Red and Blue. Activities of the school whether they be athletic or social would be much more successful if the entire student body could be said to be organized. The Intramural League will gradually bring this about if it receives the support it so richly deserves; if every student would come to see his classmates contending for the championship. Therein the misfortune lies—students are not attending the games as they should. The players are anxious to see their classmates cheering and urging them on to victory. Will this wish continue to be in vain?

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Dean Muldoon and the sponsors of the League. They have contributed to Duquesne's student life a vital force which has brought together the departments to form an organized Duquesne. By their action we are led to recall the words of this country's foremost Republican—"In union there is strength".

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A.B., '26

Why Supermen?

It is not my present purpose to describe the genius whose creations in art or literature captivate all men, possessing beauty, power and charm beyond the power of ordinary mortals. But a few words about the genius in business are worth while. The business genius is not an unfamiliar figure in the United States. His touch is magical. Every enterprise he undertakes meets with astonishing success. He consolidates the steel plants of the country, the packing industry, the chain stores; he pays not the slightest attention to critics, and wins. Often such men have begun work with a school education that was meager and pitiful. Yet they do not blunder; they judge wisely, they decide promptly, and they succeed.

Foolish people often attribute the success of such men

to luck or good fortune. Now luck is a negligible factor in the success of any man, but in the business success of such men as Henry Ford, Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller luck played little or no part. They earned their success because they planned and fought for it.

The business genius is a man whose intellectual powers are all so strongly balanced that they grasp a business situation and solve a business problem with the rapidity of intuition. One of the philosophers defined a genius as being the man who could see the truth without the aid of logical processes, whereas ordinary mortals like "moles in the earth" grope about in darkness. Whatever explanation be given to it by the philosophers, the fact is that certain exceptional men in business, as well as in arts, possess powers that put them in a class by themselves. They are, in current expression, "supermen."

JOHN MATEJCZYK, B.Sc., '28

Wise vs. Silly Cracks

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." How true indeed! The cheerful individual finds duty but pleasure in disguise, and discovers true peace of mind in assisting companions to banish their woes. Life is altogether too short to be spent without acknowledging our inborn sense of humor, and it is a recognized fact that to be jolly is to be healthy. There is no earthly excuse for the chronic grouch, nor a place in our hearts for the pessimist.

Nevertheless, as in so many other things of this world, extremes exist in jokes, our most common expressions of wit. At one time or another, every one of us becomes bored by that practical joker whom we may justly term an exhumorist. This creature's musty and rehashed puns, whether of a personal or risque nature, are decidedly distasteful, and uncalled-for, to say the least.

There is, however, a more serious offender against the human intelligence. That person is he who continually attempts to clown, despite his personal knowledge and the advice of friends that true humor is lacking in his offerings. Invariably, the character of his dull remarks and silly gestures incurs marked disfavor and brands him a nit wit.

For the latter, there is naught but sympathy. We may do well, however, to profit by such an example and to consider carefully whether or not our jokes contain actual humor, before we endeavor to "crack" them.

THOMAS H. YEAGLIN, A.B., '26

News of the Campus

A Mystery play in Honor of the Nativity of Our Lord, by Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, was presented by the Red Masquers on December 15 at St. Paul's Orphan Asylum, Idlewood, and on December 16 and 17 in the University auditorium. It was voted a most impressive production. The simple beauty of Father Benson's verse, the charm of the olden carols, heard almost constantly throughout the five scenes, and the colorful stage pictures, all combined to tell the story of the Christ-Child's coming in an unforgettable way. Student artists vied with student actors; the writer happened along when the stage crew was experimenting on the "starry winter night" effect of the first scene; and the electricians were not satisfied until they had tried seven different lighting arrangements! The result justified all their labor.

All students having speaking parts in the play were boarders at the University.

They were the following:

The Prologue was spoken by	William Showalter
Zarchary, an old merchant	Harold Jarvis
Eliphaz, a merchant	William Cushing
Nadab, another merchant	Leo Stader
Uzziel, a third merchant	Nicholas Marinaro
Matthew, a shepherd boy	Albert Miller
Abel, his brother	Alphonse Anuszkiewicz
John, a shepherd boy	Urban Larouere
James, his brother	Joseph Joyce
Tobias, landlord of the inn at Bethlehem	Thomas O'Leary
David, his servant	Patsy Rubino
Ben-Ezra, a shepherd	Joseph Lagnese
Ezra, his father	Dennis Abele
Gaspar, a wise man	Joseph Lagnese
Melchior, the second wise man	Nicholas Marinaro
Balthasar, the third wise man	Leo Stader
Joseph	John Rush
Mary	Vincent Kreuer

Angels -----Leonard Costello, Paul Coyle, James Crowley,
John McGonegal, Thomas Murphy, John McHugh.

* * * *

The Scenes

- I. Road outside Bethlehem, the first Christmas night.
- II. Kitchen of the inn.
- III. Hills near Bethlehem.
- IV. The stable.
- V. The stable, twelve days later.

The music, all of which was most appropriate, was furnished by the University Orchestra, directed by Professor Joseph Rauterkus, and the Junior Choir, conducted by the Rev. James Parent, C.S.Sp. The play was directed by the Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C.S.Sp. The production was arranged by the Rev. John F. Malloy, C.S.Sp.

The lectures given by Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman during the week of December 14, were attended by a very large group of University and Prep School students. The topic of the inspiring and educational series of talks was the "American Spirit in Literature." He quoted great authors of early and of recent times in support of his view.

The boarders enjoyed their annual Christmas dinner on Thursday evening, December 17. They had as their guests for the occasion the members of the school orchestra and the junior choir. The faculty of the School of Pharmacy, the College of Arts, the Pre-Medical Department, and the High School were also entertained by the Fathers on the same evening. After the festive boards were rid of their luscious dishes, a round table discussion took place.

The state convention of the Catholic Educational Association was held at Pittsburgh on December 28 and 29, 1925. The University was well represented. The Rev. John F. Malloy, C.S.Sp., presided at the joint session of the college and high school sections in the assembly room of the Synod Hall on Monday afternoon, in which the topic for discussion was "Dramatics in the Catholic High School and College". Mr. Joseph A. Crowe had a paper in the Tuesday morning Session on "Science in the High School", and the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C.S.Sp., took part in the discussion. College representatives were entertained at dinner by the University faculty on Monday evening, and afterwards discussed

thoroughly two papers, one by the Rev. Stephen Bryan, C.S. Sp., on "Latin and Greek in the College", the other by the Rev. Gerard Bridge, O.S.B., on "Latin as a Preparation for the Seminary."

The Rev. J. F. Carroll, C.S.Sp., S. T. D., our dean of College, made a hurried visit on January 5, to the National Capital for the purpose of attending the initial convention and to assist in forming the American Catholic Philosophical Association. When the society of philosophers elected Father Carroll chairman of the nomination committee, the ever popular and learned dean brought sole recognition to Western Pennsylvania. Since this office is the key position in the election of officers in the organization the holder is automatically excluded from recognition as a candidate for office. It was, indeed, a great honor for Duquesne when we consider that there were present, representatives from 40 Catholic colleges and universities in all parts of the United States.

The object of this new body is to promote study and research in the field of philosophy, with special emphasis on Scholastic Philosophy. The Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., rector of the Catholic University opened the session with a very eloquent address of welcome. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward A. Pace, professor of Philosophy and vice-rector of the Catholic University, was elected first president of the new philosophical organization. After his election Dr. Pace discussed the need of such an association and brought to mind the fact that during the past half century, philosophical inquiry has grown rapidly in keenness and earnestness because of the findings of biologists, sociologists, and psychologists.



Varsity 19—Alumni 24.



IN the informal lid-lifter of the 1926 season, Coach Davies' crew of basketeers dropped a thrilling battle to an alumni host made up of the brightest stars that ever twinkled at Duquesne. The final count was 24-19, with Chuck Cherdini and his warriors on the long end. Many moons will have passed before the Dukes will again witness ten such brilliant basketball tossers in action, as appeared on the Bluff court in this fray. The game was a beauty, and any lover of the great indoor sport would verily shed tears of joy after watching it. Every minute of play was full of action, speed and breath-taking exhibitions of beautiful shots.

There was little to choose between the 1926 edition of the Dukes and the old-timers, who were captained by the great "Chuck", versatile leader of the 1925 combine. The Varsity displayed excellent form in their inaugural and, had they rung up half the shots that apparently should have gone in, perhaps there would be a different story to tell. Add to this the fact that the weight and experience of the Alumni told greatly against them, and you have the reason why the present wearers of the Red and Blue went down to defeat. However, too little credit can not be given to Cherdini and the other Alumni men,—Moon Klinzing, Ollie Kendricks, Armand Cingolani, Coy Harrison and Joe Rozenas,—for the class which they displayed.

The Alumni grabbed the advantage at the very outset of the battle and held the Varsity at bay throughout the contest. Cingolani and Klinzing fell afoul of the Dukes in the first period to give the Alumni tossers a 6-3 advantage. In the second chapter O'Donovan and his cohorts opened a fast and clever passing game, but inaccuracy kept them from amassing a big lead. They managed, however, to work O'Donovan and

DeMaria under the basket to gain a 7-6 margin. But once again the ever-ready Cingolani and his able assistant Moon Klinzing crushed the mounting hopes of the Red and Blue. The half ended with the score 10-7 in favor of the veterans.

In the third quarter the Alumni began to ring them up so fast that they led near the terminus of the quarter at 18-9. In the last session the Varsity came through with a brave rally. O'Donovan, DeMaria and Monaghan performed in brilliant fashion and slipped in markers enough to bring their team to within six points of victory. But just in the height of the rally, the whistle sounded and the skirmish was over.

The Dukes of 1926 lost, but the loss is by no means a sign that this year's Varsity is below the standard. The Davies-coached outfit is one of the classiest teams that ever wore the Red and Blue of Duquesne, and should ride through the season on the wave of victory. One thing is certain,—never again in this season will the Dukes be called upon to face a team so great as the Alumni combine that laid them low in the opening game.

Duquesne 25—Muskingum 16.

The fast-stepping Duquesne squad pried open the Pittsburgh collegiate floor lid with a smashing victory over the Maroons of Muskingum to the tune of 25-16. The reckless but accurate passing and shooting of the Dukes completely bewildered the boys from Muskingum. A thousand or more students and friends of the Bluff institution rocked the big gym with their thunderous applause while the Red and Blue outfit whirled and raced and romped in circles about the aggregation from New Concord.

For the first two quarters the Buckeyes, a husky and clever outfit, offered desperate opposition but after the half-way mark was passed the Dukes forged ahead in beautiful fashion. The early stages of the joust were marked with close guarding on both sides and attempts from the floor were very rare. All through the game the Dukes were missing shots that they should have made. Serbin and Monaghan especially, after working the ball under the mesh, saw many easy attempts roll out of the hoop or fall short of it altogether.

Orr, elongated center of the Maroons, opened the scoring with a free toss. O'Donovan then sent the Dukes to the fore by sinking two from the free-throw line. Herob rang up a long one and gave Muskingum a 3-2-lead, but Johnny Serbin

took a pass from DeMaria and slipped one in from beneath the basket. The quarter ended with the Dukes ahead at 5-3.

At the beginning of the next period Montgomery pulled a pretty play, when, after a long dribble and a nice cut for the basket, he rang up a double for the Muskies. Dick Schrading evened it up by an unassisted score from the floor. At the end of the half Muskingum held a scant margin of 9-8.

Coming for the third stanza, the Bluffites were a new team. Serbin tied the count with a free throw and then the fireworks began. Johnny raced under the basket and looped a pretty over-head shot. Immediately after this O'Donovan took the pellet right out of the hands of a Maroon, dribbled almost the length of the floor and counted another for the Red and Blue. By this time Serbin was loose again. Roy passed him the ball and Johnny eased it in. So the Dukes continued their murderous onslaught until the final whistle, and the staunch but weary crew from Ohio trotted off the floor completely overwhelmed.

No one man stood out on the Duke squad. All performed well and too little praise cannot be given them.

Duquesne 42—Adrian 28.

In the second collegiate skirmish of their annual rampage the Duke machine, the speediest of all speed demons, swamped the Adrian college quintet from Michigan. The final outcome was never in doubt and ended with the Red and Blue on the heavy end of a 42-28 score. Despite the heavy total amassed by the Bluffites, the game was warmly contested. The husky crew from the west fought gamely to stave off the onrush of the Hilltoppers. Time after time the Dukes pierced the Adrian defense and scored 'neath the basket. The Dukes' score might have been greater had they not missed so many easy shots that rimmed the loop only to fall out.

Captain O'Donovan opened the joust with a peculiar shot that afforded amusement for both spectators and players. Roy was holding the ball past mid-floor and watching for an opportunity to pass it to one of his mates or to make a break for the basket. Suddenly "Sticks" Monaghan cut in from the side and made for the basket. Roy made a quick long heave to "Sticks" but the ball went high. It struck the board just above the basket, trembled between the board and the outer rim, and dropped through the mesh for a two-plyer. All through the first period O'Donovan, Serbin, Monaghan,

Schrading and DeMaria were here, there, and everywhere, passing, dribbling, shooting with clock-work regularity to garner a 9-2 advantage. In the second chapter the visitors opened up. Hill, Lunn and Bassett, on free throws and long shots, boosted their total to ten. But in the meantime the Dukes were very much in the game and Roy, Serbin and DeMaria kept the Red and Blue in front at 19-10 at the half-way mark.

In the third stanza the Dukes attempted to freeze the pellet, instead of breaking for the basket. Then it was that the visitors uncorked a brilliant rally. Bassett, center and outstanding star of the Adrain outfit, soon brought his team within striking distance at 21-20. But this marked the end of the Michiganders' rally. Schrading counted and O'Donovan followed with another. At this juncture Monaghan was the recipient of a vicious cut over his left eye and was forced to leave the game. He was relieved by the popular Jim O'Connor and the mob howled as the two exchanged places.

At the beginning of the final quarter, Duquesne was leading by a 27-20 score. This last chapter was all Duquesne, Davies' proteges amassing 15 markers to bring their grand total to 42. As usual the entire Duke squad combined to earn the victory. For the westerners Bassett was the heavy scorer and star but for the Dukes it was team play and speed that featured.

Duquesne 17—Waynesburg 23.

In a game marred by roughness and unfairness, the Yellow Jackets of Waynesburg opened the Tri-State conference season at the expense of Duquesne University's warriors. The final score was 23-17 but this gives no idea of the relative strength of the teams. The Dukes, hissed at, jeered and roughed at every stage of the game, took the lead and with a passing game that fairly dazzled the Waynesburgers, maintained that lead until far into the final quarter. The play of Captain O'Donovan and his men was brilliant and far superior to the Yellow Jackets' best. Had the Dukes been given treatment more in accordance with fairness and good sportsmanship they would undoubtedly have brought home a victory. However, those who saw the game are unanimous in the opinion that the Dukes will again capture Tri-State honors, provided that they maintain the pace they have set.

Waynesburg tallied when Snyder recovered a missed foul shot. Johnny Serbin deadlocked the score with a pretty shot

a few seconds later and DeMaria dropped in a free throw to put the Dukes ahead. They never lost this lead until far in the fourth stanza. Serbin took Schrading's toss and holed one from a mean angle. Here the first of a series of double fouls,—seemingly pre-arranged,—was called on O'Donovan and Welsh. Welsh missed the try but Roy counted, making the score 6-2 for the Dukes. Snyder then rang the bell for the Jacket tribe and Serbin and Ullon each caged a free throw leaving the score 7-5 Duquesne at the quarter.

In the next period the Dukes ordained to freeze the pellet which they did with remarkable ease and skill. At this the partisan crowd booed and hissed, but to no avail. The Dukes, not riled in the least by the unsportsmanlike spirit of the crowd, tossed the ball about among themselves with a cool and deadly accuracy. At the end of the half the wearers of the Red and Blue were still in the fore at 11-9.

Angered by their inability to take the ball from the Dukes or to make any progress or, in fact, to do anything but watch Roy and his men perform, the Yellow Jackets began to invade Duke territory in the third quarter. The Waynesburg crew in their eagerness to capture the sphere were guilty of many personal fouls which apparently escaped the notice of the official and the crowd. Twice during this period Welsh and O'Donovan were penalized for double fouls and the last time this double offense was called, O'Donovan, the main cog in the Duke machine, was sent to the bench, guilty of four personals. Then the Waynesburg partisans raised a mighty shout. Weinstock replaced, but Nate, able and willing as he is, was unable to fill the shoes of Captain Roy.

Hap Frank, a Waynesburg guard, let fly from mid-floor and rang up a pretty one which put Waynesburg in the lead for the first time since the early moments of the fracas. Heider sank a foul making it 16-13 for Katy Easterday's crew. But then big "Sticks" Monaghan repeated the trick and reliable Johnny Serbin dribbled and poked in a pretty one from the side, which knotted the score. Then Serbin registered one from the free throw line. Duquesne was once more ahead but not for long. Welsh scored a field goal and a foul. Duquesne took time out and Rosenberg releived Weinstock at forward. But with only 80 seconds to go, Frank again sunk a two-ply marker, and the battle became history.

There is no question about the fact that the Dukes can out-play and out-smart the Green County crew but Waynes-

burg with their partisan following was out to beat Duquesne, if they had to cripple every Duke player to do it. But the season is young and before it is over the Dukes, if they remain true to form, will occupy the honor position in the Tri-State League.

Intramural League

Day Accounts 21—Law 19.

In a preliminary skirmish to the Varsity-Adrian game, the highly-touted quintet of the Law Department went down to defeat before the representatives of the Day Accounts. This game opened the season of the Intramural league and the race for the Pharmic trophy.

The Lawyers rated as the ablest contenders for the coveted cup were on the losing end of a 21-19 score in their first game. Both the Lawyers and the Accountants flashed real class in the joust. The game was fast and interesting. Led by Witt, former Varsity man, the Lawyers held the winning margin until the Bookkeepers substituted McGervy for Gardlock in the last quarter. McGervy pulled his team from behind and spilled the dope by bringing victory to the Accounts.

Arts 19—Pharmics 10

In the first of two Intramural contests played on Friday evening, January 8, the College of Arts took over the school of Pharmacy in a fast and hectic struggle. The team play of the Arts quintet was too much for the Pharmics. The ball was in possession of the College outfit most of the time. They might possibly have amassed a larger score, had they made more attempts at the basket. They were satisfied however to take things easy and keep the ball in their own possession by a pretty passing game.

The Pharmics fought desperately and never let up for a minute, but poor shooting and inaccurate passing proved their downfall. No one man stood out on the Arts quintet, team work and a superior knowledge of the game being their main asset. Thompson and Velar played best for the losers.

Pre-Meds 30—Evening Accounts 15.

Following the defeat of the Pharmics by the Artists, the rough and ready Pre-Meds overwhelmed the Evening Accounts to the tune of 30-15. The Doctors have a classy squad and are going to be very much in the race for the University Championship. In the first period a very unfortunate accident occurred when Bill Lacy, a popular student and football star,

who was playing a guard for the Medics, fell between two other players and hurt his arm. He was removed from the game and taken to the hospital by Francis J. McDermott, Athletic Director. The injury will probably keep him out for the season.

The Accounts started with a whirl, but as soon as the Pre-Meds came out of their haze it was all up with the business men. Led by the mighty little Eddie Graf, the sometime doctors began a murderous attack that was never checked. They dribbled, passed, cut and shot in alarming fashion. Graf, Johnston, and Vogel were the outstanding stars.

Day Accounts 20—Pre-Meds 15.

On Friday evening, January 11, the undefeated team of the Day-Accounts handed the Pre-Meds their first defeat of the season by the score of 20-15. The game was closely contested from beginning to end. Both these squads showed fine form and the outcome of this first meeting between them bears no relation to the relative worth of the teams, as later season events will no doubt prove. The contest was well played and thoroughly enjoyed by those who made the trip to the Bluff to witness it. Mitchell, Rutkin, and McGervy were the mainstays of the Accountants. Eddie Graf led the attack of the Pre-Meds and was ably assisted by Vogel and Johnston.

Arts 29—Law 28.

In a game replete with thrills and excitement, the classy aggregation from the College of Arts took over the Lawyers' outfit on the evening of January 11. The final totals read 29-28. This was the best game that the followers of the Intramural league have witnessed thus far. If early appearances mean anything, the Pharmic cup will find its resting place at the end of the season, in the office of Father Carroll, Dean of the College Department. The Artists have shown that they possess the skill and technique of a big-time combination, and in this encounter with the Law school they displayed a real never-say-die spirit,—a spirit which, if they retain it, will carry them to the top of the heap.

Nig Savage's proteges were greatly outweighed but this disadvantage did not faze them in the least, as they battled their way to a well-deserved victory. The melee went to two extra five minute periods and after the smoke of battle had cleared away, the Arts quintet was on top by the scant margin of one point.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A.B., '27

Duquesnicula

Callahan: "How come the party broke up so early?"

McNally: "Oh, we found out we'd gone to the wrong house."

Eve may have been the first woman but Adam was the first made.

Scene: Hotel Eagle, Gettysburg.

Trybus (phoning from room): "Hello, Night clerk?"

Snippy Clerk: "Yes, what's biting you?"

Trybus: "That's what I'd like to know."

For the benefit of those who wonder why the buffalo head has been removed from the five cent piece, we offer the explanation that it no longer bison nickel's worth.

Tailor (to Collegian purchasing suit): "A little broad under the arm?"

Coll: "Yes, make it a blonde."

We call our dog Onyx because he came so unexpected.

'27: "Very dull party, isn't it?"

'26: "Yes, very."

'27: "Let's go home."

'26 "I can't. I'm the host."

Declaring the sign reading, "Moving Stairs Up" a fake when he had gazed fully fifteen minutes at it and observed no activity, Charley Rectenwald grunted and strolled along.

Dot: "Are those eggs fresh?"

Ursula: "They haven't said anything yet."

Lynch brought his knapsack to class the other day. We understand he carries his pajamas inside.

Lawyer: "Where was the fire last night?"

Pharmic: "There wasn't any fire. That was the College Team."

Fashion Hint—The latest mode from Paris decrees pockets in women's stockings. The question remains, who will rescue traffic when the sweet things' hands get cold?

Sir Aubrey: "What is a guinea worth in your country?"

Jack Tar: "A dollar and a half a day."

Resolution Season having passed, several men who hurriedly jumped upon the water-wagon have given up their seats to the fairer sex.

Sweet '16: "Would you wear a plain or an evening gown to the Hop?"

Fond Brother: "Neither. I'm quite past that stage."

Speaking of speedy times, the Saturday Evening Post cuts a dash in a fast world—being on sale the Thursday previous to its edition.

Pater: "Why the coolness toward me to-day?"

Filia: "Well, daddy, you forgot my 'Coon coat again."

It is no longer necessary for a man to own a rabbit farm to lead a hair-raising life.

Squire: "Did you call for me, my lord?"

Don Quixto: "Yes. Bring me a can opener; there's a flea in my knight clothes."

The doctor has ordered Tom Quigley to take more exercise. From now on, he's going to roll his own cigarettes.

Tom Henninger favors us with the following advice:

You may be penniless and broke
With not enough to buy a smoke,
And you feel there's nothing for you but

The grave:

And your stomach may be empty
Though around you there is plenty:
Never mind this, but forget it and

Be brave.

If you've sold your watch and clock
And your overcoat's in hock,
Never mind it if the weather's grow-
ing cold;

Throw out your chest, throw back your head,
Think how chilly you'd be, dead,
And remember, fortune always helps

The bold.

'Sall right, Tom for you to talk. The rest of us aren't protected with adipose tissue from the frosty winds.

YEAGLIN—DURKIN

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Lollypop and Rouge

Pharmacy, as any other profession, offers disadvantages along with advantages. Everyone knows about the long hours a pharmacist must keep, and every drug clerk is familiar with the story of "broken hours" in consequence of the working day being divided into two parts with a few hours in between them. Equally well known to anyone who has spent a week behind the drug counter is the story of accommodations to the public, such as selling stamps, answering the telephone and carrying messages to persons in the vicinity, weighing babies, removing splinters from the eye of casuals, giving first aid and making oneself generally useful in various forms of gratuitous service. All these accommodations the druggist is supposed to be ready to bestow freely upon the public, which forgets very frequently to render even a smile in gratitude.

These disadvantages are so well known that they might be classified as thrice-told tales. The advantages, however, of the profession are not so familiar, and yet they are probably the basis for the old saying: "Once a druggist always a druggist." As the years pass, the pharmacist finds increasing enjoyment in the opportunity to study human nature, character and types directly from human beings, and to form a philosophy of life from life as it is lived by all classes of people under all its aspects. Such opportunity is afforded by no other profession. Law gives an insight into the depths of the human soul but an insight limited in scope to a small percentage of the populace and in aspect, generally, to the less noble side of human nature. Medicine, too, presents a broader opportunity as being in closer touch with the masses, but it also is confined in great part to the more or less un-

usual-cases of sickness and distress. But pharmacy is a reserved seat whence to view the great parade of humanity in all its types from the cradle to the grave, and to see them in health and sickness, in the masses or in the classes.

As from seventy-five to eighty per cent of the druggist's customers are of the gentler sex it is natural for him to find in the profession many occasions for training in diplomacy. Selling postcards of course involves loss of overhead, but this loss is not appreciated unless at times it can be made direct and therefore looked upon in the light of a bargain. An elderly woman of foreign aspect enters and asks for five cents worth of postcards. As you hand them over, she counts them and then with an air of offended dignity expostulates that they are only five, remarking:

"Everything is dearer here than at the drug store on the next corner. Recently I bought a nickel's worth of postcards there and I got six."

Of course it is plain that she took innocent advantage of the clerk's miscount. Common sense tells you that the fact cannot be explained, for innocence exposed is considered ignorance. On the other hand you cannot let her go away with a false impression regarding yourself. It becomes an interesting problem in delicacy to send her away happy in the thought that between you and your competitor she has gotten a bargain somewhere, even though she doesn't know exactly where to locate it and that at any rate she is going to come back to nice you the next time.

About a fourth of the pharmacist's gallery of types and characters is made up of men, bachelors for the most part and eager for friendship. Mistrustful of others, they frequently make the druggist their confidant, and unbosom to him the follies of the past, the wisdom of the present and the hopes for the future. All they need is a little encouragement and they will confide to him inspiring information about schemes for projected patents, or a plan for utilizing the rubber in worn-out heels, or about the visions and revelations with which they have been favored from on high. It would be interesting to psychologize; but the druggist who wishes to remain such for long has to remember that business is busy-ness, and generally he does not have to make any special effort to do so.

As life surges past his dispensary the druggist must be prepared to go from one extreme to another or to take any

intervening note in the whole gamut of emotion. A bleeding girl of about nine years of age is brought in. He receives her into his arms, lays her down upon two chairs, orders the ambulance to be summoned and gives first aid. But before the ambulance arrives the girl's face whitens, while on the floor beneath her the towel or cotton grows red with her blood until when the policeman rushes in, disperses the crowd and begins to make out a report, she gives one convulsive shudder and all is over. She has been run over by a truck. In one of her cold dead hands is a lollypop, in the other frozen hand is change from a dime. Just a little story about a little girl with a tempting lollypop in her dead hand, but how it implies philosophy of life and death.

Half an hour or so elapses. Washed off is the blood from the druggist's hands, which did not spill it; removed is the pile of cotton in which a budding life has oozed out. The store is now ready again for business as the crowds return home from their work. Enters a young miss in her teens. As a good salesman you try to size her up. No need of special effort. You recognize her as being one of thousands of working girls. But there is something peculiar about her. Her walk and shyness indicate that she is a recent arrival in the metropolis and that she has not as yet acquired the ways of her mates of the big city.

"I want"—and she blushes, "I want rouge."

"Any particular make?" you inquire.

"Well—" she is hesitating, "any make to fit my complexion," and then in unsolicited explanation: "It is not for me; it's for a friend of mine whose complexion is like mine."

You glance at her face, and suddenly your gaze turns to the chair on which the little girl was lying. Your eyes are in a quandary, seeking to ferret out whether the striking resemblance is a fact or a hallucination.

"I'll take this one," she announces.

And you recognize in her look the flicker reflecting the quickening pluse of a heart eager to rush home and see her face when it is retouched by her hand, and then to show it to her parents, just as her little sister wanted to go home with a lollypop in her hand.

JACOB LOEWENBUCK, A.B., '28

To My Alarm Clock

You keep ringing and ringing
And in my ears dinging
And destroying my sleep with your racket;
So some day I will take you
And to pieces I'll break you
And your proud, smirking face—I will crack it!


I'm a rich millionaire
Or a bootlegger's heir
And rolling in riches galore—
But your raucous screams
Break my peaceful dreams
And I've got to jump on the cold floor.

And when winter's coldest
'Tis then you're boldest,
You cold-blooded devil of tin;
You wait all the night
My slumber to blight
With your terrible, nerve-racking din.

But just wait till I'm wealthy,
And if you're still healthy
Then try to disturb my sweet sleep!
I'll raise you on high
And with one final cry
You'll go to the dead garbage heap.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A.B., '28

Law Breaking

 HIS age has been characterized by many epithets that seek to explain the various movements in the world. It would do no harm to add another, and it would not be amiss if one should call this the law-breaking age. Many seem to have forgotten the command to obey laws, and if perchance they recognize law, then they consider themselves above the law.

Just as there are laws that govern the planets, the stars, the forces of nature; so too there are laws that regulate the actions of human beings. The very essence of justice demands that there be some force that controls the action of man toward man, that there be some power which shall say what is right and what is wrong. Without such regulations chaos and turmoil would exist, injustice and crime would be rampant, and the world in confusion.

There are moral reasons that should make men obey the laws and there are physical factors that should restrain their deeds. Deep down in the heart of any man there is something that tells him what is wrong, and this internal something raises a barrier against unlawful acts. But if that conscious feeling fails to deter him in his course, then his own selfish interests ought to make him obey the law and to want laws. They are made for the benefit of the human race that it may live and prosper in justice and contentment. The presence of laws limits the possibility of injury and danger to the rights and privileges of citizens. It is well to remember that laws are necessary to insure to everyone his just deserts. If there were no statutes there would be no limit to the power of some and as a result the powerful man could with impunity infringe upon the rights of his less powerful neighbor.

Another striking feature that augurs well for the observance of law is the fact that a just retribution always follows in the wake of crime. Sooner or later justice will be meted out to him who breaks the law, moral or civil. The criminal may escape the hand of the police for years, perhaps forever; but what is his life? Fear of capture, and the reproaches of his conscience are always with him, dogging his steps, filling his idle moments with dread and remorse. He can never escape his conscience. He can never flee the forces of the moral law. The latter oftentimes is far worse than the legal punishment

that may be attached to the crime. But a few weeks ago the news columns were telling the same story. A criminal had just returned to the scene of his deeds and given himself up. He found that all his money—and he had millions—was of no avail. Years spent in foreign countries, years of constantly eluding the forces of the law had brought home to that man the truth of the thought that one does not need to be behind the bars to be in prison.

Crime never pays. The words of the Bible are ever true: "The Wages of Sin is Death"—to the body as well as to the soul. You cannot outrage and break every moral law and expect to be happy and go unharmed. Things naturally neutralize themselves. What you get unlawfully never lasts. The little money that you take, the trifling advantage that you gain by crime never brings happiness. The bitter taste remains. The wisdom of the ages has proved the fact that crime carries its own punishment. From the day that Cain killed Abel down to the present, man has sought unsuccessfully to escape the penalty of his crimes. Alexander, conqueror of the world, paid for his luxurious life and sinful habits by going to an early grave. Imperial Rome paid for its vice and immorality just as Sodom paid in like manner thousands of years before.

It might be well if this lesson of the folly of crime could be impressed upon the minds of those to-day who see no serious evil in breaking and disregarding the nation's laws. Virtue too has its own reward just as crime has its own punishment. The cry for more laws is unwarranted. What men need is more compliance with the existing laws. The laxity of respect for law and order is assuming alarming proportions. The most effective way of curbing it is to instill into the heart of every school-child the awfulness of sin and crime, to impress upon every adult man and woman that there is a sanction for the law. The president and other government officials together with a host of clergymen and lay people have been urging the learning of the lesson of obedience to the law. We as students of a university have been taught this rule. Ours then is an obligation to take a leading part in the efforts that are being made to recall men once more to respect and devotion for their country's laws.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A.B., '27.

Pansies



ALL men in this wonderful universe possess thought. Thought is the great creative force. Thought paints the picture. Thought writes the poem. Thought sings the song. Thought organizes the army. Thought establishes the government. Thought advances civilization. Thought builds the institution. Thought blooms in love and revives the memory. Water is thought in liquidation. Air is thought in transparent vibration. Sunshine is thought in concentration. Man is thought in proper proportion and God is thought without limitation. We find that mind is thought, reason is thought, faith is thought, conscience is thought. Every faculty of the human mind is a phase of thought. Every mental need is an angle of thought.

The slow thinker is called "stupid." The knowing thinker is spoken of as "intelligent." The narrow thinker is spoken of as "bigoted." The successful thinker is said to be "talented." The unusual thinker is said to be "brilliant." The abnormal thinker is said to be "a man of genius." Man, then, is measured by his thought and should move forward daily to actuating the full extent of his capacity for thought so that in the sunset of life he shall be a worthy image of Him whom pure thought makes the Father of lights and a God without shadow of alteration.

OSHUR HURVITZ, B.S., '29.



What Will She Say?

I

I have a date,
And I am late,
And needs must yoicks away!
Perforce without delay:
I know what she will say.

II

And yet I've had a puncture
At this most important juncture;
My hands are soiled—
To say the least
You'd think I'd had

The darn things greased;
If mud were food
I'd have a feast—
O Lord, what she will say!

III

My college job's a sinecure—
No jack have I for manicure—
And she is such an epicure—
I know what she will say:
She'll ridicule my reticule;
I'll be the fool of Duquesne school:
My parts—my caste, she'll cast apart—
My sorry soiree be lost art—
She'll put me in a daze for days—
She'll jar ajar my means and ways—
She'll throw me down and let me lay!
And Oh! what she will say!

IV

Oh! here she comes; what shall I do?
I can't escape, I can't eschew;
But choose to hear her chew and chew—
Oh! this is what I dread!
What's this I hear? What did she say?
Will I forgive her 'cause she's late?
She's "sorry that she made me wait":
IS THAT JUST WHAT SHE SAID?

J. DESMOND KENNEDY.

Do You Get What You Deserve?



THE other day I had an appointment with a gentleman in a certain hotel; and, as I was several minutes early, I sought a chair from which a commanding view of the lobby could be had. It happened that the time agreed upon was between the "rush hours", and consequently the place was deserted save for a few people, two of whom were seated immediately in my rear. Before sitting down I had noticed that they were apparently engrossed with some subject or other. Further than this I paid no attention to them until they brushed by my chair. One spoke questioningly, "Jack, are you getting what you deserve?" Probably it was asked in regard to the relative value or durability of some material; but as they passed on, I unconsciously asked myself, did I get, am I getting, and will I get what I deserve?

As I was always more or less of a dreamer I was inclined to dwell in the past; and accordingly I drifted backward over the 37 years of my life, stopping momentarily upon those events that had made an indelible mark upon me.

I went back to the days of impulsiveness and unrestraint—days when I called down childish maledictions upon the teacher for well deserved cracks, and earnestly hoped that she would be caught in a rainstorm or fall into a snowdrift, according to the season of the year.

Once again I heard mother's oft-repeated adage, "Never forget, my son, honesty is the best policy. Always be upright and tell the truth", and then I was accustomed to answer, "Aw, ma, that's the bunk!" usually inserting an instance where I had been gravely wronged, such as making 60% in an exam and being scolded, while Katie and "Skinny" were praised despite the fact that they had cribbed. In reply to which mother would answer, "Jimmy, never say anything bad of another."

What wonderful advice!—and with that advice I had received everything my heart desired. Yet as a child I did not realize that honesty was repaid.

Later in life, during High School and college, while I struggled to follow the dictates and directions of parents and advisors, occasionally I fell away from the chosen path.


When things in general were going in a severely adverse manner, I would revert to habits of old, the only difference being in the phraseology of the condemnation. A day or so afterwards that person or thing that I had imagined to be gloating over my downfall, was the one to give me encouragement.

It was so on the diamond and gridiron. A day of mishaps was inevitably supplanted by a lucky "stab" or a gratifying run around the terminals. Such events gradually tended to create in me a realization of an equilibrium of worldly happenings, so much so that I regarded them, from the point of time, to be periodic in nature. Thus in a time of depression I became optimistic and in one of joy, I failed to derive its benefits as I should, for I regarded it as a presentiment of evil. I considered things only in a materialistic manner and forgot the eternity of joy.

With these things in mind I made my debut in the business world. My entrance was not accompanied by a blare of bugles and a ruffle of drums, but was of a similar nature to several of my unknown predecessors. I too failed in the characterization of Nero. The world of my day was one of steel, and not quite so susceptible to flame. But the lesson that my mother had taught me in the beginning, and which was exemplified to me in daily struggles, was sinking in. I had learned that an honest 60% was of more lasting nature than a hollow 100%; and that to say anything unjust of another was to court embarrassment, because invariably they turned out to be your friends; I no longer looked upon joy and happiness as necessary and a presentiment of sorrow and evil, but as a helping hand in the struggle for a greater reward; and finally I came to the conclusion that you always get what you deserve, and sometimes a little more,—if not in this life, at least later, because there is One who sees you as you really are. If you don't believe it, think it over, while I go to meet my friend. He is coming through the door.

JOHN A. McDEVITT, A.B., '26.

Education and Radio

HE captivating idea of radio has seized the public at large. Its potentiality and range of usefulness seem almost infinite. Daily, new vistas of utility open as it were to this recent creation of the wizard Marconi.

When one could cosily lounge about the parlor and, with the ease of the luxurious kings of old, drink in the choicest of the world's music from a victrola, hearing the resonant and robust voice of Caruso, the gentle lyric tones of McCormack, the scintillating and charming modulations of Galli-Curci; when the silver tones flowed forth from the violin of Kreisler or Heifetz, or the sublime and angelic chords sallied forth from the ivories of Paderewski or Hoffman; surely one thought that man was enjoying in part the happiness of a Utopia. And even though the singer has passed into the great beyond, Edison's invention still marvelously reproduces his voice. This was wonderful, but the radio is far more wonderful. A speaker or musician stands before the microphone, and the ether carries his tones to the ears of millions.

Within the recent past, like most significant things, this new idea of radio was introduced in a quiet and unassuming manner. Yesterday, radio was only a child in swaddling clothes, whereas today, it stands a full grown and sturdy youth, beyond question a leader in the field of commerce and finance, and second to none in the role of entertainment and pleasure. Those words "For the air is full of music" are truly a reality;—in some ways it is too full, for recently at a meeting of the leaders in this enterprise, the question of crowding the air was discussed and remedies were offered for such a new and novel situation.

Music of every shade and variety is broadcasted, from the irrational conglomeration of notes or jazz, to the crystal-line production of the great masters. However, not only does music filter through the ether, across land and sea, with the speed of light, but on it also is borne the voice of the orator, the actor, and not among the least, the minister and the educator.

How the children of this world with their shallow wisdom, utilize opportunities of this kind so readily, seems a bit complex and hard to understand. Secular education, so called, has for many months, been using this "printless journalism." We try to imagine a man of St. Paul's caliber living today.

With his instinctive ability as a journalist, would he stand by and neglect this unusual opportunity of disseminating truth? Would he as a Catholic educator remain inactive in this field, and listen passively to the dissemination, by this means, of a mass of conflicting, illusory, misleading, views and opinions? Would he, as the scripture phrases it, hide his light under a bushel, when it could be a towering lighthouse of truth, especially to those who through no fault of their own must travel over the deluding waters of skepticism? Would he, although a mere sojourner on this globe, remain quiescent with three broadcasting stations in this city, one being the first and among the most powerful in the world?

The Paulist Fathers of New York recently erected a station at an expense which might defray the cost of a large church. Our school is the dynamo of Catholic education in this flourishing city. We are children of a noble heritage, whose value is incomprehensible. The golden treasure of the early church, especially the writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and the mighty works of St. Thomas and St. Augustine, are ours to use; the gems of thought and goodness produced by her saints and scholars, can be made to shine forth again. These are the riches that dowed every just and upright nation, and the very steps of natural as well as supernatural progress and success.

To be sure, much labor and time would necessarily have to be spent, but with the zealous cooperation of every one interested, the beauties of the arts and languages, the truths of the sciences, philosophy and theology, could be portrayed in an interesting and appealing manner, not only academically but also practically. The perfect harmony which exists between all branches of knowledge could be pictured as a reality, which unity embodies the ideal University. In it, the whole gamut of knowledge is covered, from sense knowledge to intellectual, and finally to spiritual knowledge, each independent in its own sphere, one at the same time assisting the other, with the arts and languages as mediums of expression for their truths.

Therefore it remains for the loyal supporters of true education to act what is in their hearts, a glowing flame which can be readily fanned to a blaze, by utilizing the opportunities that stand before and nearest us, which will redound to the credit and glory of our school and education, of God and His Church.

EDMUND J. WIETHORN, A.B., '26.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Washington Cannot Be Defamed

UST recently one of America's authors, a writer of some of the best sellers, took it upon himself to defame the character of George Washington. The extremes of opinions about Washington have now been reached. This man holds Washington up as a social teahound, a foppish gambler like those of the time when Charles II set such a merry pace. Another man will sagely hold Washington up as a living saint and piously tell the story of the cherry tree and of the killing of his mother's white colt. The tale of the cherry tree need not be believed, but the accusation that Washington was a "jazz-baby" can not be swallowed. There is a middle course.

Washington was not a blue law advocate, or a social or moral reformer. He had too much good sense for that. He attended church regularly on Sunday, and gave his servants a day of rest. He was not one who required them to attend church services all day or listen to Bible reading. Washington must have accepted Sunday as a day of spiritual exercise and physical rest. He believed in having the two balanced. Balance, that is the keynote of his life. Washington was consistent. He lived neither in the future nor in the past. He was a southern gentleman and carried out the requirements which that name implied. He raced horses, laid wagers and owned slaves, but in no particular was he over-balanced. His home life did not interfere with his political standing, nor his political activity with his social intercourse, nor his social duties with his home life. Washington was one of the gentlemen of his day in every sense of the word

and any one trying to defame him is merely proving himself to be silly, by shooting beans at the moon.

JAMES B. DURKIN, JR., A.B., '27.



Abraham Lincoln

What is to be thought of him? What is to be thought of the poor pioneer's son from the undeveloped fields and forests of Kentucky, who, like George Washington, came forth out of obscurity to a position where he could lead his country at a time of need? Washington fought for and obtained independence for his country and saved it from an unjust ruler. But so did the boy from Kentucky come forth and fight to preserve that independence which had been so dearly gained. The same month comemorates the birthday of the one and the other. Both are illustrious for achievements which make them worthy to be carried in the memory of the citizens of the United States for all times. Both were accorded the greatest honor that this country can give to any man—that of being its President, leading it on to further advancement, further achievement.

Washington, however, had many advantages which Lincoln did not and could not enjoy. Washington came from an old Virginia family which could afford to give young George almost everything which he desired. Lincoln, on the other hand, had a father who pushed on into a country that needed development and where few necessities of life could be procured. There were no luxuries. Here, Abe could not go to school, for he had to help his father make a living for a large family where it was not an easy task to do so. The education which he acquired was gotten by perseverance, hard work, and many, many sacrifices.

Abraham Lincoln! A name to be revered, a name to be honored! Many were his good deeds, deeds which shall not be forgotten as long as the minds of men can remember. Many were his kindnesses, kindnesses which showed him to be a man deserving of the praise and respect of his fellow-men. And yet, there was found one with a mind so depraved, that he could cast aside all this and fiendishly snuff out the life of him who thought so much of others. There was found one so base that he could cut short a life that might have accomplished much more for the people and country which had

recognized him as a capable leader and acknowledged this by making him the "first citizen".

Though Abraham Lincoln died, he died in office, still willing to do all in his power that America might be a nation among nations. He was still willing to continue his noble work that "this nation of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth".

JOHN H. SAVULAK, A.B., '26.



The New Mayor

A new name is added to the long list of the successors of the first mayor of Pittsburgh. Just as with a new year, men's hearts are filled with hope and courage, so there goes with the advent of Charles H. Kline to the mayor's office a spirit of expectancy and confidence for the advancement of the city and the correction of the many evils now existing in its management. To be the mayor of Pittsburgh is an arduous task. The position, however, of Mr. Kline is doubly difficult. He must face a citizenry a bit cynical. He must win a public that has become apathetic through the absence of results and the prevalence of broken pledges. He must have a solution for a host of questions that are daily becoming more perplexing. Will he succeed? If one may read the future by past events, no one who knows the record of the new mayor can be pessimistic about the results which his administration may be expected to bring forth. And to those who have followed his election speeches, his inaugural address and his subsequent messages there can be no doubt that a new note had been struck in the administering of the affairs of the city. The selection of his cabinet and the immediate response which they gave to his recommendations have filled the citizens of Pittsburgh with hope. They can expect progress along civic lines; a tightening up of the loopholes in the department of Public Safety and a strengthening of the protection which that department owes to its citizens; and a solution of the long standing traffic problems. The tranquility now existing in political circles argues well for the improvement of our city. Mayor Kline offered much that was encouraging in his campaign. His straightforward promises were refreshing. His recognition and acceptance of the duties and responsibilities of the Mayor's office impressed and inspired the public. His first official acts have borne out the impression of his

honesty and sincerity.

Mayor Kline will find a united people behind his every move that leads toward civic betterment. The people of Pittsburgh have waited long for an administration whose acts would merit approval. There is every indication that the trust and confidence placed in Charles Kline as nominee and Candidate will be well placed in Charles Kline the mayor and chief executive of the city.

Sincere and best wishes, Mayor Kline.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A.B., '26.



More Recognition

The long awaited fulfillment of a desire for recognition and a greater Duquesne seems to be rapidly approaching. The name of our Alma Mater is being extended beyond the confines of city, county, state and even country.

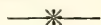
The latest recognition of Duquesne University came when a large local manufacturing concern, in a radio program broadcasted from their own station, in which program they observed the various advantages of the city of Pittsburgh, particularly educational advantages, mentioned the fact that there were three major institutions of learning in the city and cited the schools for which our sister colleges are noted. They announced that Duquesne had one of the finest Law schools in the United States; this indeed is recognition.

Another very interesting feature of the evening's entertainment was the musical part of the program. The announcer spoke at length on the Alma Mater songs of the Colleges and Universities throughout the country and said that they would broadcast the songs which musical critics considered the finest. He announced that they would select an Alma Mater song from each section of the country. Those broadcasted were Yale, Michigan, Leland Stanford and Duquesne. The song was rendered by a quartet accompanied by a string orchestra. Needless to say, all the beauty of our song was brought forth in a manner which would have delighted any student of the University. The selection reflected a great deal of credit on the composers, namely, Father John Malloy, '04, who wrote the words and the late Joseph Carl Breil, '88, who wrote the music. It is also a tribute of which the entire student body may be proud.

It seems scarcely necessary to add that every student

should know a composition which is so much their own and is a source of such pleasure to those not connected in any way with our University. Let us know our Alma Mater song and endeavor to put into effect the sentiments expressed in it so that we will deserve and enjoy the recognition that is due and will come to our Alma Mater.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A.B., '26



Candlepower vs. Horsepower

The old proverb which says that words are "verba et praeterea nihil," was, is, and will be always verified by everyday examples. Such examples involve individuals who are good in theory but bad in practice. Perfection in theory is easily attainable, but in practice it is impossible. This truth is so obvious that it is almost superfluous to try to develop it in a way in which it would be best understood.

"If to do were as easy as to know what 'twere good to do, chapels were churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." Speech and thought of such alterations cause no such changes, but actions do so. In life what good will perfection, or rather consistency, in theory alone do us? To be successful in life we should be consistent in practice as well as in theory. The world does not want theory. What it does want is the practice of that theory. At present the world is suffering from too much candle-power and the absence of enough horsepower. Preaching of the theory is the candle-power and the practice thereof is the horse-power. To have these two powers in a one-to-one proportion is to strike the golden mean.

Since it is easier to talk than to do, people prefer the former to the latter. In doing so they take the path of least resistance. But in a great majority of cases the path of least resistance is misleading and does not constitute an avenue to success. It is only by overcoming obstacles and difficulties that a hero is a hero.

STANISLAUS LUBARSKI, B. SC., '28



Obituary

An Alumnus of Duquesne, the composer of the music of our Alma Mater song, a musician of note, has died. Death came suddenly, unexpectedly to Joseph Carl Breil in Los Angeles recently. Comparatively young, able and distin-

guished in the field of music, with an opera to his credit, a host of songs and much music written for the screen—in this he is the first musician of rank to devote his energies to the composing of the musical accompaniment for motion pictures—his passing is deeply mourned. He showed great promise. Each succeeding work was marked by so much advancement and progress that one hoped for great things from his pen. The music of the scores which Mr. Breil prepared for some of the pretentious motion pictures undoubtedly added much to their appreciation but it was his productions that really marked the departure from the trivial and trashy music to a musical setting of a more substantial nature. He wrote the musical scores for such pictures as "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance", "Queen Elizabeth", and "Phantom of the Opera". But his fame does not rest on these alone. He is one of the few American composers of grand operas that has found recognition in the world's most famous opera houses. His composition "The Legend" had its Metropolitan debut in New York a few years back. It was well received and it placed its composer among those others who have achieved a like fame, Ethelbert Nevin, Charles Wakefield Cadman and Victor Herbert; all these have been connected with Pittsburgh in some fashion or other.

Mr. Breil was born in Pittsburgh 55 years ago. He was a student at Duquesne, then the College of the Holy Ghost. For a time he studied law but soon abandoned it in favor of music. He went to Leipsig and later to Milan to study under the masters of Europe. When his education was completed he returned to his native city where he taught music, conducted orchestras, was for a time the director of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. During the last years of his life he lived on the coast.

The domain of Music mourns the loss of a gifted writer, the city, the passing of a famous son, Duquesne University the death of a former student who gained renown. But we will remember him as one who has left his impress on his Alma Mater in song. Perhaps not so well known as Victor Herbert, not so popular as Charles Wakefield Cadman, or not so prolific as Stephen Collins Foster; nevertheless, Joseph Carl Breil has carved a place of fame both here in his own city and abroad in the realms of music that will endure long after most of the writers of contemporary music have passed away and are forgotten.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A.B., '27



Duquesne, 43—Westminister, 27.

IN vain did the Blue and White quintet from New Wilmington storm the heights of the Bluff in an effort to topple Coach Davies' champions. The speedy Red and Blue five completely swamped the Westminister host.

Although the Dukes' victory was a team victory, much credit must be given to the guiding mind of the crafty O'Donovan. Roy passed up chance after chance to gain individual honors by dribbling for a try at the basket, and fed the ball with unerring accuracy to the ever-ready Serbin and Monaghan. Roy, always the master-mind of the squad, played his prettiest in this fray. However, DeMaria, the dependable little Johnny Serbin, Monaghan, and the speedy, accurate Schrading, all came in for a slice of the honors. Added to this, the class displayed by Hetra, Phale and Kelly, made the game a clean, well-played contest, well worth the watching.

The opening stanza was amazingly fast. Serbin marked up first with a free toss and "Sticks" duplicated the feat a moment later. O'Donovan missed a try from the floor but took the ball on the rebound and holed a double. Westminister entered the scoring with a foul by McMeekin. By this time the Dukes were going so fast that any attempt to stop them was worse than useless. They raced up and down the floor like whirlwinds, tossing them in from all angles with deadly accuracy. Like a bullet, the ball sped past the very noses of the Blue and White warriors and was tossed in before they had a chance to raise a hand. Before Westminister scored their second point, the Dukes had boosted their lead to 12-1. Then McMeekin missed a free throw and McElhaney counted on the rebound. But the Dukes' guns continued to roar and

when the whistle sounded for the half, the score-board showed Duquesne 21, Westminster 6.

By the time the whistle sounded to end the rest period, the New Wilmington lads had come out of the daze, and the second stanza was much more bitterly contested. Led by Hetra and Phale, the Blue and White flashed some real form in this period. They battled desperately to keep even with the Dukes and well nigh succeeded, but Roy and his men held their lead despite every effort of the visitors. In the last quarter Monaghan was removed and "Ancient" O'Connor took his place. Then one after another the regulars stepped out, and when the final whistle shrilled, the entire second string array was battling Westminster to a standstill.

Duquesne 33—Thiel 13.

The Dukes stepped out of their home lot and invaded the backyard of Thiel College in Greenville, Pa. Needless to say, they came home with another scalp at their belt. It was an easy victory for the Bluffites. The Red and Blue completely outclassed the Thiel quint and emerged from the fray on the juicy end of a 33-13 score.

In its early stages, the contest took on all the appearances of a close game, but, after the Dukes hit their stride, it was all up with the home town boys. The first half was marked by close guarding on both sides. Big Sticks Monaghan was the only Duke able to do anything in the way of scoring during the first period. The rangy center rang up three markers. O'Donovan and DeMaria each counted one from the free-throw line. Dufford, stellar guard on the Thiel quintet, registered twice from the field and Sullivan, forward, meshed two fouls and one twin pleyer. The half ended with the score deadlocked at 8-8.

The Duke cohorts apparently received a severe "going-over" from Coach Davies during the rest period, for, when they came back for the second stanza they were their old selves. Thiel was able to ring up but one field goal and two fouls during this period, while the Dukes counted eleven tries from the court and three penal attempts for a total of 25 points. When the final whistle blew the whole Duke second squad was in the battle.

Duquesne 26—Bethany 23.

In a warm and closely contested tussle at Bethany, the Dukes took over the Bisons by the count of 26-23. Hamill

and Beckwith, forwards on the Bison squad, forced the Dukes to the limit to snatch the victory. It was a good, hard-fought game, with the Red and Blue holding a slight margin in passing and defense. Bethany showed real fight, but they are not to be ranked with the Bluffites, and in all probability this will be proven the next time the two clash in Pittsburgh.

Duquesne 29—Catholic U. 38.

With cheers that shook the very walls of the Union Station, loyal sons of Duquesne saw the cocky Duke squad, under the leadership of Coach Davies, board their train bound for the east and Navy. The team was in high spirits on the eve of their departure and were confident of bringing home the Navy's goat. But, alas! the spunky crew received quite a let-down the next evening when they encountered the Catholic U. five at Washington. The Capital boys spilled the dope by letting the Dukes down on the short end of a 38-29 score.

The score, however, tells but half the story. Catholic U. has a wonderful combination of ball tossers but they are by no means nine points better than the Dukes when the latter are in shape. The wearers of the Red and Blue were under a certain nervous tension and some of the boys got very little rest the night before,—as anyone who ever rode an upper berth will testify. Then again, it must be remembered that the Davies outfit was pointing for the Navy tussle. Schrading and DeMaria were both removed in the later stages of the game.

The victory, however, was well earned and was made possible by the wonderful performance of Foley, guard and captain of Catholic U. This young man rang up eight field goals and three fouts. Johnny Serbin seemed to be the only Duke who was in true form, and did much to keep the Dukes in the running.

Duquesne 55—St. Johns 22.

The next night Davies and his proteges journeyed to Annapolis to tussle with the St. John's college quintet. There is little to be said of this game. It was a walk-away for the Dukes. The game was witnessed by a number of Middies from the Naval Academy, who were out to get a line on the much talked-of quint from Pittsburgh. They gleaned little dope on the Pittsburgh system however, for the Dukes were not forced to extend themselves in the least to overcome the St. John's warriors. The entire substitute array finished the game for the Red and Blue.

Duquesne 35—Navy 33

Once again the mighty has fallen. Once more David has slipped the sleeper across the chin of the lusty Goliath. Once more the roaring, rollicking, raging, reckless Duke quint has sent Uncle Sam's Naval Academy to the mat. It was a hectic struggle. Spectacular shots, spectacular passing, spectacular dribbling, speed, excitement, thrills and more thrills followed each other with breath-taking rapidity. That two point margin,—now the Middies held it; now the Dukes held it; and so it went on and on, until the very walls shrieked with suppressed emotion. Time after time the Red and Blue seemed doomed to defeat, only to see O'Donovan and Serbin and Schrading flash down the floor to slip the Dukes a scant margin. And Monaghan,—how often he reached up over the heads of the Middies to snatch the pellet and hug it close to him until danger had passed. And when DeMaria raced down the floor with his amazing Nurmi-like speed, it was enough to send even Silent Cal into paroxysms of excitement. Let Notre Dame boast of her four Horsemen. We will go them one better and flaunt before the eyes of the sport world the Five Horsemen of Duquesne,—the greatest combine hereabouts,—O'Donovan, Serbin, Monaghan, Schrading and DeMaria. As the closing moments of the game approached, the excitement became more and more intense, with the outcome still in the balance; and, when the final whistle shrilled with the Dukes riding a two point advantage, even the steady McCaffrey, manager and score-keeper, so lost control of himself, that he kicked the scoring table off its stand.

The game opened with a rush, continued with a roar, and ended with a bang. During the most of the first chapter the Navy held the advantage. When the half ended the Middies were leading at 18-12. Roy O'Donovan, who, during the first stanza, had not registered a field goal, began to find the range in the second half. Then the music began. Roy sank six field goals during this period and offered able assistance to Serbin and Schrading in counting a few more. Monaghan, although he scored not a single point, played a superb game; his guarding was almost impregnable, and he fed the ball to his team-mates with pretty precision. Craig, forward, was the outstanding star for the Middies. His beautiful shots were almost enough to break the hearts of the Dukes who made the trip with the team.

The Dukes were forced to the limit all the way. It was uphill work, but Roy and his troops made a good fight. The Middies opened the second half confident of holding their six point lead, but the cohorts of the Red and Blue tore into them and very slowly, point by point, evened the count. The Dukes never slowed up, never weakened, never lost an advantage once gained. The Middies were forced to defend themselves with their manly backs to the wall. When Duquesne at last knotted the count, the Middies took a brace and the going became fast and furious. It looked as if the final whistle would find the two teams still deadlocked. The future admirals battled like true soldiers of Uncle Sam, but the stamina, courage, accuracy and uncanny speed of the Pittsburgh aggregation was too much for them. Just before the final whistle and very slowly, point by point, evened the count. The Dukes sounded, O'Donovan came racing down the floor, dribbling the ball. He stopped for a second just past the center, bent his knees, twisted his wrist and let fly a beautiful archer that dropped cleanly through the hoop. The ball was scarcely put in play again when the prayed-for whistle shrilled,—and the DUKES had won.

Duquesne 36—Penn State 12.

Conjure up in memory the battle of Marathon, the battle of Waterloo; call back the victory at Saratoga, or at Gettysburg; visualize the battle of the Marne; mix well and add for flavoring a roaring, maddened, thrill-crazed mob of Duke students, alumni and fans, and maybe the resultant picture will give you some idea of the glorious, scintillant, ever-to-be-remembered victory of Duquesne over Penn State.

Picture to yourself Alexander, Napoleon, Grant, Lee, Foch and the rest of the world's great leaders and perhaps you will get some idea of the part played in the victory by the great little general of the Bluff quint,—Roy O'Donovan. Never in the history of Duquesne was there such a victory won; never in the history of Pittsburgh did such an uproar and din rend the evening sky as rose from the Duke pavilion on the night of that great triumph.

The Dukes were on. Oh! how they were on. Long shots and short shots dropped in from every angle. The ball flew up and down and across the floor in such bewildering fashion that the Penn Staters might as well have been sitting on the bench as running around the floor like so many lost

sheep. Just twice were the Center Countians able to register from the field and these goals came in the last five minutes of play when the Dukes, knowing that the game was in, loosened up their impregnable defense.

Both teams were minus the services of a regular. Hamus, star forward of the Nittany Lions, was out of the game and Schradling, nursing an infected elbow, watched his team-mates from the bench. Rosenberg replaced Dick, and was the bulwark of the Duke defense. Jock played a great game, feeding the ball to the Duke sharp-shooters with pretty precision. We offer due praise to the sixth horseman of the Davies troop.

The battle opened furiously, both sides guarding closely. O'Donovan tallied first with a free toss and followed it a moment later with another. McDonald tied things up with two from the free throw line but O'Donovan again grabbed the lead with a long, clean loop. Hood registered a foul but Monaghan followed with a pretty one from a mean side angle. "Sticks" then caged two from the foul line. DeMaria took Serbin's toss under the basket and sent in a two-plyer, bringing the Dukes' score to 10. State was groggy and took time out, while the stands raised a deafening roar. Roepke, subbing for Hamus, counted a penal try, but DeMaria raised him one by sinking two free tosses. Serbin meshed a foul and O'Donovan closed the half with another, which brought the score to 14-5.

Monaghan opened hostilities in the final round with a close bank. DeMaria raced in and eased a neat one through the hoop. Three minutes before the final whistle the score stood Duquesne 33, Penn State 8. Then Saylor holed a long try for the Lions' first goal in that long, torturing grind. Friends and enemies joined in the applause for the curly-headed sub. Then Rosenberg caged the first of two penal attempts but blew the second, and O'Donovan took it on the rebound and sunk it. As the timer was fingering his trigger for the shot that would end it all, Roepke banked a long try. The epic struggle was over.

Duquesne 36—Waynesburg 16.


"We have met the enemy and they are ours." A roaring, maddened throng of 2,000 Dukes rooters and partisans shook the rafters of the big gym with their howling as the Duke machine ran rough-shod over Katy Easterday's Yellow Jackets. Roy O'Donovan and his trusty crew out-shot, out-passed, out-played the Waynesburg outfit in every minute of

the joust. It was just another runaway for the Hilltoppers. The golden clad warriors never had a chance. If any proof was necessary to show that Waynesburg's previous victory over Duquesne was somewhat of a flim-flam, this contest furnished it. The Waynesburgers were able to garner only three field goals, and these were all long shots. Here it would be well to note that Penn State and Waynesburg, two of the strongest teams in the tri-state district, were, in two successive clashes, able to ring up but five field goals against Duquesne's impenetrable defense. This is something of which every Duke can be proud. That they are proud of it was attested by their unrestrained rooting that shook the great pavilion to its foundations. Our friend, Brother Ammon, fears the gym will be unable to stand the strain of many more exhibitions like the Waynesburg battle.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A.B., '27.



News of the Campus



HE sophomore students of the arts department observed class night in the assembly hall on January 17, by staging one of the best entertainments of the current school year. A one act play, "Mr. Editor," was put on by the class dramatic club, in which the chief characters were: Thomas L. Henninger, as the Editor; Raymond A. Berg, as Miss Claudia Pinella; and John F. McKenna, as Jimmie the office boy. Others who graced the stage during the play were William J. Keown, John L. Murphy, Martin J. Mooney, Leo J. Kettl, William E. Burns, and Augustine C. Marzhauser.

The soph quartet made its initial appearance and drew rounds of prolonged applause from the large audience. Our able pianist Albin D. McDermott displayed great mastery in rendering a choice of his own composition together with the Second Hungarian Rhapsody. John M. Lambert, the orator of the class, gave a selection from Edgar Guest.

One of the largest meetings ever held by those at Duquesne interested in the Catholic Students Mission Crusade took place on Wednesday, January 13, in Canevin Hall. Cyril

Vogel, president of the local conference presided over the gathering which was held to reorganize the Duquesne University Unit. Mr. Vogel outlined the future plans of Crusade and Father Edward Malloy, past local conference head, enlarged upon and explained them in detail. After these preliminaries the business of reorganization got under way. The election, which was closely contested throughout, resulted as follows: Edward Vincent Fahey, president; Patrick J. Rice, vice president; Edward Heyl, secretary; John Stafford, treasurer. Under the lead of this efficient staff of officers, there is no doubt that again Duquesne will come to the fore in C. S. M. C. activities.

Dean Hugh C. Muldoon addressed a large number of members of the Johnstown Rotary Club at their noon luncheon on January 20. The Dean of our new school of Pharmacy has proven himself a valuable addition to the University's faculty and has imbibed so much of the spirit of our school that he made Duquesne the topic of his address. On January 22, he gave a lengthy discourse before a meeting of the pharmacists of Somerset and Cambria counties which was held at the Fort Stanwix hotel, Johnstown. Dean Muldoon chose for his subject on this occasion the advanced modern methods used to teach pharmacy at Duquesne.

Every student of the university and academy elbowed his way into the new gym on January 22, to attend a pep meeting which was held to inculcate interest in the Annual Athletic Association Dance. Father Carroll, Father Malloy, Messrs Moran and McDermott served the exigency of the occasion by wrapping up sentences in digestible words.

Rumor has it that the "Rover Boys" of Canevin Hall gave a Tuxedo display at Seton Hill College on January 22. This particular date is somewhat mossy in our memory but Callahan says, "that was the evening Joyce catered for us," Keefer says, "that was the evening when the extraordinarily awesome decorations were disturbed only by the shrilling sound of a saxophone held by some member of the Keystone Collegians Orchestra." McNally says, "That was the evening of the Setonians' senior ball."

When the varsity basket ball team entered the Pennsylvania Station on Wednesday evening, January 20, to entrain for their annual Eastern invasion, a band of Genuine Dukes made the name of Duquesne echo and re-echo throughout the

building until the very walls seemed to quiver. They were there not only to sharpen the minds of the populus to the fact that we have a great team, but also to manifest the hope and confidence that our student-body and the faculty have in Coach Davies and his well-oiled machine of human atoms.

The second period of worry, trouble, and toil held sway during the week of January 25. But it's all over now. Those much feared exams do leave a pathetic effect when the results are not in accordance with our wish. "To err is human," but a bad thing to do while taking a test.

The University held its annual reception and card party on the seventeenth floor of the William Penn Hotel on February 10. Thirteen hundred and fifty people, of every age, weight, height, and style, were present,—“collegiate-dressed” men, and highly perfumed ladies, with flowing gowns and cinderella slippers danced to smooth music that reached the apex of harmony.

Committeemen, garroted by unpleasant wing-collars and tortured inside “tin-fronted” shirts, cordially greeted Mayor Kline and rejoiced in the fullness of grateful hearts that he left his quiet home to lead our Grand March in the hurry and flurry of a gleeful evening.

General Chairman John Di Giorno and his associate committeemen scored a social triumph that the school historiographer can proudly record.

Father McAllister of the Irish Missionary Band of the Holy Ghost Fathers, conducted the retreat which annually takes place at our University after the Christmas holidays and second term exams are over. The entire student body, excluding those students of the School of Law, Accounts and Pharmacy, was present to receive the spiritual benefits of the retreat and to hear the delightful sermons and instructions given by the worthy missionary, Father McAllister. A retreat for the departments not participating has been arranged for mid-lent.

W. D. SAVAGE, A.B., '26.

J. J. BRENT, A.B., '26.

Exchanges



ONE of the finest of the magazines which the exchange department of Duquesne University has in its possession this month is the "Classical Number" of the "Saint Mary's Chimes." It is difficult, however, to choose which article, in this number, is the most impressive, for, on the whole, the articles show a deep insight into ancient times, ancient classics and ancient writers. The treatises develop and interpret the different characters of the great Latin and Greek writers.

Instead of commenting on the literary value of the magazine, we, of the exchange staff, take the liberty of voicing our praise to the individual students, whose literary contributions to the "Classical Number" are excellent.

The article "Horace the Immortal" is a complete, unbiased and prolific discussion of the works of Horace. It interprets exactly his life, his style and his philosophy. It would be well for our own Sophomores and Freshmen to procure a copy of this number, read and study it, for it contains valuable information of the lyric poet whom they are now so profoundly studying.

The editorials are instructive and interesting. One worth our consideration is "Greek as a Means of Thought Control". Many students will, perhaps, disagree with this article, but we submit the following quotation for their serious consideration: "Thoughts are strange things. They come when one least expects them, and the most irrelevant ones insist, on staying at the most inopportune time. . .

"To overcome this difficulty, one must train his mind by conscious effort, by applying himself to a study that requires a great amount of concentration.

"There is for this purpose no better subject than Greek. Many a student condemns it on the plea of its impracticability and of the uselessness of taking a subject that he will forget so easily. True, he may forget it—as a language; but long a after the knowledge of things which he now thinks most use-

ful have passed away, the principles that Greek has instilled will remain with him. One does not study Greek primarily to remember it. In a few years, even the characters themselves may not be recognizable. But once having studied the classical language, the scholar will always retain facility of understanding, a receptive mind, a more thorough knowledge of English, and a clearer mental vision. These qualities are inseparable from precision and exactness of thought control. The merits of Greek have been summed up by the Vice President Marshall who called it 'the whetstone of the human intellect'."

Truly, the study of Greek entails deep thought; it is difficult; it must be forgotten, perhaps, seven times, before it can be mastered, but its effects are not without value. The student who desires to know the appraisalment of Greek should read the "Value of the Classics in the College Curriculum", by our own professor of Latin and Greek, Father Bryan.

"The Laurel," coming to us from the beautiful section of Cattaraugus County, New York, is as harmonious as its name.

The cover consisting of a pennant and the insignia, "Deus Meus et Omnia", reveals the splendor and worth of the edition and strikes one as being dignified and of significant import.

The contents of the January number is proportionate to the inspiring cover. "To Him Who in Love of Nature . . ." is a description of a storm, its inception; the effect it has on nature and animals; the cause and ruler of it; these are brought out by a vivid and forceful description with great swing and color. "Selecting a Small School"; "Philology" with its beautiful illustration; "The Hills of Allegany", are the essays which enhance the dignity and worth of this issue.

From the northern part of Pennsylvania, we receive "The Aquinas", of Saint Thomas College. The "Junior Prom Anniversary Number" is a snappy one, although the serious and literary portion was not overlooked. The students of Duquesne wish the students of Saint Thomas success in their annual Junior prom, for it will not be long, before we will be preparing for the event, the one most glorious, most popular of college life—"The Prom".

"When the World Was White with May", is a book written by Mother M. Germaine of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. We agree with the author of the criticism

of the book, but we believe that a little tribute ought to be paid the authoress, Mother M. Germaine, a Sister Servant of The Immaculate Heart of Mary. Mother Germaine, in her book, portrays perhaps unconsciously, the beauty of her mind, the virtue of her character, the greatness of her intellect. For years this brave sister devoted her life in the vineyard of the Lord, and unselfishly gave of her talents, abilities, labors, and prayers, for which she will receive no earthly retribution. Unceasingly this nun worked, for the glory of God, even to the loss of her sight. She, like all the courageous nuns of the world gave her all for Him, Who will most assuredly place these saintly women on the highest pedestal, in everlasting happiness.

We might add that, together with the favorable discussion of "When the World was White with May", in the "Aquinas", this book's most captivating characteristics are its simplicity and pleasing beauty of description.

An excellent magazine which is received by the exchange department is the "Saint Vincent Journal" from our neighboring college at Beatty, Pennsylvania. In the February issue are interesting and distinctive discussions of the "Necessity of Labor", "The Utility of Labor", "Necessity of Recreation," which truly are the exact and impartial treatment of the important points relative to the above titles.

The editorials of this magazine are splendid and authoritative. "Of Interest to the Catholic Collegian" condemns the poisonous doctrines advocated by many professors of our large non-sectarian universities and colleges. Not only has this school realized the necessity of religion with education, but the state and nation is slowly being made to feel that education sans religion is valueless.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B., '27.

Duquesnicula

Tony lost his dog so he paid to advertise: "I lose my dog about two weak. His color about black. His tail short to my body. If find her keep him. I belong to it."

Sir Awgwan: Sir Launcelot, where didst thou learn to be so valiant a knight?"

Sir Launcelot: "At Knight School, Sir."

We've been told that Anuskiewicz is so bashful that he wouldn't allow flowers around his home because they're bloomers.

Judge: "You are charged with driving a loaded truck over this man. Have you anything to say in defense?"

Driver: "I didn't know it was loaded."

Mariners hold that high water waves predict grave peril, but for Jim Malone's sake we hope that hair waves contain no like forecast.

Savage: "Scandals, I want you to meet a cousin of mine from Indiana."

McCaffrey: "Ah! Hoosier girl, Nig?"

Savage: "That's none of your business."

Irate Father: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"

Youth: "Too late, I've already learned."

Steamer Flanagan, our local butter and egg man, has a dangerous rival in the big gun man from Shutesburg.

Frosh: "I think I'll run home and wash my head."

Soph: "Have you ever tried a vacuum cleaner?"



Collitch Musings.

Perge! Out-side. Surge Asinus!

Tell 'em go to Hong Kong. Steek-Ka!

Quis non intelligit? Ecce! Omigon.

Foley, Wiethorn & Company, 'Face!

Say, What's the idea? Bene, McCaffrey.

Captain: "Where's the balance of your rifle?"

Private: "That's all there is, sir."

"What's the charge?" asked the magistrate.

"Nothing at all." snickered the prisoner, "Thish is on me."

Joe: "I met Mrs. Burch's daughters yesterday—Agatha, Asenith, Azelia—"

Jim: "Hold on, that's my idea of an ambitious mother."

"Who was that honey you were out with last night?"

"Count" Powlowski: "Which one?"


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The Part Played By Irishmen In America's Civil War

RISHMEN have fought and died whenever the cause of liberty was in danger. Their names can be read and their bones may be found in every country where the cry of liberty has been raised. But it was in the great American Civil War, that dark and bloody conflict, where brother fought brother in Liberty's name, and where the stability of democracy was on trial, that Irishmen wrote the most glorious page in the history of their fight for world freedom. It was in that struggle that Irishmen displayed such patriotic devotion that the host of anti-Irish societies existing before the war fell to pieces.

The vast bulk of Irish-Americans joined the Northern side. The idea of fellow humans being held as mere chattels was repugnant to every thought and sentiment of Celtic tradition. Nor was the desire to split up the United States any more pleasing to Irish ideals. The passionate love of American principles that so actuated the Irish heart, forbade any weakening division of the great democracy. And thus it was that 150,000 Irishmen marched to battle under the colors of the Union.

On the other hand, many Irishmen dwelling in the South were angered at the arrogance (real or imaginary) of the Federal government in placing the nation above the state. They therefore joined the South in its blow for freedom. The Irish who joined the Confederate arms fought as well and as bravely as their compatriots on the Federal side.

We see, therefore, that both North and South had within their ranks, members of the Irish race, actuated by the same motive, fighting and dying for the perpetuation of liberty.

Among the leaders of the Union forces were Generals

Carey, Griffin and Butler. Early in the war Missouri was saved to the Union largely through the efforts of Colonel James A. Mulligan, who with 2,800 men held 20,000 Confederates at bay at Lexington. General Philip Kearny so distinguished himself in the Seven Days' Battles that he was made a major general; but shortly afterward he was killed at Chantilly, September 1, 1862.

General Phil Sheridan was one of the greatest cavalry leaders that ever lived. Sheridan is famous for his long night-ride "from Winchester, twenty miles away," that brought a Union victory, immortalized in the stirring verses of Thomas Buchanan Read. He was responsible for many of the brilliant victories achieved by the Union leader, Grant. He made especial fame at Shiloh, Chattanooga, and in the battles of the Wilderness. The name of Sheridan has come down to us as one of the North's three successful generals. In fact, Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House was directly due to Sheridan's cutting off his retreat when he had abandoned Richmond.

Hill, Early and McGowan, noted Southern leaders, were of Irish descent, while Cleyburne, one of the most popular generals of the South, was born in Cork. He died leading his men to victory. The Irish rank and file in Southern service were among the best soldiers, noted for their bravery and cleanliness.

But it was the two Northern Irish regiments, the New York 69th and the Irish Brigade, that displayed a courage and bravery which astounded the world. In the beginning of the war Colonel Corcoran's 69th regiment, composed exclusively of Irishmen, did many acts of bravery, but the capture and ultimate death of the leader, kept the famous regiment from active duty towards the end of the conflict.

Meanwhile, Thomas Francis Meagher, the famous Young Ireland orator, had landed in the United States, and at once formed the Irish Brigade. The first time this regiment came into prominence was in the retreat from Richmond. The Irish Brigade was ordered to cover the retreat, and they covered themselves with glory. They held the bridge over the Chickahominy river, and rushed up to the very guns of the Southern army. Their great struggle cost them many lives, and when the retreat was finished their ranks had become terribly thinned.

Meagher was wounded at the battle of Bull Run, but he was present at the glorious attack on Fredericksburg December 13, 1869, when the Irish Brigade made the greatest fight since the days of Fontenoy. The Confederates held Maryes Hill, a position which through the presence of stone breast-works and heavy batteries was impossible of capture from the front. Yet the Union Commander, Burnside, determined to make the attack. And he chose for this impossible mission the far-famed Irish Brigade. Although they knew they were advancing to certain death, they charged at once against the impregnable fortress. Six times they came. Up to the very muzzles of the guns would they charge. Then the fierce roar of the cannon would belch forth, and huge gaps would appear in the fighting Irish ranks. But still they rushed on, though thrown back by the relentless fire of the terrible missiles, faltering only to charge once more. Their bodies thronged the entrance to the fort for hundreds of yards, and their number shrunk with every second. And when night arrived but two hundred survived out of the twelve hundred warriors who began the attack on Maryes Heights.


It was deeds like these, that destroyed the Know-Nothings and their ilk, who before the war might be heard denouncing the Celtic race, as base and cowardly.

There was another thing that enhanced the glory of the Irish nation. That was the wonderful conduct of the Irish priests and nuns in the terrible war. On the battle-field, and in the hospital, the priests might be seen comforting and consoling the dying soldier. And in prison and hospital, the patient nuns administered to the wounded men, that their last hours might be passed in peace and quiet. In the years after the war men grew to respect and honor the priests and nuns, whose only thought was Christian love and Christian kindness.

Irishmen can be proud of their part in America's Civil War. On the battle-field, in the camp, in the hospital, they lived and died, that the liberty which the Declaration of Independence had brought forth, might flourish and continue in the greatest democracy.

PATRICK RICE, A.B., '27.

Fulfilment

 HE "divinity that shapes our ends" may oftentimes be a woman. List to my story.

It was the idle hour before dinner at the Rock Falls Country Club's town establishment. Tom Archer, Harry Woods and I stood gazing out one of the long windows that overlooked Queen street. In the midst of the streaming motors, homeward bound, one car seemed fairly to creep along the broad thoroughfare.

"Why, it's Jimmy Stanley," cried Archer, "and he's driving past the club! Wonder if he's forgotten our date for the fight at the Coliseum? Look out!" he screeched, as a bus swung out from the side street and missed Jimmy's roadster by inches. We saw the quick motion towards the emergency brake and the throwing in of the clutch bring the car to a grinding halt, while spectators frowned their disapproval. "My fault," he seemed to mutter as he disgustedly snapped the car into gear and continued down the avenue, with the irate bus driver's choice expletives ringing in his ears.

Jimmy's unusual abstraction impressed the trio of us.

"Looks as if he had no place to go—world has a dull, drab color for him just now," remarked Harry Woods. "Did you see the murderous look he gave that big limousine with the pet pekingese at the back window? Bored and affluent brokers, tired business men, and the rest, have nothing on him just now. I have it—I've got the explanation: Mrs. Jimmy is away for the first time since their wedding."

The subject of our conversation had disappeared in the traffic. But before our talk had drifted away from him and Helen, I spied him nosing his way back to the club. He turned in at the driveway, and we knew he was parking his car.

When Jimmy sauntered into the brilliantly lighted foyer of the club the loungers saw a tall, well-set young man, with the broad shoulders and slender hips of the athlete. His features were of a healthy tan color that outdoor life gives; well placed gray eyes sparkled with the light of perfect condition, although at this moment they were clouded with annoyance; altogether the features were regular and pleasing. The well-groomed and smartly tailored appearance gave the impression of the modern young man, all of which description Sir James would have vigorously opposed, for this was the weak point in his

armor, his appearance, and he entertained no ambition to be classed among that species of the human family known as the "lounge lizard". This aversion to any reference to his appearance may have been the result of this same fact having so often been noticed by many fair, and even middle-aged, young things, to mix metaphors a bit; for, you see, James is the same Stanley who has twice been the Western Open Champ—a fact that, if it carries no weight in your town, surely means considerable in this village, for, you must know the Ditwood Sporting Goods Co., with which he is connected, is located in this part of the "great playground".

Jimmy spied us, and at once strode over to our corner. This sudden purposeful movement was brought on by the recollection that this was the evening of the McGraw-Ennis fight at the Coliseum, and that he had promised Tom Archer he would meet him at the Club and go down to see the bout.

"A good break for me", he laughed, as he joined us. "There wouldn't have been a thing to do; never thought it would be so lonesome with Helen away."

Sam Hecker, one of our elders, was in the midst of a lecture on the fundamentals of golf. The remarks on the subject were primarily addressed to Horace Dawson, who had never mastered the correct stance, and whose game, consequently, was built on principles as sound as the Republic of Zulu.

Jimmy's entry was a signal for a chorus of greetings of different degrees of friendliness and nonsense; for he was quite popular among the friends, with whom he worked painstakingly to eliminate some fault in order that they might defeat some friendly rival and thus enjoy his discomfiture among their mutual friends. It might be remarked that James worked just as hard with the rival,—that is, in secret. One of his graduate pupils now sung out,—he was the gentlemen who was demonstrating to the alert Horace and the skeptical on-lookers, Sam Hecker,—“Say Jim, my boy, show this crowd of handicap golfers how the thing is done properly. Imagine a crowd like this trying to tell me the right way to address a ball.”

This speech was the signal for a prolonged series of cat-calls. With a smile Jimmy proceeded to give the asked-for demonstration.

"Get it, Horace?" he asked, after going through the motions of swinging a driver several times.

"Well, it looks easy enough, the way you do it, Jim; but, doggone it, when I get out on the links I forget all about the right way to do it, and no matter how hard I try I can't seem to get the thing down right."

"Too bad," said Harry Woods, shaking his head with mockery in his eyes. "I think if Horace could overcome that difficulty he would just about run away from both Sam and Bill."

Bill was none other than Bill Ditwood, Jimmy's father-in-law. The soundness of their game being attacked, these two gentlemen rallied to the standard and a threatened storm was only averted when Jimmy spoke.

"The trouble is that you try too hard. Practise a great deal and take your time, and you'll find yourself doing the right thing without knowing it".

"Well, professor, when you're finished we might get a little dinner and be on our way to the fight. You're wasting time lecturing to this crowd." The speaker was Tom Archer.

"Hello, Tommy my lad. How's the bond business?" said the "professor". "Be with you in just a minute."

"Another young dub," said Sam in disgust to his friend Bill. There was a note of affection in the remark, however, that did not escape most of the hearers. "Here's a fellow that can well afford improvement, and when an opportunity to improve his game presents itself he jokes and treats the matter with levity. Bill, what's the country coming to anyway, when a youngster takes his golf in this manner?"

Tom grinned at this, while Bill remarked that something would ultimately have to be done about the way the present generation took the ancient game, vaguely remarking that there ought to be some sort of a law passed concerning the use of golf phrases or the game in general in a joking manner. "Good heavens!" he cried in the peroration, "how can you legislate in regard to a man's morals when you allow things like this to escape attention?"

Tom ceased grinning long enough to remark, with mock gravity, while Jimmy put his arm around his shoulder to drag him away, that the reason he had attempted levity was to be in a position to beg their pardon and invite them to have a bottle of pop at his expense. There arose a chorus of groans at this, and Sam, waving his arms, ordered Jimmy to "Take your playmate away, and be careful, as such company is bound to prove fatal to even such an estimable man as yourself."

After the grinning Jimmy had playfully dragged the seemingly protesting Tom towards the dining room, and Sam had persuaded Bill Ditwood that they really ought to argue over a game of billiards, Harry Woods turned to me with a chuckle, and I immediately knew he had been in on some deviltry and was about to relate the particulars thereof; you know you get pretty well acquainted with the little mannerisms and habits of a person after about ten years.

"Did you ever wonder how Sam and Bill patched up the old feud?" asked Harry.

"Don't be foolish," I returned shortly. "Who is there in the crowd that hasn't wondered about that very thing?"

You see, Sam is F. Samuel Becker, the President of Hecker & Co., the great department stores, and Bill Ditwood is the owner of Ditwood Co., the sporting goods manufacturers. Now these two had been companions from boyhood,—one of those Damon and Pythias affairs. There had suddenly been an explosion, which had been heard all over our end of the state, and after this their enmity had been traditional. But suddenly, after I know not how long, they were seen together at their clubs and were more attached to each other than formerly. Of course this condition had been the cause of much conjecturing on the part of their many acquaintances, but the story of the reconciliation, that is if there was any kind of a story—and most of us surmised there was—had never been heard. I didn't think Harry knew anything about the matter, but was just trying to have a little fun at my expense; consequently I had made my answer as short as possible.

"Well, grumpy," said my irrepressible friend, "I'm about to let you in on a good number. Now don't get excited, as I intend to tell this story in my own way." This was in reply to my half asked question as to what it was all about.

"You remember two years ago when Sam was in the running for the State amateur championship?" Harry asked. Not waiting for me to give assent, he continued. "Well, the whole business started at that time. The day of the semifinal match, Sam had split the shaft of his favorite driver when playing the final hole. You know how superstitious most people are about matters of this kind; any accident to a tennis racket, a baseball bat, or something similar, is a source of annoyance that affects the nerves of the athlete and prevents him from doing his best. Well, this incident so unnerved Sam that his friends all opined he was in for a loss. It seemed

a pity, for he was shooting fine golf, and had been trying for years to get to the semifinals. Someone finally thought of rushing the club to the Ditwood factory, which, as you know is located a few miles from where the match was being held, with instructions to Bill, who was then his friend, to see that the driver was repaired so that he could use it the next day. Well, the boy who took it to the factory did not see Bill, but delivered the club to someone in the repair department, saying that he would call for it in the morning, and failing to state the necessity of doing a good job. Evidently the work was done in a hurried and careless manner, for the next day at the third hole the shaft again broke. This so unnerved Sam that he flivvered badly, and, after a poor exhibition, went down to overwhelming defeat. He raved at what he termed the inefficiency of the Ditwood organization, and banished from his stores every article of their line, which of course led to the break between him and Bill.

"The fact that the Ditwood line was put out of the Hecker stores meant a great drop in the revenues of both companies, but aside from this Bill Ditwood mourned the good old days when he and Sam had argued and swore over foursomes during the summer and held heated political debates and played billiards in the winter. Accordingly, he made Jimmy Stanley, who was then a salesman for the Ditwood products and a great favorite with Sam, sales manager, with instructions to concentrate on securing the Hecker account. Have I made this point clear?"

"Yes, yes, Harry, go on," I urged. "I'm breathless with attention."

"Now about this time Jimmy was after Bill to give his paternal consent to his marrying Helen Ditwood. Bill had no real grounds for not sanctioning the match, except that selfishness which surrounds most middle aged widowers when some young chap comes along to take away the star of their existence. James kept after Bill so vigorously that he finally determined to put an end, for sometime at least, to these advances. After much mental labor which was spurred on by renewed attacks on the part of Jimmy, reinforced by the wilful Helen, he finally thought he had hit on a plan that would give him some rest. He advanced the proposition to the pair, that if Jimmy could place the Ditwood line in the Hecker stores he would give not only his consent to the match but a partnership in the business as well. He was highly delighted by the

look of consternation with which Jimmy received this news, for Jimmy had tried everything he knew to do just this thing, but still Sam remained adamant; so he knew, or thought he did, just why Bill felt so sure in making the proposition. Neither of them reckoned with the female of the species."

Harry paused dramatically in his recital.

"Aha," said I, "I think I begin to see light. Will you please proceed?"

And Harry Woods proceeded.

"Helen Ditwood, with her boyish head of chestnut brown hair, her sunny smile of assurance and laughing brown eyes, had from childhood been able to wind men around her fingers, as the saying goes. She had received everything she had wanted, or at least those things she had wanted badly; and she did not propose to be cheated of Jimmy, whom she wanted more than anything else. She hatched and engineered the entire plot which led to the reestablishment of the Ditwood line in the Hecker stores and the renewing of the old friendship. Helen came to me," said Harry, pausing to light a cigarette, "and asked me if I would help in her plans for a better world in which to live. Of course no Christian could turn down an appeal of this kind, and I agreed to help. Accordingly, a few days later when Sam and I were playing the fourth hole at the Club, which hole I had made in one under par, and had been duly complimented by Sam, the recipient of the praise had tried to do a little good work for the cause by attributing his excellent showing to the Ditwood clubs which he was using. Sam of course had said he would never use a club of this manufacture as long as he lived, and gave a snort of disgust when the name was mentioned. Just about the time Sam was about to drive off at the fourth hole, a boy came running across the fairway waving a slip of paper and calling to Sam, and as that gentleman walked forward to meet the messenger I stepped on the shaft of the driver which he had dropped and it broke with a crack,"

Here Harry paused to laugh.

"Well, when Sam returned, I made profuse apologies for my awkwardness, and offered one of my own in exchange, which Sam after some hesitation had to accept since there was none other to be had at that time. He drove off, swinging with a mighty vehemence. Now, as you know, the fifth hole lies in a small hollow; and as the ball disappeared, describing

a high arc over the brow of the hill, I emitted a low whistle and remarked that 'it sure was a peach of a drive'. And it was"" said Harry, as though to defend himself. "I then took a great deal of time preparatory to driving off, but finally things were adjusted to my liking and the ball followed Sam's. As we trudged toward the fifth hole Sam discoursed quite at length on his favorite topic, that is, making a hole in one, you know this was the greatest ambition in his young life, and, knowing Sam's capacity for enthusing, you can realize the sight I witnessed, when, after a long search for the ball we found it lodged in the cup! Well," gurgled the criminal,—for I classed him as such since I felt as though there was a trick in the affair some place," it took me quite a little time to bring to Sam's attention that he was using a Ditwood driver; for, buoyed up by the fact that he had achieved his ambition, Sam fairly burnt up the course. You know, he shot better than par golf for the remaining distance. When I finally made him realize that he was using one of his arch enemy's products, he glowered for a moment, and then chortled that Bill was certainly making a great club. "Must have cleaned out that old crowd he had working for him. You know I always knew Bill was a conscientious person, but he certainly was riding to a fall until he put Jimmy Stanley in a position to do some good," and Sam shook his head convincingly.

"When we arrived at the Club house several others were preparing for a round, and here the glad tidings were announced. The next few days saw Sam receiving all sorts of congratulations."

"I know," I said, "I was among those who presented Samuel with a few wordy bouquets."

"He certainly deserved them", gurgled the story teller.

"Cut it out, Harry, and finish the story," I retorted testily. "Nothing funny just yet that I can see".

"Finish the story?" he mimicked, "nothing to finish, old boy, as the poet says, 'that's all there is—there is no more.'"

"Harry," I threatened, "if you renig on the rest of this story I'll—I'll—"

"You'll what?"

"I'll get Sam to investigate the matter, and I bet anything he'll find out where the joker was hiding," I said triumphantly.

"Dear me", moaned the villian thoughtfully, "I suppose young Sherlock would put a literal and figurative crimp in

the proceedings at this stage of the game. Happy romance shattered, millionaire clubmen engage in fistic brawl at fashionable club." Here he whistled with mock seriousness, "Would be sort of a mess, old topper".

I sat silently smoking, for I knew he would tell the rest of the tale as soon as he had seen all possible chances for annoying me had vanished. After several moments of silence, in which Harry ostensible surveyed the ceiling as though he had forgotten all about the subject under discussion, he opened up again.

"By the way, you know Jimmy Stanley went right over to see Sam as soon as he heard the news, and signed a contract placing a large line of goods in the Hecker stores. Just as he pocketed the order and was starting for the door he heard Sam call Bill on the phone and ramble into conversation about a foursome for the next afternoon. I heard from good authority that Jimmy hung up a new record in negotiating the distance from town to Helen's home.

"It's a good thing for me that Sam Hecker never paused to consider the stalling tactics of yours truly at the fourth hole nor noticed the shadowy figure of the fair Helen flit into the woods that lay to the right of the fifth hole, for he might have ultimately concluded—and rightly so—that this same figure had taken the ball, which was about 150 feet away from the cup, and deposited it therein.

"Nothing wrong about it." grinned Harry, "Helen's happy, Jimmy's happy, Sam's happy and Bill's happy, that's what I call fulfilment. Here comes Sam and his twin; let's go to dinner."

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A.B., '26.

"Covered Wagon Days"



THE Pittsburgh of 1926 unfolds an entirely different spectacle to the traveler than the Pittsburgh of 1850.

Seventy-six years ago the present metropolis was little more than an overgrown frontier settlement. In fact, the picture presented had all the earmarks of the familiar wild-west town, occasionally seen in the movies.

At that time, the wharfs along the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, now fronting on Water street and Duquesne Way, were thronged with farmers from Lawrenceville, Frankstown, Glenwood and other outlying villages, who gathered there for the purpose of selling their products to the townsmen.

It was at these same wharfs that the long Conestoga wagons, running between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, discharged their passengers. Here, also, the waiting river steamers took on the immigrants who were going west.

As you will remember reading in your history, it was in the preceding year, 1849, that word had come east from California, announcing the discovery of gold in the surface soil along the slopes of the Sierra Nevada and upper reaches of the Sacramento River Valley. The stories of fabulous wealth so worked up the people of the east, that thousands upon thousands of fortune hunters, with their families, household articles and even in some instances domestic animals, started west with the idea of becoming suddenly rich.

Pittsburgh then, as it is now, was the natural gateway to the west. So we are not surprised to find the streets near the wharfs jammed; the lodging houses and saloons in and around the Diamond crowded; the public squares, one formerly surrounding the Old Block House and another in Second Avenue, where the ramp of the Boulevard-of-the-Allies now stands, thronged with strangers. Here in the downtown section, now known as the Golden Triangle, gentlemen of Puritan lineage rubbed shoulders with Dutchmen from the Hudson Valley; Irishmen from the sands of New Jersey cheerfully drank with Swedes from Delaware; while the Quakers from Philadelphia chatted with the planters from Virginia. They were merely passing through. The oil wealth of this

very region, which would later bring many more this way in search of fortune, had not yet been discovered.

Our humble town of 1850, as I have said, had little in common with the present city. It had fairly well recovered from the devastating fire of a few years before. No tall, massive monuments of architectural beauty graced the brow of Grant's Hill. The twin towers of St. Paul's Cathedral, now replaced by those of the Union Trust Building, had then not begun to rear their heads against the sky. University Heights were indistinguishable under the ordinary name of Boyd's Hill.

The Oakland district and the Schenley Park section knew no nobler edifice than an occasional lonely farm house hidden among the tall pines and massive oaks. True, the street later named Fifth Avenue even then made the wide curve from Brady to Robinson street, but it only swerved aside to leave unmolested a magnificent giant of the primeval forest.

The present busy corner at Highland and Penn avenues in the East Liberty district was then a peaceful grove where the timid deer browsed and the wild turkey roosted unmolested. A roadhouse near Point Breeze, that had sheltered General Forbes in the French and Indian war, was still standing, solitary and inviting. Its site is today marked by a concrete tree stump with a bronze tablet sunk in its surface.

The North Side, at that time a separate town known as Allegheny, was merely a collection of a few hundred homes. Besides, the pioneer population of that growing village, while actually living within sight of Pittsburg was, as a matter of fact, farther away from the Pittsburg of 1850, than is the present day gentleman on his country estate at Oakmont from the Pittsburgh of 1926.

THOMAS LYNCH, A.B., '26

Movie Houses From Without



PLENDOROUS entrances, sparkling with profuse illumination, mark the locations of the movie houses. The fancy designs, as well as the lettering, all outlined by means of varicolored incandescent lamps, blind the spectator's eyes. The names of famous stars and the briefly outlined program beckon the passerby. Each motion-picture theatre stands out so conspicuously that it seems that its presence is spread along the whole street. Each vies with the other in its attempt to be more attractive, and more convincing of the superiority of its features.

What a dull, drab impression the town, deprived of its movie houses, would create! The avenue, shorn of its spectacular glamor, would afford an unusual contrast. In the swift, continuous whirl of lights one sees the swift, continuous motion of youth, abandoning the cares of the day, and exchanging the serious, insolvable problems of life for an evening of entertainment, to rest in complete forgetfulness of the monotony of one's workshop, to laugh freely, unrepressed by any stern hand. Where would the nightly thousands go, if the movie houses should disappear? The dark avenue would then seem to command the people to retire. "The day is done. Home is now the thing. Sleep. Rest. Bed. Sleep!" the same spots without their lights would surely speak these ironic words.

But the lights cannot be dimmed. Where once people ended their day with labor, or with family fireside conversation, now, often, a most cherished chapter of one's daily life begins only after sunset. It is those few hours of the evening, that are truly theirs. The lights must stay. The endless glittering must continue to bring out the endless stream of people for a nightly, leisurely, avenue promenade.

JOSEPH A. BULEVICIUS, A.B., '26.



S A N C T U M

EDITORIALS

The Sign of The Saints

THE arrival of the chill winds of March announces to the Christian world the feast days of three great men. By their works we know them to be saints. It is perhaps needless to say that the Church dedicates this month to St. Joseph. Aside from this, it commemorates the lives of two of lesser rank than the foster-father of our Lord, St. Patrick and St. Thomas of Aquin. A more renowned triumvirate could scarcely be named. St. Joseph who was singled out above all other men to be the protector of the Child and His mother, deserves the place of prominence which the Church has given him. The Patron of a happy death is the foremost of God's army of saints, yet in view of his fact, it might seem paradoxical to state that the Christian world has received little information of his life. He is mentioned just four or five times in Sacred Scripture and then only in connection with some event in the life of Christ. We know him as a village carpenter and the obscurity of the accounts of his life lends prestige to the characteristic element of all saints—humility. He needed no publicity to warrant him recognition in the annals of the Church. The distinction bestowed upon him by God was sufficient to attain that end. He performed well the duty placed upon him, thereby fulfilling the wish of his creator. This function of the duty divinely posited is a constitutive element in the structure of a saint; it is a sign of God-like perfection.

There is no need of heralding the 17th day of March. The mere mention of St. Patrick's day is a signal for rejoicing;

why not do so in saint-like fashion. Re-kindle those fires of faith that burned many years ago on Tara's hills. Recall the life work of the patron of the Isle, how, when a slave on the hills of Ireland, he realized that he too had a duty to perform; that he was listening to the voice of God speaking to him to go and convert the Irish race; then when he secured his freedom remember how he studied incessantly that he might fit his mind for the task of bringing the people of that land to God; recall how his herculean efforts brought him back to his beloved land and there, confronted by innumerable obstacles in the path of conversion, he finally placed the entire population in the light of Christian faith; and when his time had come he was prepared for his Maker because he had performed well the duty placed before him by God. St. Patrick in performing that duty planted the acorn of a mighty oak. Its sturdy trunk was Christianity; its branches, the far-reaching arms of education; its leaves, the product of those branches, Ireland's great saints and scholars. The hurricane of paganism and ignorance, caused by the Northern Invasions, failed to uproot that oak, nay its leaves fell upon barbaric soil and left their fossil-like impressions.


How can anyone call "dark" that age which brought forth intellectual lights of the type of St. Thomas? More conscientiously is the period called the Age of Scholasticism. The Angelic Doctor is enrolled as the foremost of the Scholastics and his proofs of various questions of philosophy stamp him as one of the world's greatest minds. His inquiries necessitated an intellectual endeavor comprising a vast field of knowledge and the schoolmen of the Church since his time owe him much for his donations toward intellectual development. His *Summa* as well as his many other arguments, they have oftentimes employed as a source of reference. Aquinas employed the Dialectic method (arriving at the knowledge of a thing through syllogistic argumentation). This was the keynote of the Scholastic System. By this form of argumentation he formed his proofs of the existence of God and his famous doctrine concerning the soul—the soul forms a substantial union with the body. So also with his definition of science he says, "it is a knowledge of things through their causes". His logic is based upon the doctrines of Aristotle but he improves upon the principles of his renowned predecessor. Aquinas gave us the theory of matter

and form, time and space, and the solution of the problem of the origin of the universe. In his Metaphysical treatises he explained the notion of Being. Finally he defined truth as "the conformity of the object with the intellect." Well can it be said, "if the mind seeks truth, go to St. Thomas." He gave to the world these aforementioned remarkable proofs because he had that duty to perform. He did it well and was rewarded by the songs of praise from countless followers. Not unlike St. Joseph and St. Patrick, Thomas of Aquin did not ignore the calling of God and consequently like all saints before him and those to follow he possessed that true emblem of faith—harkening to the voice of God. These great men were characterized by that sign because they adopted the means wherewith they might attain their eternal happiness. The means to their ultimate end they realized to be the fulfillment of those duties placed upon them by God.

JAMES F. McCaffrey, A.B., '26



The Outlawry of War

 HIS century has witnessed many movements, but none of such far reaching influence as the attempt to outlaw war. That the outlawry of war is something to be desired, no one can deny. But it may very well be asked if such a condition is possible, and this being granted, if the present movement is going in the right direction. The outlawry of war is possible, but will be attained only when men hearken to the word of God. As long as people turn their backs on God, the rulers recruited from their ranks will be no different. And men who are dishonest in private life, will be dishonest in public affairs.

War is due in all cases to the unholy ambitions of men. The attempts now being made to secure cessation of strife do not start at the root of the evil. They attempt to regulate these evils rather than do away with them. At the very moment that France and England howl for peace and the League of Nations, they work overtime to increase their armies and navies, and build additional fleets of aeroplanes and submarines. This shows their lack of sincerity, and their disregard of common honesty. It proves that what is needed, is a cultivation of honesty among the people of the world, which can be had only by attention to God and his commands.

The League of Nations or any such organization cannot hope to curb the strife and dissensions which result in war, while its very members are steeped in trickery and dishonesty, because it does not strike at the fundamental evil of society, which is disrespect for God.

PATRICK W. RICE, A.B., '27



The Pittsburgh Polyphonic Choir

PITTSBURGH, in its onward rush for industrial and material development, has not forgotten to develop, to a high degree, the finer arts. One which stands out, perhaps above all the rest, is its music.

In this large city, there are a great number of choirs which have merited praise and world-wide recognition; but among them the most popular is the Pittsburgh Polyphonic. It has an enormous and absolutely original repertory of sacred, secular and popular music. Its aim is to be of service to churches, charitable institutions and for public entertainment and enjoyment. It is composed of members, selected from various choirs and glee clubs, among whom our own Duquesne University is well represented.

The choir is led by Father Rossini, a graduate of the Pontifical Academy of Music in Rome, where he studied and secured degrees as Master of Gregorian music, Master of Organ and Master of Sacred Composition.

The people of Pittsburg will be given the opportunity of hearing this exceptional and beautiful choir, at the Carnegie Music Hall, on Tuesday of Holy Week, March 30. At this concert, Father Rossini's new and original Oratorio "The Son of Man", with orchestra and organ accompaniment, will be sung. This Oratorio is one of the most excellent compositions heard on the concert stage.

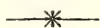
Words cannot express the impression made, when once this choir is heard. For the blend of voices, the softness unto a whisper, the staccato, the volume, the beauty are beyond description. To verify the above, we submit the following:

Mr. Harvey B. Gaul, the well known and able musical critic of Pittsburgh who was present at one of the concerts, wrote in the "Post". "Of all the church compositions we have recently heard by local composers this is the best. Father

Rossini is a craftsman and he has done a fine piece of work in this Passion-tide oratorio”.

The Right Reverend Bishop Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, after hearing the Polyphonic choir in a concert given last year in Carnegie Music Hall, expressed the following: “I am no musical critic, but I assure you that in those qualities which a man, not a musical critic, can discern, your choir was superior to many that come to us—some of them from abroad—with much blaring of advertising trumpets.”

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B., '27.



Born Leaders

The quality of leadership often appears in boys at such an early age that we speak of them as “born leaders.” They dominate their comrades in all sports; younger boys fear them and dare not disobey their orders. In almost every village school there is a little tyrant who is feared by all the other children. Often he is vicious and has to be harshly disciplined by his teachers and his parents. Or he may be a boy of fine disposition, loved as well as feared and respected by his playmates. In either case he is the captain, and none of his mates questions his authority. If such a boy goes to college, he instinctively strives for leadership, but there he has greater competition than in the home school, and he may succeed in asserting his leadership over only a small group of college associates,—he may captain a baseball nine or a football team or become the head of a secret society or the president of his class.

If a lad of that calibre gets a wrong start and is set at tasks for which he is entirely unfitted, or if he is forced to remain for years in an environment that smothers his best qualities, he will be likely to degenerate and to be notable in his later years only for his domineering irritability. The “born leader” does not always, as a man, find his opportunity. The wrong environment may humble him. Napoleon was the world’s greatest general in modern times; but if fate had seized him at the age of twenty-one and made him serve for ten years as conductor of a Pullman dining-car, his eyes would have lost their terrible power, and his portrait would have no charm for hero-worshippers.

Responsibility develops the power of leadership. No man knows his power over men until he has been tested, just as

no man knows whether he is brave or not until he has been under fire. U. S. Grant, a graduate of West Point, who had served in the Mexican War, was a modest nobody when the Civil War broke out. But for that war he would have lived and died in obscurity. The war developed in him the latent quality of leadership and he became one of the greatest generals of all times. The youth of twenty or twenty-five contains many a hidden promise. He does not know his own powers or what his career will be, and his friends are in the same darkness as to his future. Hence it is important that young men should not be kept forever at the same task, for then their finest qualities may never be developed.

J. MATEJCZYK, B. SC., '28



Think

Education is not merely a knowledge of a great number of facts gathered during a long period of years spent in school. It does not mean that we should collect and memorize everything found in our text-books or told us by our professors. Education means that we should learn our lessons, so that we may be able to apply them to our daily lives, now and in the future. What does it avail a student to study logic or criteriology, if after spending a year at them, he cannot make use of them? It is useless to study logic because of itself, but that it may enable us to make true judgments and thus form our opinions on questions vital to our lives. Education should teach us to think. It should train us to figure out our problems in life by applying those rules which we have learned in school. Again I say, education, to be of value to us in our lives, should develop within us that faculty upon which rest all the decisions which we make.

Dr. Bolton, in his "Principles of Education", defines thinking as a process which consists in carefully considering, weighing, comparing, and forming judgments concerning given data. Be it ever so slight, the act of thinking influences everything we do. If we are given the choice of some apples, for instance, and though we have, without hesitation, taken one and not the other, we have formed a judgment which influenced our preference.

Because it is so important, we should learn to think, and to think effectively. We should be able to form our own conclusions from all given data, rather than take everything

for granted. Opinions should not be formed hastily, for in such cases they are not always based on the evidence or warranted by the facts at hand. Mere repetition of what is contained in a book, without any clear knowledge of the subject, is not thinking. Learn to think and think to learn. Let us take time in forming our judgments, and express opinions only after we have clearly understood all the facts. Since thinking is so necessary, why not develop it? "Practice makes perfect". The more we think, the more easily shall we be able to form judgments. Think! Then think again!

JOHN H. SAVULAK, A.B., '26.



Listening In

One of the greatest discoveries, in fact, one of the greatest mysteries of the age, is the radio. It causes one to wonder and admire the momentous achievements of man, for, from a few wires, coiled, a certain portion of material and a large number of delicate mechanisms, he is able to hear and to send messages, to and from the four corners of the earth. From the air, various vibrations cause the sounds to be taken and transmitted into the instrument popularly called the radio. News, concerts, games, orations, music both vocal and instrumental, divine services, stories and exercises can be heard in and around all parts of the world, bringing the people of all nations into closer contact with one another; the result of which reverses the old adage, "One half of the world does not know what the other half is doing."

The discovery and development of the radio is pretty well known to the people of the present age. For, day by day, some one adds a new idea to the perfecting of the popular invention, and from a buzzing, unpopular, complex and scientific production it has become a clear, agreeable and simple usable machine, almost a toy. Every year vast amounts of money are spent for radio programs. People of every clime are contributing to the entertainment of the radio fans. Receiving and broadcasting stations are being built all over the countries of the universe, and all races are becoming more and more engrossed in its enchantments. It has brought pleasure to an untold number of homes. It has brought comfort to many a sick bed. It truly is the wonder of the present day.

With all man's genius, with all man's ability, with all the up-to-date development and seeming perfection, the radio still remains a mystery. Its underlying principle remains unsolved. Mortal man has discovered the possibilities of the radio; he is using it to advantage and for pleasure; he knows, perhaps, a great deal about it, but is unable to tell what it is, why it is, how it is, whence it is. Hence, we are led to believe that there is something greater than a physical force behind the radio. There is, truly an underlying principle, not as yet disclosed. Philosophically speaking, there is no effect without a proportionate cause. The radio is an effect; mortal man is not its cause; nor is the ether; nor is any mechanical device. Evidently the radio is a mystery; its cause is supernatural. Man has ingeniously used the forces of nature, although he does not thoroughly understand them. Man has studied electricity, magnetism and radiant energy. These he has examined from every angle, in every aspect, by every means, but he knows not, as we said before, the what, the whence, the why. The radio, like all instruments used by man, reflects not man's glory, but the glory of the Creator of man, the Omnipotent, the Author of nature. The radio belongs to God, and we are forced to admit that it, and all such inventions, clearly and evidently manifest His glory.

The radio causes one to think deeply. It helps one to know God.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B., '27.



Future Memories

LIFE to all is a series of cycles. One enters a cycle with a great heart and ready mind, and like all things temporal, it terminates and vanishes before one can fully appreciate it. However by far the most telling of these many cycles will be one's school life. Although our school days may present their dark moments, nevertheless as the days roll around, and year follows year, the shining silver cycle of our life will be none other than the days we spent as students.

This cycle will shine by showering many rays of interest and thrilling activities. That old didactic Latin professor will parade in the toga of a Caesar or Cicero before the mind; the words of that versatile and subtle exponent of grammar and rhetoric will reverberate in the resonant chamber of the mem-

ory. Lo and behold, there will stand that fine old professor of Mathematics, whose memory will ever be held sacred; whose kindness and patience filtered deeply into the souls of all who knew him. And then suddenly loom the characters whose prominence is inextricably connected with your hallowed sanctum: as the Gentry, the Four Horsemen, King's Row, the Wise and those otherwise of undying memory. Finally there appears your favorite professor; whose words held you spellbound; whose persona impressed itself eternally upon the simple and saintly substance of your being; whose rhetorical and metaphysical flights carried you many times far into the realms of ecstasy, there to bask in the sunshine of lofty thoughts and ideals.

All this and much more is promised and will present itself in no other than the first year book of our Alma Mater.

EDMUND J. WIETHORN, A.B., '26



The Dying Hobo


'Twas down by a western water tank
One cold November day,
And in an open boxcar there
A dying hobo lay.

His partner stood beside him as
With sad and drooping head,
He listened to the final words
The dying hobo said.

"Good-bye, old pal, I'm going now
To the land that's fair and bright,
Where hand-outs aye on bushes grow
And you sleep out every night."

The dying hobo raised his head
And sang his last refrain;
His partner stole his shoes and socks
And jumped an east-bound train.

BERNARD CAMPBELL, A.B., '28



Exchanges

The exchange department of the Duquesne Monthly has in its possession, the following publications: "The Wesleyan Pharos", West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, West Virginia; "The Nazarene", Nazareth College and Academy, Kalamazoo, Michigan; "The Tower", Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; "Gonzaga Bulletin", Spokane, Wash.; "The Thielensian", Greenville, Pa.; "Loretine", Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo.; "The Laurel", St. Bonaventure College, N. Y.; "The Aquinas", St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.; "The Throstle", Saint Bonaventure College, N. Y.; "The Record", St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.; "De Paulia", De Paul University, Chicago; "The Labarum", Mount St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa; "The Arrow", St. Joseph's Commercial College, Detroit, Mich.; "The Loyola", Loyola University, Chicago; "The Saint Mary's Chimes" of Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana; "The Carroll News", John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio; "The Saint Francis Voice", St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Saint Vincent College Journal", St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa.; "The University of Dayton Exponent", University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio; "The Lakeside Punch", St. Mary's College, Orchard Lake, Mich.

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It is a matter of regret that so many colleges are confining their literary efforts to the publication of four-page newspapers. These sheets are all very well in their place, but they can never supplant the more serious magazine in which are gathered the more earnest and more mature productions of our budding literati.

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From the largest city and chief trade-center of the Northwest, we welcome with delight the January issue of "The Columbiad", Columbia University, Portland, Oregon. This magazine is but a small publication. We believe that the quantity of it might be increased, but the quality could not easily be improved upon. The number at hand is characterized by many short and beautiful poems. Perhaps the writers

of the verses acquire their imaginative thought and artistic construction from the grand old cascades for which their state is noted, or from the scenes afforded by the calm Pacific, which is not far distant, or possibly from the spacious forests which abound in the western part of the state. We cannot forbear a few quotations :

CHILDHOOD

You will not come again,
Offspring of dawn ;
Sorrow I know and pain,
But you are gone.

THE TREE

Thy heart is hidden in the ground, but lo !
Thy mighty boughs touch earth's blue canopy ;
That all the world beholding thee may know
Greatness is rooted in humility.

RAPTURES

The deep rich rainbow that the blue sky wears
Is heaven's sunshine smiling through its tears ;
The sweetest bliss a human heart may know
Is joy that has been purified in woe.

Besides its charming poetry, this issue contains a humorous column called the "Safety Valve". It is a refined comic section, whose distinctive feature is its rare originality.

* * * *

"The Holy Cross Purple", from Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., contributes to those fortunate enough to receive it, real literature. Its scope is not confined to one phase of literature, but it is concerned with essays of various kinds, stories, verse, criticisms, and editorials of local and of wide-spread interest. This magazine publishes more poetry, perhaps, than any other college paper that we receive. The February issue contains eleven poems, and it is difficult to choose which one is the best.

"The Value of Poetry", depicts vividly and fully the worth of poetry. The writer claims that poetry has no charm for the materialist, who measures everything by the rule of gold. He shows that not all the people of the world can cherish poetry or even develop the art. " 'Two men looked out from the prison bars ; one saw mud, the other, stars.' There is the value of poetry—it lets one gaze through the eyes of the poet above

the mud, to the glorious stars. Yes, poetry is of value and will be as long as men keep looking for their happiness at the end of the rainbow. When our particular little world seems terribly empty we can tuck our weary head under the wings of poesy and sail away to a better and happier land beyond the stars."

In this issue one of the most interesting and amusing articles is "Pipes". It explains the different kinds of pipes, and enumerates them as clay, briar, corncob, and meerschaum. It characterizes pipe-smoking as an art and not a fad. Perhaps this is true, but we believe that many men smoke pipes because they see others smoking them. We might say that poetry is the worded photograph of dreams, but this author says "The pipe is the pegasus of dreamers, because the pipe is itself the open sesame of dreams. In this blue wavering smoke castles are built, princesses are rescued, armies are routed, and new lands of fancy are discovered. Smoke a mild tobacco—romance, gallantry, love; smoke a more pungent blend, and you have the clash of swords, the slither of steel, and the glory of arms and the man."

* * * *

From the land of the great prairies and the wheat belt "The Abbey Student" of Saint Benedict's College, of Atchison, Kan. comes to us. It is a good, sound and frank publication.

"Getting Educated", "Building of the Reservoir", "Mountain Hospitality—Commonsense", are the best stories. The characters are well drawn and beauty of description and local color are enhanced by the reality and vividness of details. "The Silver God" contains a plot that is well chosen, but throughout the story, there is an artificial tinge which renders the handling of it rather unnatural and affected.

One of the finest articles in January issue is "The Riche-lieu of History and of Drama". It shows that the student took great pains in looking up the facts, for their significance is felt and is of valuable import. The essay on "Chaucer and Spencer" is very good, but a rather brief treatment of so vast a subject.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B., '27.



The Home Stretch

THE hustling Dukes entered the last lap of their 1926 campaign, when they met and defeated the Geneva quint on the Duke court, February 9. It was a good, clean game, but the Davies cohorts out-classed the Covenanters all the way. The Red and Blue squad did not look as good in this game as they did in their previous clashes with Waynesburg and Penn State, but the class was still there and cropped out beautifully, whenever the Beaver Falls outfit pressed.

After the Geneva win the Dukes went abroad and suffered their third and final defeat of the season at the hands of the Mountaineers of West Virginia. The game was played on the Ark floor, which is about the smallest court in the Tri-State district. The Mountaineers, being true to type, were husky lads, and the going was rough. Added to this, the fact that the Dukes were considerably spent by their efforts of their previous weeks, proved the undoing of the Duke machine. Roy and his men made a sorry showing but it was to be expected. Followers of the team looked for a break like this and were overjoyed by the fact that the defeat was registered by a non-conference team. It only served to spur Roy and his squad to greater efforts in the final engagements.

Sweet revenge was the Dukes' portion on February 19, when they again met West Virginia,—this time in the Duke cage. The mountain boys were completely overwhelmed in their return tussle with the Red and Blue. In this fray Duquesne proved beyond doubt that they were a much stronger and classier basketball team than West Virginia. The victory completely wiped out the stain of defeat suffered three days before.

The next game was a home engagement with Thiel, then holding down last place in the conference race. The game was not expected to be much of a thriller but oh, my!—what a game it was. If ever Coach Davies had a right to be disgusted with his team, it was in this joust. The Dukes,—all of them,—played miserably, and certainly deserved defeat. It was a bad case of ever-confidence. The Dukes opened the going with their second team, and after it became evident that the scrubs were not up to the task of holding the Greenville quint, the first-string array went in, and the fans settled back and breathed freely,—but not for long. Matters went from bad to worse and no encouragement, however frantic either from the coach or the fans could stir the players out of their lethargy.

Things worried along until the final period. And with this chapter also rapidly becoming history, and Thiel still holding a comfortable margin, things looked very glum. But the stands continued to cheer encouragement to their tottering heroes. Then Davies showed his resourcefulness by injecting Hooks Schradling into the lineup. If ever a man made a hero of himself, Schradling did. With four minutes to go, the crippled Dick rang up three field goals and as many fouls, which gave an undeserved, but very welcome, victory to the Dukes.

Following the Thiel battle, the Dukes invaded Beaver Falls for the most important battle on the home stretch. A victory over Geneva meant the conference title and a defeat meant that the Dukes could do no better than enter a triple tie with Geneva and Waynesburg. Undoubtedly, it was an important battle. The little box-like court on College Hill was jammed to the rafters, and no small part of the crowd consisted of loyal Dukes and Duchesses. Well, as everyone knows, the Dukes won; but, what a tussle that was. —With the people crowding out on the floor on every side, the playing space was so small that a passing game was almost impossible. In dribbling and cutting for the basket, the Dukes were the leaders, but Geneva kept ever in dangerous proximity by sinking spectacular long shots from any angle. It was anybody's game all the way. At no stage of the fracas did either team hold a comfortable margin. Both the Dukes and the covenanters played a good brand of ball and the milling was exceedingly fast all the way. The Dukes grabbed a two-point advantage at the start of the final stanza and all

during the period managed to keep three or four points in front of the McMillan crew. As the game drew to a close, Lippe hung one to bring the score to 25-23 for the Pittsburghers. Then Clarke,—who, by the way, was responsible for Geneva's victory last year by a last minute, spectacular shot,—arched one from mid-floor to tie the count just as the final gong sounded. Bedlam broke loose on the Geneva bench and in the stands. Their joy, however, was short lived. Roy opened the extra period by sinking a foul. For the greater part of the session the Dukes held this scant margin, while Geneva tried shots from everywhere on the floor. Geneva's attempts hit the hoop, time after time, but rolled out to be snatched up by the long-armed Monaghan. Both teams traveled at a furious clip and the heart of many a loyal Duke jumped to many a sore throat as Lippe's archers and Clarke's cuts rolled around the hoop and dropped out. Then suddenly Johnny Serbin cut in, took a pass from Roy and counted another for Duquesne. The mingled cheer of the Dukes and groan of the Covenanters had scarcely died away, when the gong sounded, ending the game with the score Duquesne 28—Geneva 25.

The Dukes ended their scintillant procession with two easy victories over Bethany and Westminster,—the former on the home floor, the latter in New Wilmington. Faithful followers of the squad accompanied the boys on this last trip to show their appreciation of the efforts of the team.

A RETROSPECT

Well, as the wise man would say, "Its all over but the cheering." Plenty of cause there is for cheering, too. Chick Davies and his classy, flashy, scrappy squad of basketeurs brought more glory and publicity to our Alma Mater than she has enjoyed for many a decade. They forced the public to recognize the fact that there is another college in this town other than Pitt and Teck. The tri-state trophy, which was on exhibition in the first floor corridor of Canevin Hall at the close of the season, was representative of that recognition which was so long in coming,—so hard to attain. It is ours now. The public is interested in Duquesne at last.

Most of the credit goes to Chick Davies and his squad. They are the ones who worked so hard and so faithfully to land the championship. They are the ones who went through the gruelling workouts every day. They are the ones who

always fought to the limit. And they are the ones who, when they did go down to defeat, went down fighting,—fighting, not for individual honors, but for victory for the team and glory for their Alma Mater. To you, coach and players of the 1926 basketball team, let me extend the heartfelt gratitude and appreciation of our university, for the honor and glory you have brought to Duquesne.

Some credit, too, must be given to the students themselves. The support of the student body never faltered. In victory or defeat, loyalty was the word. Nary a trip did the varsity make, without a cheering, rollicking, roistering following. Crowds saw the team leave the station on the eastern trip and mobs were on hand to welcome home the victors. And always after these trips, coach, team and rooters wended their way to Duquesne's favorite rendezvous,—Child's restaurant, I mean. Here the game was gone over in detail and cheers rang out between orders for angel-cake and ice cream or between gulps of coffee. Never before was there shown such a feeling of comradeship and good fellowship, as during the season just ended. It seems as though the spirit of Duquesne has at last been awakened in the student body. "What a whale of a difference just a good team makes". Let the Powers that be take notice, and do what they can to put out a football team that will equal the exploits of the Davies troop, if that is possible. Then indeed will our fondest dreams be fulfilled.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A.B., '27.

Duquesnicula

Fairy: "You may kiss my hand."

JoCol: "I like your cheek."

* * * *

"Wasn't Sallie's dress shocking?"

"Yes, she had it charged, I believe."

* * * *

Miss Homewood: "Will you take your tea with a lemon?"

Fahey: "Well, if you insist; but I prefer it with a peach."

* * * *

"When he reproached me, I hung my head in shame."

"Where did you hang it?"

"On his shoulder."

* * * *

Eng. Prof.: "Remember, Jerome, when you speak again use the vernacular tongue."

Jerome: "Huh? I ain't up on dem foreign languages, bossman."

* * * *

Larry: "Yes indeed we're covering an important thesis in Philosophy."

Boley: "Yes sir, it's very deep."

Quigley: "What is?"

Kilkeary: "The Atlantic Ocean."

* * * *

Waiter: "How was your steak?"

Patron: "Fine. Couldn't be better!"

Waiter: "Gee, I gave you the manager's."

* * * *

The night was dark and moonless. "Is there no other way?" a girlish voice asked hopefully.

"No other way", answered the man.

"Oh, I can't! Never, never in this dark, it's awful! Why do you ask? I who am used to the straight road, I, I can't. Why it's terrible! Please, isn't there some other way?"

"No other way, ma'am. Orders is orders. This concrete ain't hardened yet, so you'll have to detour."

Sweet Young Voice: "Hello. Jim?"

Durkin: "Nope. Tom."

S. Y. V.: "Oh hello, Don, how are you?"

* * * *

Bur: "Let's beat it, we've broken into the home of the champion heavyweight."

Glar: "We're safe, he never fights for less than a million."

* * * *

Herman's girl would have been a school teacher but she didn't have any class.

* * * *

"How dare you swear before me?"

"Pardon me, I didn't know you were going to swear."

* * * *

Moses came early but even he didn't avoid the rushes.

* * * *

Year Book Photographer: "How do you want your prints, scipia or inscipia?"

Buck Brent: "Oh, you'd better do mine up brown."

* * * *

The College champion javelin thrower has just been engaged by the city to spear stray papers about the parks.

* * * *

Pre Med: "Its surprising how many tramp athletes we have in our department."

College: "Yep, but we have some pretty bum ones too."

* * * *

Father paying unexpected visit to Frat house): "Does Mr. Jones live here?"

Frat Bro: "Yes, bring him in."

* * * *

Jim Durkin has just paid a year's dues for the Bachelor Club in advance, so he won't be married for a year anyhow.

* * * *

Mun Keefer has been declared ineligible for baseball. He was caught playing marbles for keeps.

* * * *

Kid: "What did Dot mean by writing "Florida Love" at the end of her letter?"

Boots: "Oh, just lots and lots of it."

YEAGLIN—DURKIN.

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Spring

The gloomy days are past and gone,
And snow and ice away.
The woods assume their emerald form,
And birds sing all the day.

The flowers bud with nature's sway,
The sun in heaven shines.
The brook goes on its twisted course
Among the lofty pines.

The robin flutters north again,
So birds of every hue,
To sing their songs of joy and bliss,
Announcing Spring to you.

Cause your cares to fade away,
Let joy take place of sorrow,
The sun has shone in days gone by,
It surely will tomorrow.

RAY A. BERG, A.B., '28



The Poet Says, "Spring's here."
We Say, "So's the Junior Prom."



That Man—Wilson



OUR nation has passed through three great crises of its existence; the crisis which gave it birth as an independent nation; that which decided that it was to remain for all times one and indivisible, and that slavery was no longer to exist within its boundaries; and finally that crisis which made it a world power. Each of these critical periods brought to the front men of the purest order of greatness. George Washington was a man of exceptional ability, a great patriot, a renowned statesman. Lincoln was great. He had vision and foresight and his sheer goodness and spirituality of ideals endears him to his countrymen and to lovers of freedom, the world over. The poet indeed might have said of him, "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man'.

In August, 1914, the third turning point in our history, found the third great man in the presidential chair, the college professor, the former governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson. Fitted for his position both by theory and practical experience Wilson brought to his office a fund of knowledge and recognized ability that has earned for him the title of the most intellectual of all our presidents. He began his term of office with a program dedicated to constructive reform. When the European War broke out he determined to steer clear of it as long as American rights were unmolested. He ignored the impatient cries of those abroad as well as those at home to enter the struggle. His energies in these years of his first administration were devoted to internal advancement. The legislature tended towards making the nation stronger and better. As a domestic statesman Woodrow Wilson crowded more into those brief years, before he became a world leader, than any public man before him. Chief of this constructive legislation was the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, through the advantages of which the nation weathered not only the difficulties of the war but the more dangerous trials of the after-war period. Friend and foe of the policies of Wilson admit the worth of this measure. The Underwood Tariff Act, the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission, the enactment of the Clayton Anti-trust Law came in quick succession. And in each of these pieces of legislature Wilson was the prime mover. They came as the result of

his recommendation and support. And during these years, Wilson was hampered by events abroad both on this side of the Atlantic and in Europe. His Mexican policy was bitterly attacked, but it accomplished results; it preserved our national honor, and was continued under the succeeding president. Throughout these years he sought to hold straight the course of the ship of state.

Then came a time, however, when the issue could no longer be avoided and President Wilson went before the Congress on the evening of April 2, 1917 and spoke the momentous words for war, "It is a fearful thing to lead this great people into war". He realized what terrible results were bound to follow, and though he had made every effort to avoid our entrance into the conflict, still, now that he saw that the honor of our country was at stake, he did not falter or hesitate. At the head of the united people he swung the vast machinery of the nation toward a speedy and successful conclusion of the war. With America's advent into the war he became the spokesman of the Allies. His pen moved the hearts of men everywhere in the world; his voice consolidated the wavering spirit of the Allies and upon his terms was the most fearful war within the memory of history completed.

For the next six months Woodrow Wilson was hailed, "the great prophet", "the deliverer of the oppressed",—some called him, the "savior of the world". All people hung upon his utterances. All the nations looked to him for the settlement of their difficulties. And if Wilson did not altogether succeed let us remember that he was human, that the task of bearing the burdens of the world upon his shoulders was more than human flesh and blood could stand. No creature, however brilliant, could have satisfied the demands of the people of the continent immediately following the war. Wilson's idealism on the other hand never faltered, his purpose of getting justice for all never wavered. He fought and worked at Versailles for a just peace treaty—a lasting one, but he was blocked by statesmen who could not put aside the knowledge of a devastated land and a ruined country; statesmen who forgot that two wrongs never make a right. So Woodrow Wilson fought what some have called a losing fight. But he did gain what he himself considered a great victory over passion and distrust and greed by bringing into existence the League of Nations. This was his ideal. This was the idea that had been

uppermost in the minds of American statesmen for the last twenty-five years. This was to be the means of averting war.

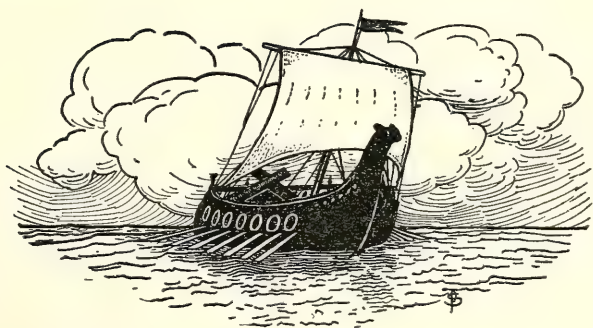
Resigned but not satisfied with the peace treaty he brought it home to America for the Senate's approval. He knew its imperfections, but he realized that at Versailles, in the atmosphere of hate which no human force could have removed, it was the best that could be produced until time should in a measure heal the wounds and scars of the warring nations. He hoped to counteract the mistakes of the treaty by the League of Nations.

Opposition grew and increased. The attitude of years was changed. Statesmen became party men and the question that should have been considered impartially became the match that lighted the fires of partisanship so that they burned higher than ever before. Wilson took his case to the people, but in the midst of his speaking tour his health broke and he was forced to abandon his campaign. The Senate refused to ratify the pact. They sought to rewrite the League's constitution. Wilson would not accept their changes because he held that they made the league void and useless. America did not enter the league and the elections a few months afterwards returned a Republican president to the office by an overwhelming vote.

But what the Senate did to Wilson in punishment of his usurping their authority was to write a chapter of partisanship that will remain for all times a source of shame to Americans. So personal was their attack on Wilson, so unforgiving was their attitude, that they are in a measure responsible for the breakdown of his health. The result of their efforts, however, was only temporary. There has been a gradual turning towards his policies. Just recently we find a union of Republicans and Democrats passing a resolution to join the World Court sponsored by the League. Each year brings added evidence that the League is here to stay. It has justified its existence by the manner in which it has handled the disputes that are continually arising in the Balkans. Big Americans are coming to the conclusion that America will in the end join the League. It is a known fact that such men as Root, Hughes, Taft and others have admitted the worth of the League and the ultimate entrance of America. All these signs must be pleasing to the friends of Wilson and of those who believe in America's co-operation with the world.

Even though the past few years have seemed to bring added favor to Wilson, still it would be folly to attempt to pass final judgement upon the life and work of Woodrow Wilson. Time alone will give him his place in the affairs of men; but this fact all must admit, that his position was unique and unparalleled. That he was opposed and even thwarted will not mar his standing. History will be unprejudiced. But his fidelity to his cause will be rewarded. A balance will be drawn up after his faults and virtues are weighed. That he will stand out in strong relief among all the figures of his time, all admit. And we can call Woodrow Wilson, a great builder, a blazer of paths, a great American.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A.B., '27.



Patriotism Is Not Radicalism



PATRIOTISM is the devotion to one's country, and the patriot is one who loves his country and zealously guards its welfare.

Radicalism is the advocacy of extreme measures, and the radical is one who carries his ideas to their farthest application. Now, which one of the above doctrines did those senators, who voted against America's entrance into the World court, display? Or, were those same men patriots or were they radicals? By voting against the World court, did those representatives of our people do so in fulfillment of an extreme idea or did they have the country's welfare at heart? The American people should ask themselves these questions. We believe, however, that if it were possible for our American people to assemble in one place, and were permitted to answer these questions for themselves, they would rend the air with their shouts; they would shake the firmament with, "Patriotism!—Patriotism!—Patriots!—Patriots!—Patriots!"

Yet, sad to say, our papers seem to have answered the questions for our people, having called those senators (who voted against the World court) radicals and irreconcilables. They went so far as to say that those men ought to be impeached and disowned by their respective parties. The ideas bandied about by the newspapers were all in condemnation of the senators. But let us ask again, had the editors of the papers the welfare of the country at heart? We are compelled to answer, NO. They had printed all that was favorable for the court and very little against it. They hoodwinked the American people. There news items were, during the stormy sessions in Congress, biased, bigoted and propagative.

At this point, it is well for us to quote from the New York Sun; it exposes a condition which a great many Americans knew nothing about:

"It has been estimated that \$10,000,000 was spent in the propaganda for the World court, much of which was misleading in the extreme, but which was effective in the early days of the fight in lining up women's and other organizations for the court. Possibly as many as half of the members of the Senate succumbed to this propaganda and idly promised their votes for the court, at a time when the seriousness of the proposition did not in the least appeal to them. A great majority of these same senators would now like to have a

chance to reconsider, and many wish that the court had never been voted on at all, but pledges given the matter had to be carried out."

Truly, the majority of the senators were caught off their guard and yielded miserably. But, 17 of America's representatives, were prepared and were not found wanting in the time of dire need and peril. They were the men who had the nation's interest at heart. They were faithful to the people whom they represented, and they manifested to the people their honor, their faith and their characters. They were the ones the papers attempted to dub as radicals and irreconcilables. But radicals and irreconcilables, they were not; for their foresight could not be surprised; their judgment could not be deceived. They were patriots in every sense of the word, who voted only a renewal of the pledge, made by our great forefathers, lovers of freedom and liberty, when they signed the Declaration of Independence, 150 years ago.

Although, the foresight and sincerity of the opponents of the court were overshadowed by the carelessness and multiplicity of the proponents of the court, it is matter of much regard to America to know that she has such representatives, who are fearless in their convictions, firm in their purpose, and who are capable of coping with the feigning diplomats and propagandists of Europe. America need not fear, even though her senators are coerced by a gag rule, even though her newspapers mislead and fail to print the truth, for there is imbued in the hearts of her people the spirit of Washington, Jefferson, Carroll, Sherman, Lincoln and Sheridan, which spirit, like a lambent flame, burns brightly, and unlike a lambent flame, is inextinguishable.

Throughout our American history we find that in every crisis which arose and which for a while seemed to engulf our young Republic, there arose heroes and undaunted men who rescued the nation from peril. It seems as though God is hovering over the nation and producing men to faithfully guide its destiny, for America has not stood heretofore in need of brave men nor will she henceforth. She had them at Lexington; at Gettysburg; at Manila; at the last gallant battle in France; and she has them to-day, not arrayed for bloody warfare, but armed with common-sense, faith, and the nation's interest. They are those 17 senators. All hail! the Patriots,—not radicals. All hail! the true Americans,—not irreconcilables.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B. '27.



Day Dreams and Dreamers

DAYS of mellow sunshine, of scented breezes that whisper drowsy suggestions which the mind is too dull to grasp, are at hand. Spring, the famed season of song and verse, has with gentle insistence displaced chill winds and dancing, whirling snowflakes, the weapons of Winter. With the advent of this season there comes the call of the outdoors. The trees are clad once more in their garments of restful green; flowers smile coyly in greeting; the brook, river and lake, released from their fetters, welcome one with dancing, laughing smile; lark, swallow and robin join this symphony of beauty, and all unite to welcome the dreamer and his dreams.

The most charming person among one's acquaintances is usually the dreamer; in most cases he is an optimist, a person of gentle, humorous nature, a person of character, a person of sympathies. It is strange to note the great number of people who are classed as dreamers who are not in any way capable of exercising their faculties in such a way. Foresight, retrospect and similar acts are in many cases not at all distinguished from the act of the dreamer. The dreamer has often been held up as an object of ridicule, an example of a person who is not taking life in the manner best suited to secure success. This attitude is wrong; while over-indulgence in any thing is bad, and day-dreams are no exception to the rule, it must be admitted that the occupation of the dreamer is not a profitless one, and there are times when one may indulge in it to advantage.

The most peculiar thing about the criticism of daydreams is that everyone indulges in them. The business man dreams in the quiet of his office of the day when he will crack an eighty-five at the Golf Club; the fond mother dreams of the day when her boy or girl shall sit in the council of the elect,—and so ad infinitum.

The friend of the children is he who can sit astride Pegasus and seek the most unusual places where beauty and adventure may be found and then return to relate the story to his ever-attentive listeners. Stories of the sea, wrapped in the spray and tasting of the salt, are told for the asking; one can peer through the dust and see the mustang tamed; sand stings the eyes, but one will follow the caravan as it plods its way across the burning sands for the element of the unusual is ever present. The beauties of the Acropolis steal into the eye of a child under the master strokes of the dreamer instilling a love for things of beauty. Rome, with its majestic palaces and basilicas; Venice, the city of the Grand Canal, the fantastic bridges and the famous loggias; Genoa, Naples, Florence, Paris, Vienna—all pass in review, their histories told and paeans to their beauties sung.

Yes the dreamer is impractical, but his impracticality is covered by the garment of whimsicality, and hence enhances the charm which his mind exercises on many people. And yet dreams are oft ambition's spur. They are the stimulants that aid the dreamer when discouragement is rife; they are the source of his comfort and his encouragement.

Spring is the ethereal season, the floating, misty, fleeting time of graciousness and delight; and therefore the dreamer takes it for himself, because it is the part of the year most in sympathy with him. Fleecy clouds of the perfect color inspire the dreamer anew; and enfolding himself in them, he is majestically borne to a land which for many is one of unrealities and vagaries, but is for him a place more real than this earth which the shell of his body inhabits. Like the spring the dreamer is ever welcome; with each conversation he, like the season, unfolds some unexpected beauty that is a source of delight and pleasure, education and inspiration, solace and fortitude. It is with regret that we see spring fade into summer, and it is with equal regret that we see the light fade from the wistful eyes of the dreamer and watch the gentle whimsical smile for the last time play across the expressive face. We envy him, too, for we know that even then he is gazing at sights which are not for mortal eyes. May the dreamer be always with us.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A.B., '26

Ideal Friends



URING these days of scandal and crime waves, much dissension is found among a majority of people. Rivalry is shown, hatred is rampant; men seem to adopt the slogan of the jungle, "the survival of the fittest". We naturally would ask what the reason for this is, and how it may be remedied. We might answer that these failings are what could be called the drawbacks of progress; we might say that the many sciences have made men jealous of each other; we could add that men regard one another with a scorn and suspicion that betokens hatred and more often revenge. All these answers could be given, but has the correct one been mentioned? The only reason for general discontent of men is the scarcity of true friends.

Not every day are ideal friends found. We may have very intimate friends, but very, very few have ideal friends. Too many intimate friends can be as detrimental as none at all. But the true friend is the gift of God to mankind. He foresaw that, when affliction came upon them, men would need someone to whom they could turn for encouragement and sympathy; so He gave a friend to take the place in this world of the guardian angel which He gave to every creature that he might have spiritual aid to combat the forces of evil at all times.

Ideal friends are those who possess these three qualities: wisdom, power, goodness. Let us consider the friend who has wisdom. Friends are those who are attached to others by esteem and affection. They are those who prove to us in some way that they truly love us. They show wisdom in their tenderness towards us. They are discreet in finding a way out of difficulties for us and they lend assistance to us in many unexpected ways. They must be wise, so that their advice will protect us from danger. We know of no words that express friendship better than those of the learned Jesuit who said, "Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thought nor measure word, but pouring them all out as they are, chaff and grain together; as certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of comfort blow the rest away!"

We come now to the second quality of an ideal friend,—power. By power we do not mean the possession of natural strength, but we do mean the will power to help us as a real pal in time of need. For often it is only in the dark hours

when our so-called intimates turn against us that we know our real friends. Our friends must have power so that they can help us to advance toward the goal that is the end of our striving.

Finally we come to goodness. Goodness is a quality which necessarily must be present in friends. If a friend does not have goodness he is not a friend; he does not want us as a friend and therefore should be avoided. Goodness must be shown; it is an essential virtue. True friends radiate a clear wholesome atmosphere. Their influence must be saving, uplifting, good. They are not selfish, but have consideration for their fellowman.

The real friend is life's greatest asset. He is slow to judge and quick to praise. Our faults he largely ignores, for he sees our good points beneath the surface. He knows the value of encouragement, yet he is not loath to criticize when need arises. When sorrow or trouble pauses at our door, here too the real friend pauses. When skies are black with storm clouds, and our castles come tumbling down about our ears, the real, the true friend is there to help us build anew the hopes and aims that have been crushed by misfortune. Some of the greatest stories of history recount the fidelity of friends. Every war brings a host of stories of their faithfulness. But there are two instances in the pages of history that picture the true friend with especial vividness. The one is on Calvary's summit. John stood beside his crucified Master with the frenzied Jews thronging round him. He was faithful until the end. And the other picture is in the public square of Rouen. There is Martin, the comforter of Joan of Arc, standing beside her funeral pyre, giving spiritual assistance as the angry mob of ungrateful people piled high the burning fagots around her. Few friends are subjected to such tests, but he who is utterly loyal is with us in success or failure. Only such is a true friend.

Now, having made a slight resume of the qualities of an ideal friend, let us sum them up and consider them collectively. In the beginning we said that an ideal friend must have three marks, namely wisdom, power, goodness. Now, has anyone ever been known to possess simultaneously these three characteristics? If a person has one or perhaps two of them, he is considered exceptional. So we could safely say that no human being can have them. Therefore for an ideal friend we must seek a supernatural being. There is only one Wise, Powerful and Good Friend, and He is God alone.

JOSEPH T. KILKEARY, A.B., '27.

The Business of Reform



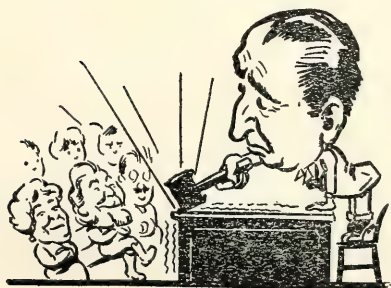
MOST people have a very poor opinion of reformers, and everything considered they are not far wrong. The substantial citizen of any country, city, town, or street, has a very well-defined system of procedure, and he has little use for any extraordinary individual who outsteps these bounds. The aforesaid citizen has perceived the general uselessness of the ideas propagated by the average reformer, and the havoc that so often follows the attempt to put these ideas into action. The citizen has based his views on a life of toil, where the rules of successful existence are (in his opinion) to be plainly viewed. He discounts anything breaking these rules as either vicious or foolish. Added to this is the fear that so many have for what is new. To most sensible persons an unknown thing, subject or idea is something to be avoided on the least provocation. The only novelty that attracts is where the result is well known. But anything that is not at harmony with ordinary knowledge is very likely to be met by an attitude of distrust and scepticism. Wherever a man has brought out a new invention, he has almost invariably met with either disbelief or open hostility. Much more will a man find opposition, when he attempts not merely to advise or assist his fellow-men, but to change their views and opinions. So-called reformers like Luther have succeeded because they did not attempt to change the views of the people they were interested in, but simply seized the discontent of these people as an opportune condition for spreading their message of revolution. If the records of the successful reformers were investigated, it would be found out that the vast majority of them did not reform, but led movements for which there was already a very strong sentiment. It can easily be seen therefore that there exists a very strong sentiment against anyone who attempts to introduce a project in opposition to the accepted opinions of men.

If there is one thing more than another that militates against the success of a reformer, it is the attitude generally taken by the reformer himself. The usual one labors under the assumption that until he came there was nobody who had a clear view of things. Thus he starts out in a false manner, for such a method is sure to antagonize everybody, and thus defeat the projected subject before it has even been set forth.

However, the real objection to most reformers is that those who parade under this name, are in nine cases out of ten, nothing but revolutionists, who wish to upset the machinery of progress because they themselves do not fit in. Luther again comes to mind. He felt he could not make the Church, as then existing, a footstool to his ambition, so he thought of starting a church of his own, where he would be the authority. This habit of misfits styling themselves reformers has led to suspicion on the part of the public, which cannot be quelled. Another thing that has provoked disgust is the habit of alleged ministers of religion proclaiming to the world, that the whole social body is going to destruction, unless they are allowed to turn the multitude from the ways of iniquity. These publicity flares have become so frequent, that a person really fitted to discuss social conditions will not be heard or followed by a sceptical public.

In all ages and countries men have raised the cry of reform. But the great majority of them have been either insincere, or woefully lacking in wisdom. This, added to the cold attitude of the public, has resulted in the general discredit of reformers and reforms. All of which leads one to reflect that reforming is not a good business, and that many more profitable occupations can be easily found. Accordingly, let the budding genius spread his world-saving policies as an humble member of society rather than as a reformer.

PATRICK W. RICE, A.B., '27



Get Next To Yourself!

When you think you're pretty clever,
When you know that you are smart,
And you don't need to endeavor
To excel in any art;
When you imagine you're perfection
And a paragon for men,
Just give the matter deep reflection,
Think what others think and—then!
Get next to yourself.

You may think your manly beauty
Will strike deep to many hearts,
And that Cupid's only duty
Is to wing your labeled darts
To the hearts and minds of maidens true
Who'll languish for you. But,
If addressed they'll sweetly tell you:
"You cock-eyed, knocked-kneed nut,
Get next to yourself."

If while you're promenading
You notice with surprise
That you seem to be parading
As the cynosure of eyes,
Don't be a foolish guesser
That you stand from the common flock;
You're no doubt the proud possessor
Of a hole in your left sock:
So, get next to yourself.

When your head is swelled up badly,
And you're puffed up as to chest,
When your hats are fitting sadly,
And the bottoms leave your vest;
Beware! or in your vigor
You will feel Misfortune's heel
And will learn with cruel rigor
By the aid of a banana peel—
How to get next to yourself.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A.B., '28



MORALE: No student is "next to himself" who does not support the Junior Prom. So—get busy and be there, Friday.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

The Junior Prom.

THE Junior Promenade of last year, the first to be held in the history of Duquesne University, was an elaborate affair. The committee in charge, under the capable leadership of Coleman F. Carroll of the College of Arts, left nothing undone that might aid in making the venture a complete success. Those students who first promoted the idea of a Prom realized the necessity of enlisting the aid of every department of the institution. Accordingly representatives of the various schools of the University congregated and elected officers who were given power to choose their necessary aides. This marked a new era in the history of the school. It was the pioneer step toward a unified Duquesne. Never before had the institution experienced a student activity so concentric, so efficient, so well-nigh perfect as that of the Junior Prom organization. One may ask, why? The answer lies in the fact that there was a well-organized body placed in operation. It was a real organization because all the schools of Duquesne were represented. There was an all-departmental effort exerted which enabled the committee to operate successfully. If the students of one particular department would have been so narrow-minded as to attempt this function themselves, they would have undoubtedly failed, whereas, the students of this governing body, representatives of all schools, succeeded in giving to their Alma Mater a social function second to none hereabouts.

The Juniors of this year, in accordance with the precedent established by the class of '26, will be hosts to their

fellow students and friends in the ballroom of the Schenley Hotel on Friday, April 23rd. The honor of General Chairman has been conferred upon C. P. Rooney, of the school of Accounts. Mr. Rooney whose bellicose name is "Pat", has worked strenuously in order to realize success. He is fortunate in having an excellent group of committeemen who have carried on the campaign to perfection. Each vice-chairman has carefully selected his plan of procedure and as we go to press, we bear a happy message to the student-body—Whitey Kaufmann's orchestra will be the attraction. Everyone has heard of "Whitey" if you haven't you had better "brush up" on your music. Theater-goers who have heard this talented group of musicians realize the import of this announcement. It means another grand Prom for Duquesne. The engagement of this nationally known band purports a social function of no mean consideration. It is significant of something above the ordinary. Besides this popular musical aspect, the cohorts of the comely Mr. Rooney have chosen a splendid souvenir that will meet with the approval of every Duke's girl friend present. Now that's saying plenty. The choice of favor was finally made after prolonged deliberation. Numerous concerns were dealt with and the committeemen found it a difficult task to select a token of remembrance that would satisfy their artistic tastes. As their selection indicates they seemed to have expensive tastes. Again the spacious and beautiful dining hall will be used at midnite immediately after the Promenade. Sometime during the evening a photographer will "shoot" the entire scene for publication in the Year Book.

The entire committee on arrangements is deserving of the highest praise for the wonderful spectacle that is promised for all loyal Dukes, Duchesses and friends. Regardless of what has been done in striving for its success, the Prom will be a failure if the attendance is not as it should be. Preparation means nothing if the students do not attend. Therein lies the success or failure of this venture. Are the Juniors who have toiled in this undertaking deserving of failure? Certainly not. It is the duty of every Duke to be present on the nite of the 23rd. The writer, from his experience last year as a junior, realizes to the nth degree the trials and troubles encountered in connection with an affair such as this; the fear of failure that haunts the promoters; the spasmodic dubiousness of its success. And not until the eventful nite had arrived and the happy couples, arrayed in evening attire began to fill the

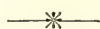
spacious ballroom until their numbers removed all doubt and fear of social or financial failure, did the writer, along with the other Juniors, heave a sigh of mingled relief and joy. Not until then did the members of the Junior class cherish a soothing peace of mind. The many Dukes and friends who responded to the plea of last year will do so again because they have imbibed a true Duquesne spirit. Harken to the call of the Junior Class and be there on the 23rd. It is incumbent upon every Duke to support this wondrous spectacle. Have no regrets and step out that nite. By your presence you will enable every Junior classman to realize the happiness he so richly deserves.

Its never too late to be glad. The time is short if you haven't already decided to go so be glad in a hurry and get the fever. Here's an incentive. Let's go, Dukes!

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.

(From the Prom programme of '26.)

JAMES F. McCAFFREY, A.B., '26.



Pittsburgh's Restaurants

If we were to judge from the nationality of most restaurant proprietors in the city today, we would be inclined to believe that the founder of the business in Pittsburgh must have been a Greek; of course it is not my intention to treat of restaurant owners, but rather of restaurants and their attraction for people of all classes.

On the right side of Fifth Avenue at a point just below Smithfield Street is the Bon Ton Restaurant. This is the favorite meeting place of people of the middle class. Where Tom Jones, clerk of Jerks & Co., meets his friends after business hours. They then repair to the Colonial or the Screenland Theatre. It is at the Bon Ton that basketball games on the Dukes floor are played over to the tune of a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

Midway between Market and Wood on Diamond Street is the Ritz, the favorite lunching place of the "Elite" of

Duquesne University. No Poet Laureate attracts the boys to this emporium, but rather a collection of hand painted flappers. This is the place where plans for this "hop" and that party are made. Then, of course, there is the "Dugout" located just off the Campus where the students of the Arts, Pre Medical and Pharmacy departments hold forth after school and discuss the important events of the day or the previous evening.

The office boys, messenger boys and other lesser lights congregate at the Coney Island or the Texas "Hot Dog" stands; these are pretty well crowded from noon to midnight for the simple reason that a satisfactory banquet of pop and weiners costs but twenty or twenty five cents. Politicians with their henchmen, retired saloon keepers and middle class merchants gather at the Sam Gabriel, Henry's or the Oyster House all of which are located in the Market district. Amid these restaurants political campaigns are mapped out in an atmosphere blue with tobacco smoke and the savory order of choice victuals. Here also quite a few of the sporting fraternity can be found backing their favorite ponies or fighters with bets of all sizes.

Last of all, the Delmont Club, the Athletic Association, Manufacturer's Club and a few others offer close seclusion to well groomed, middle-aged men easily recognized as bankers, lawyers and executives of large corporations. In these clubs over choice luncheons and under softened light, they may discuss big business questions without fear of being overheard by those of the lower class. We can see that there are restaurants and restaurants all of which emphasize the growth of the spirit of class distinction which we Americans are often prone to overlook, and from a review of our own city we see that Pittsburgh is no exception to the rule. On the doors of many a so-called public restaurant may be found, figuratively and literally, present the sign, "Thou shalt not pass".

W. J. SHAUGHNESSY, A.B., '26.

Getting the Right Start

There is no surer sign of an unmanly spirit than a desire for help and a wish to lean upon somebody and enjoy the rewards of the work of others. Yet, there are hundreds of men who dream that help from some quarter will come to them at the necessary moment to enable them to secure the success in life which they earnestly desire. They are constantly dreaming that someone will perhaps give or lend them a few hundred dollars with which they will begin and then live on gloriously. This, of course, sounds very foolish, but it certainly is very true, especially at the present time.

One may have good fortune sometimes, but good fortunes do not always come nor do they remain forever. Thus man must prepare himself to work for his living. When a young man discovers the fact that he does not know anything, and that the world does not care for him, he is somewhat surprised, but he is then in a real position to begin life. One must learn that it is only by his own efforts that he can rise into companionship and competition with those about him, and therefore he should defer his dreams of help till after he has helped himself.

To people of intelligence one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man who is perhaps a wonderful football player or a splendid lover but is always longing for help. It is perhaps the natural desire of one who is very popular to expect help. It is justifiable at times to count upon assistance from others, but it is folly to hope for help at all times. This is perhaps the first lesson in the grammar of success. The most important lessons, however, are preparation and contentment. These are very difficult to learn, and the neglect of them has caused the ruin of many lives; but they constitute objectives that must be attained, especially by college students. In fact there is for every young man only one thing to do,—to work so that when success does come he will be prepared to receive it and to have enough power and self-reliance to keep it when once attained.

MICHAEL NEUWIRTH, A.B., '28

Reading

"Show me your company and I will tell you what you are." This is a saying that we hear quoted very often. Did we ever stop to consider it very carefully and with more than just a passing regard. If we did, we would certainly find the wisdom and truth that is in it.

Most of our opinions we gather from what we read. By the arguments that are brought forward by the author of what we read, is decided whether we incline towards or disagree with the point of view that is expressed. If we accept this or that author's mode of thinking, we make it a part of ourselves. In any discussion which we may have later on, we will express the ideas we received in our perusal of the topic. Thus we see the value of reading good, unbiased magazines and newspapers. We should avoid "scandal sheets" which only distribute gossip and expose and magnify our neighbor's faults. No one is perfect, but "Evil communications corrupt good manners" and will make us unfit for human society.

Books are a great source of knowledge and information. We should, therefore, be particular. Trashy novels and cheap fiction should be avoided. They lead to dangerous paths. Good books are more interesting and are better for us. Let us then be wise in our choice. As a professor of English was wont to say, "Do not read good books, read the best."

If our companions are books of good literature we will not be embarrassed in any company. Our fund of information will be greater and better. Wise people will value every word we utter. We will obtain prestige in society. Ours will be the satisfaction of knowing that we are being sought by others. The company of good reading which we have kept will show to all that we have thoughts only for the best. Let us, therefore, be as considerate in the choice of our reading as we are of our food. Food for thought is just as important as food for the body.

JOHN H. SAVULAK, A.B., '26.



Exchanges

"The Niagara Index", Niagara University, Niagara Falls, New York, contains many interesting stories and valuable editorials. Of the stories, "Once in a Blue Moon" and "Two Firs" are the most effective. The former has a clever plot, but is a little too short, for it is one that could be developed into an excellent novel and the narration of it in a page and a half dampens its life, deprives it of action, description and interesting dialogue. The latter has but a simple plot turning on a man's love for the dog that was his sole companion. It is handled with real feeling and leaves a lasting impression.

—o—
The March issue contains an excellent exchange column, the distinctive feature of it is its unity.

—o—
"The Fordham Monthly", of Fordham University, New York is a classic in itself.

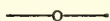
"Culture and To-day", is admirably handled. It consists of sound philosophy, valuable knowledge, and food for thought, but is characterized by a maturity of thought and development of style beyond the average.

"Michael Field" contains true facts and imparts an abundance of information about the most curious literary partnership of the nineteenth century.

"Shakespeare Up-to-Date", is a comparison between the modern dramatists and Shakespeare, but principally, it is concerned with modernizing Shakespeare. It claims that the modernization of Shakespearian plays has been proven to be a success and of widespread popularity.

"The Fordham Monthly", ranks as a leading college publication, and has contributed to the literary world a symposium of literature with much richness and versatility of thought. We are not over-estimating the worth of the magazine when

we say that it has always ranked among the best in this country and consequently has garnered wide and deserved recognition. The "Intercollegiate World", which is a collection of the best of all the college literary productions, recently printed in its pages three poems and two stories from the Fordham Monthly, which is proof enough of its quality.



We receive, from Dayton, Ohio, "The University of Dayton". "Sesquicentennial Exposition" is a description of the celebration in commemoration of the American Revolution. The issue is well balanced throughout its pages. It contains a column called the "University Chronicle" which treats of things concerning the respective students and their activities, matters of local interest which most of our college papers overlook. Its distinctive note is its versatility. The Musical Criticism is interesting and rarely found in college issues. Why not a little poetry? We feel it would enhance the dignity and worth of the magazine.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B., '27.



The Wind

The wind that whistles through the trees
And whips the blood with stinging flick,
Though harsh, has in it that which frees
All nature from its garments thick.

It roars o'er lakes, 'cross plains and hills;
It whips in whirls the loosened streams;
But in its wake are daffodils
And all the blooms that conjure dreams.

That wind whose gusts can shake the towers
Of castles such as dot the Rhine,
Brings tidings joyful of the flowers
With perfumes far surpassing wine.

O wind, I bless thee for that sound—
For thou art goodness in disguise—
Whose call brings roses to the ground,
Which charm with color all our eyes.

JOHN MURPHY, A.B., '28.

News of The Campus

THE Rev. James F. Carroll, D.D., dean of the College Department, gave a lecture on "The Heart of Old Erin" on the evening following St. Patrick's Day in the new gym. A huge crowd thronged the auditorium to hear the popular orator dilate on his favorite subject—the scenic wonders of Ireland and the religious characters of the people of the Emerald Isle. The proceeds of this lecture, Father Carroll generously donated to the treasury of the Intra Mural Baseball League, whose teams will be the only ones to cavort on the Bluff Campus this season.

Father Edward A. Malloy, professor of English at Duquesne will have charge of the religious services which will be held in conjunction with the pageant to be presented by the Pittsburgh Conference of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade. The success of the local conference is due to the untiring efforts of Father Malloy in enrolling 50,000 Catholic students of Western Pennsylvania in the Crusade movement. The pageant, "The Dreamer Awakes", which will have a cast of 1500 students from the Catholic schools of higher and secondary education in this part of the state, will be under the direction of Dr. Clinton Lloyd, who made the former pageant, "God Wills It" such a splendid success.

During the week of March 22 the officers for the College Department Unit of the Holy Ghost Sodality were elected. After a spirited contest the final results were announced as follows: Prefect, James McCaffrey; First Assistant Prefect, Francis Foley; Second Assistant Prefect, John Brent; Secretary, Thomas Yeaglin; Treasurer, Coleman Carroll; Standard Bearer, William Daniel Savage.

Seniors of the College of Arts, having been excused from the third term exams, began the Easter vacation on March 25, only to leave their more "unfortunate" fellow students stagger through a week of great intellectual exertion before they, too, could enjoy spending leisure mornings at home. Classes were resumed on Wednesday April 7 and the Very Rev. President accorded all a royal welcome by visiting the classes and distributing honor cards to those who passed the examinations.

The College Orators who have been successful in coming through the preliminary oratory contests have been announced as follows:—Francis Foley and Edmund Weithorn, seniors; James Philpott, Patrick Rice, and Cyril Vogel, Juniors; Edwin Heyl, Sophomore. The final contest will be held on May 2, and the affair promises to be one of heated rivalry as all the contestants have been heretofore successful in the art of public speaking.

The senior College Debating team, composed of Joseph Bulevicius, Lawrence O'Connell and Raymond Anthony Buechel, on Sunday, March 21, defeated William Malone, David Byrne and John Hannon, representatives of the Junior class. The question was, "Resolved: That annexation to Pittsburgh would be of greater benefit to boroughs than isolation." The question was closely contested and the decision of the Judges in awarding the Senior Debaters the winning points was popular with the large crowd of students and friends who had gathered to hear this interesting question discussed.

James Fahey, carpenter of the University for the last ten years, died at St. Francis Hospital on Thur. March 25. A solemn requiem funeral Mass was celebrated for his soul on Friday morning of the same week by the Rev. J. P. Danner, and burial took place at St. Mary's cemetery, Sharpsburg.

Members of our university basket ball team were guests of the students and athletic authorities at an elaborate banquet held in the Fort Pitt Hotel on April 7.

Letters and sweaters were awarded the scintillating floor artists immediately after they scored a great victory over "old man menu". Those honored were Roy O'Danovan, Jonny Serbin, Dick Schradling, Don DeMaria, Sticks Monahan, Jerry Reich, Jack Rosenberg, Nate Weinstock, Jim O'Connor and Manager Jim McCaffrey, coach Chick Davies was presented with a beautiful leather bound memory book as a token of appreciation for bringing Duquesne her first Tri-State Conference championship and city title.

The Rev. J. F. Dodwell, head of the faculty Athletic committee, officiating as toastmaster, gave a polishing touch to the affair by requesting speeches from Father Henry McDermott, Vice President of the University; Dean Muldoon, of the (school) of Pharmacy; John P. Egan, secretary of the law school; Frank McDermott, director of athletics and

president of the Tri-State Conference; and Paul G. Sullivan.

At a meeting of representatives from every department in the University, Jimmie McCaffrey was unanimously elected Editor-in-chief of Duquesne's first Year Book on April 8. A more eminent and capable man could not have been choosen for this important position and we feel sure that nothing less than a masterpiece will come from the skillful hands of this worthy Senior.

THAT JUNIOR PROM.

"Hello, Tommy, going to the Prom?"

"Don't think so, Don."

"Why not, old man?"

"Don't have a girl."

"I can get you a honey."

"But how about the Tux?"

"We can borrow one."

"Yes, then the taxi bill to pay. I don't guess I'll go. It isn't worth it."

"Sure have a keen orchestra though."

"You said it. Sure was a great display last year."

"I'll never forget the time I had."

"It certainly was a classy party."

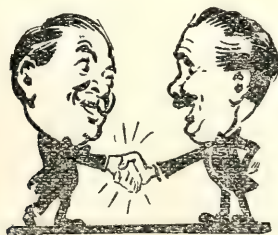
"I'm glad I didn't miss it."

"Say, what dance do we have?"

"Aw, make it the third!"

W. D. SAVAGE, A.B., '26.

J. J. BRENT, A.B., '26.





Captain Roy O'Donovan—An Appreciation

SINCE the beginning of the year, herein has been chronicled the scintillant record of the Red and Blue basketeters. From time to time we have mentioned in these columns one or other of the individual stars of the team. Foremost among these was the name of a certain well known young man from Homestead, Pa. Of course you would never guess who it is, so we will divulge the profound secret. It is to laugh. At the varsity banquet in the Fort Pitt Hotel, the popular Roy O'Donovan was re-elected captain of next year's squad and so it seemed fitting and proper that something definite should be recorded in the way of an appreciation of that man, who has done so much to make the name of Duquesne synonymous with basketball supremacy in these parts. Hence this article.

To cite any of Roy's early history as a basketball player at this stage appears a wasted effort. Suffice it to say that he migrated from the wilds of Homestead, where have come men of the caliber of Bill Campbell and Chick Davies. He was heralded as a coming star, having had the honor of being chosen on the all W.P.I.A.L. team. Since his matriculation at Duquesne his name has become famous in basketball circles of the Tri-State district. Roy has more than lived up to the prophecies made about him. The great indoor game seems to have been born in him. What music was to Mozart; what art was to Michael Angelo; what baseball was to Hans Wagner; this, basketball is to Roy O'Donovan. The Dukes acquired a veritable gold mine when "Mouse" attached his cognomen to the University's roll. It would be impossible to estimate the many victories of the Red and Blue, for which our Captain has been personally responsible. Although the chief asset of the Dukes' squad, under the able tutelage of Davies, is team play, the clever generalship of the little Napoleon has figured prominently in every victory.

When Kendricks, Cherdin, Harrison and Tracy were in the heyday of their glory, the diminutive, sandy-haired Roy made his appearance on the Duke court. Since that memorable day, how nobly has he filled the shoes of those heroes of the past. How like a blessing his presence has been on the teams of our Alma Mater. When "Pussy" was out of the lineup, the spectators were always in a pessimistic mood, uncertain, afraid to hope. But when the wiry bundle of basketball energy was "in there", optimism reigned supreme. Who can disparage his ability? Where is the man who could ring up such beautiful, breath-taking, spectacular long shots as Roy, when the occasion demanded? Where is one his equal in making a quick, unexpected dash for the basket, taking the ball and tossing it in with his neat, characteristic forearm twist? Where is there to be found a faster, surer, steadier dribbler? His passing, during the season just ended, was brilliant; his shooting beautiful; his ability to handle the ball uncanny. In every department of the game he excelled. Nowhere was he found wanting. The greatest of all his achievements, however, was his floor generalship. Roy was the pivot around which Coach Davies developed the wonderful team-play for which the Dukes were famous. Roy engineered every play; directed every move. It was to him that the team looked for directions and never did they question or fail to respond for they knew that they could rely upon his ability.

Another laudable feature in O'Donovan's game was his fairness to his team mates. Roy never hogged the glory. He always tried to feed the ball to his mates whenever there was a possibility. In fact, in some instances, he lost chances in attempting to help someone else ring up a basket. He never unnecessarily risked a point, trying to have another field goal registered to his score. In the captain of the champions of '26, Duquesne had the nearest approach to the ideal basketball player, that she will have in many winters.

Aside from his abilities as a player, Roy is a real gentleman. His quiet, unassuming presence is always welcome in any gathering. Those who enjoy his intimate friendship have reason to be proud of the fact for there is no one of us who does not like to return the sunny smile and hearty grip of our friend and fellow student, Roy O'Donovan.

Someday, when Duquesne has risen to the heights, she will undoubtedly rise to; when the name of O'Donovan shall

be eschonched among the names of those who pioneered that rise,—names like Father McGuigan, Cherdini, Shortley, Rooney, Cingolani, Kendricks, Kilday, McDermott and others,—then, will the old grands gather 'round the firesides and sing the praises of Roy. And then, let it not be said that the students of his own day did not render him the praise and gratitude he so richly deserves.

TENNIS

When the flowers are all in bloom, tweedle-dee, the poets sing, "Spring has come." And in the spring a young man's fancy, according to ancient and inviolate precedents turns,—not to final examinations, but to summer sports and diversions. When the dapper, debonair Dukes glance over the list of varsity sports for the ensuing summer,—lo! they find that their old friend Baseball is among the missing. But before you give in to aching despair, take another look and you will find staring at you in letters of whitewash, T E N N I S. Due to the amount of publicity being given at the present time to the Junior Prom and the Year Book, little has been said about this year's tennis prospect. However, Paul Sullivan has been steadily at work. The courts have been put in shape and are ready for use as soon as the weather permits. The aspirants for Varsity berths will no doubt be going at full tilt when this article goes to press. Grant Siverd, verteran southpaw of the P.A.A. will again tutor the squad and in the capacity of manager and captain we again find Paul Sullivan, whose repute as a commander and player is well known.

The chances of the team received a sad blow in the loss of O'Connor, Creighton and Petrisco, of last years squad, but around Sullivan, Siverd hopes to build up a formidable combination with Hank O'Brien, Jim Brennan, Bill Ryan and Jim and Bob Philpott. These boys are all luminaries in the net game and under Siverd's capable direction should shape up in excellent form.

The schedule is not yet completed, but Sullivan is lining up some of the best teams in the district. The fact that Westminster and Bethany have dropped tennis this year upsets the Conference schedule, but in any case the students will be awarded ample opportunity of witnessing some fast matches in the near future. Since tennis will be the lone Varsity sport this year, large throngs are expected to follow the team and all arrangements are being made to handle the crowds in good

fashion. In the past few years tennis, as a major sport, has been in the ascendency. Last year the Dukes had one of the best teams hereabouts and, through a tough break, were barely nosed out for the Conference title. From all indications this year's squad will be just as good,—a scrappy, classy aggregation that will dust off the ablest opposition.

INTRAMURAL BASEBALL

With the Pharmic cup safely tucked away in Mr. Moran's sanctum, the rivals of the various departments are rarin' to go,—this time for Father Carroll's cup, which will be awarded to the championship baseball nine of the Intramural league. Interdepartmental baseball, if it proves as big a success as basketball, will more than make up for the loss of a Varsity nine. The keen rivalry in the race just ended, furnished the followers of the league with many hours of deserving entertainment. There was a plenitude of excitement and interest. Despite the great advantage enjoyed by the Day Accounts, in the early stages, the home stretch was fast and furious, and it was anybody's race until the last game was played.

The baseball race gives fair notice of being even more closely contested. Due to the inclemency of the weather, few teams have been able to engineer any outdoor practice sessions as yet, but every department has elected their captains, managers and coaches and there is no dearth of candidates for the various positions. There seems to be a special lure in the great, old national pastime and the Dukes are responding heartily to the call of the diamond. At the present writing, we have very little definite information regarding the various squads and the schedule has not yet been made public. The games, from all indications promise to be thrillers that will be well worth watching by any red-blooded American, in whose veins runs the desire for the great outdoor sport.

In technique and ability to play the game, the baseball teams are expected to surpass the basketball tossers. Varsity luminaries who are cut of a job this year, are signing up with the Intramural outfits. It will be well worth anyone's trouble to follow the league during the summer, for he will be assured of being a witness to a hectic, exciting and thrilling race.

Severe criticism has been profered this column because of the fact that the Intramural basketball race was not followed to great detail. We would like to defend ourselves against those who criticize before they are fully acquainted with the

particulars of the case. Being published only every month, this column sometimes had to chronicle six and seven Varsity games. Due to the universal interest in these games, it was necessary to give them plenty of space. Now we are allowed a limited amount of space in the Monthly, and for this reason it seemed expedient to drop the Intramural News. Added to this was the fact that the "Duke" which is published more frequently was better able to handle these games and was able to write them up before they became very ancient history.

INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS

All Tri-State team of the Pittsburgh Post named O'Donovan, forward and captain; Monahan, center; Rosenberg, guard. The second team included Serbin, forward and Schrading guard.

The team picked by the Gazette named O'Donovan, forward and captain; Monohan, center; Schrading, guard. On the second team was Serbin, forward; De Maria, guard.

Everyone of the Duke regulars was named on at least one of the mythical fives.

Duquesne's schedule of conference games for next year is as follows:—

Jan. 11.—Waynesburg abroad.
January 14.—Thiel abroad.
February 4.—Waynesburg at home.
February 8.—Bethany abroad.
February 11.—Westminister at home.
February 15.—Geneva at home.
February 24.—Thiel at home.
February 26.—Westminister abroad.
March 1.—Bethany at home.
March 4.—Geneva abroad.

THOS. J. QUIGLEY, A. B. '27.

Duquesnicula

Jr.: "Did you rent your tux?"

Prom: "No, but every time I stoop I'm afraid I will."

* * * *

Foley still claims that this davenport proposition is the bunk.

* * * *

Suitor: "May I have your daughter for my wife?"

Father: "Let's see your wife first."

* * * *

"An aye for an I", remarked the candidate as he voted for himself.

* * * *

Waiter: "Order please."

Drunk: "Wash wrong, I aint makin' any noish."

* * * *

The only time an undertaker goes in the hole on a funeral will be at his own.

* * * *

Joe: "We're going to a swell joint tonight so watch yer grammar."

Ann: "Don't worry, kid, grandpa'll take good care of her."

* * * *

January May make February March, but June don't July to me.

* * * *

Pretty Nurse: "You're the father of a beautiful girl."

He: "So's your old man."

* * * *

A reporter noting that two peroxide blondes made quite an uproar at a football game wrote, "Bleachers go wild."

* * * *

Preacher: "My good man, how is it that I have not seen you at Church lately?"

Parishoner: "I haven't been there."

The young wife complained that her apartment was so small she had to use condensed milk.

* * * *

Voice (over phone): "Is Mike Howe there?"

Other end: "What d'ya think this is, the stockyards?"

* * * *

"Don't string me, big boy" pleaded Chapman to the Judge.

* * * *

"You look dark around the eyes."

"Well, I had to sit up all night with a corpse."

"I see, it was a wake."

"No, you fool, it was dead."

* * * *

The Follies beauty who recently appeared at a Costume Ball in a newspaper dress represented something interesting in print.

* * * *

Ray: "Have your eyes ever been taught the language of love?"

Mae: "No, but I'm sure you'll find them two interested pupils."

* * * *

When Boley told his girl that he would show her a new dive, she was uncertain whether to wear a bathing suit or an evening gown.

* * * *

Miss Prim: "Johnny, give me a sentence using 'profanity'."

Johnny: "Hell, that's easy."

* * * *

Doctor (announcing new arrival): "A beauty and it weighs five pounds."

Fisherman: "Throw it back and try again".

YEAGLIN—DURKIN.

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Lift the Torch

The dreamy East for ages slept
With ne'er a gleam of light:
But now the glow of faith has crept
Through all that land of night.

For when approached salvation's dawn—
Of life a newer lease—
A sainted man was eastward drawn
By Christ the Prince of Peace.

Then Xavier nameless perils braved
To sow the seeds of grace
Among a people sin-enslaved,
A melancholy race.

But like a blight indifference came
To thwart the work of God;
And China and the East—oh shame!—
Again in somnolence nod.

Now let us up and spread the light
In that far distant land
By backing every modern knight
And missionary band.

THOMAS LYNCH, A.B., '27.

Sedes Sapientiae

O Mary, Mother of my God,
I pray to thee, this month of May:
Oh, grant that I may know my call;
Then aid that I go not astray.

Am I to tread on foreign soil
And heal the soul of pagan man?
Is it my lot to fight the world
And there to do what good I can?

O Mary, Seat of Wisdom called,
Hear now my humble prayer to thee:
Whate'er my call, on sea or land,
Be at my side and pray for me!

JOHN H. SAVULAK, A.B., '26.



Pagan—An Allegory



T the present time living in that realm of the world known as the East, there is a sickly child named Pagan. Pagan is a descendant of a motley race and the diverse bloods of many countries flow through her veins. From this fact you would surmise that she was strong and healthy. But alas! She is not. Her body is weak and frail, her face pale, and her spirit dejected. Poor girl, she is afflicted with leprosy, not that flesh-destroying disease known to the medical profession, but a far more serious one. She is sadly in need of doctors, nurses and medicine, but who will supply them? Her brother France and her sister Erin once suffered from this same disease, but they were cured, and Pagan wonders why she is not cured also. As she lies there on her little white bed, covered with dust and dirty bed-clothing—for want of attention—she cries, "Save me, save me!"

In a distant town lives a famous doctor known as Missioner. To him comes a friend of Pagan, Crusader, asking that he leave his home and travel back many miles to heal the bed-ridden, leprosy-stricken girl. Because of his charitable disposition the doctor cannot let the plea pass unheeded, and makes preparations for the trip. The doctor leaves a young assistant in his place and with Nona, a volunteer nurse, departs for an indefinite stay. They are leaving their prosperous professions, their homes, their comforts and their friends, just to aid a sick child. For weeks and weeks they wend their weary way, having passed through the Woods of Banditry, over the Mountains of Torture, and along the rocky Road of Worry. At last they come in sight of the home of Pagan. As they near the door they hear the plaintive cry, "Save me, save me!"

When Nona sees the dust-covered bed and dirty surroundings her heart becomes heavy and her head faint. The doctor sees nothing but the pale, wan features of the figure lying in the bed. It is hard to tell whether it is a living human being or a skeleton with some fleshy covering thrown over it. It takes the doctor but a short time to diagnose Pagan's case and having done so he realizes the serious illness of his patient. It means a long stay. The provisions

are few, equipment insufficient, and clothing and bed-clothes scant. Missioner and the nurse will have to work in shifts, for their patient is in a very serious plight. During the next three weeks conditions become worse, with but slight improvement noted in the patient. Finally the situation becomes so bad that the doctor asks Crusader to go in search of aid. He forthwith departs to seek aid in the land of plenty, called America.

The first place Crusader sees on arrival in America is the College. Here he knocks and asks for aid of Student, who answers the door.

"Oh come, strong one, to the aid of the stricken Pagan, lying sick in the land beyond the sunset."

"My good man, who are you, and who is this Pagan of whom you speak?" asks Student.

"I am Crusader, the messenger of Dr. Missioner. Pagan is my friend, who suffers from one of the most gruesome and serious diseases known, leprosy of the soul. The good doctor and his nurse are doing all in their power to cure her, and by their skill they will, but they need help."

"But why ask me for help?" asks the student, impatient to be off to his sport.

"I come to you because you are care-free and healthy, because your heart is light, your eyes bright, and because there is a spring in your step. You are possessed with the wealth of the world—education. Oh! come! Give aid!"

Just then a third party appears and whispers into the Student's ear, "Be off with him! Do you not see he interferes with your ball game? Chase him!" This interloper is Pleasure, a prince of Beelzebub's court.

The student is easily influenced and says, "Come around later, when the game is over. Perhaps I will have time to talk to you."

As he turns to leave, Sacrifice, a goodly old man, stops him saying, "Tarry awhile, for this man speaks to YOU."

"Come!" says Pleasure.

"Stay!" says Sacrifice simultaneously.

Student is now filled with a conflict of emotions and knows not what to do. He thinks that it would not be well to offend Pleasure and yet Sacrifice is an old man who must be respected. To heed the one would be an offense to the other, thus putting the young man in a quandary.

Being a Catholic College man, the student says a short prayer. His conscience answers to do what is right, to banish Pleasure, and to take Crusader's words to heart.

"To help you seems right and just, but how can I do so?" inquires Student, listening to the advice of his conscience.

"If you have any worldly goods to spare, give them," answers Crusader, "if not that, give me spiritual money—prayers and good works; or if possible give me yourself. Think it over, and when I return, give me your answer."

The messenger of Dr. Missioner departs and in a short time comes to Convent, a Catholic school for girls. Seeing a young miss at the gate, Crusader approaches her.

"Who are you, my pretty angel?" asks he.

"I am Scholar," says the girl, "but who are you?"

Crusader replies, "I am Crusader, the messenger of Dr. Missioner, who needs assistance in the far-off town of Neglect. All I ask is help from you and your neighbor, Student."

"But how can I help?"

Crusader tells his new acquaintance of all that is necessary for Dr. Missioner and his patient. He tells her in the same fashion as he spoke to Student how she can best help him. Telling her to consider his plea and if possible to help him, he returns to the young man at College.

"My friend, have you made up your mind?" he asks.

"Yes, Crusader, my mind is made up and with the help of God, I will personally assist Dr. Missioner. All that I have I also give to the doctor's cause, and wish that I had more to give. Let us depart before my mind is changed by temptation."

"Well spoken, my lad!" cries Crusader, leading the way.

They stop at Convent, and there without much fuss Scholar joins the little party of two, and together they set out on their long journey. Not one word was spoken by the little miss; and her only act was to deposit her small worldly store at Crusader's feet.

After much weary travelling and suffering from the heat and dust, the little band of three arrive at the home of Pagan. Dr. Missioner welcomes them heartily and thanks them most sincerely for their self-sacrifice. Having rested a short time, the boy and the girl are shown what to do in the care of the patient. Whilst Missioner and Nona take a

justly earned sleep, Student and Scholar take up their work at the bedside of the sick girl. They minister to her, giving her medicines, and food, and amusing her with stories. When Dr. Missioner once more resumes his duties, his patient is a little brighter through the cheer scattered by her new nurses.

For weeks and weeks the doctor, nurse and two students work in shifts. Finally the girl is sufficiently improved to sit up for a few minutes. The restoration of her health has been slow but sure, but before long she will be completely cured. Her attendants are most happy, the doctor and the nurse because they have restored another sick person to good health, and the young people because their first case has been a success.

When the girl is well enough to move about she expresses a desire to learn something of the God her new friends have told her about. Dr. Missioner teaches her all that he knows about his religion and when she shows that she has acquired the true faith, she is baptized by the good doctor.

"Would you like to visit my mother, Pagan?" asks the doctor one fine day.

"Very much, dear doctor, for if she is your mother, she must be wonderful," replies the happy girl.

"All right then, we shall all leave for her home tomorrow," says the doctor.

Immediately there is much hustle and bustle as preparations are made for the journey. The little band of workers do not have much to pack so that they are soon ready for the start in the morning. All go to bed very early so that they can have a good rest and get an early start.

At daybreak they are all awake, and after a hasty breakfast the little party leaves the squalid neighborhood around Pagan's home. The party is composed of Pagan, Dr. Missioner, Nurse Nona, the boy and girl, and Crusader. The sun shines beautifully on the road in front of them, and a gentle breeze makes the walking most pleasant. They walk a long distance, rest awhile and then continue on their way. After eight days' travelling they arrive in the town of Light, where resides the doctor's mother. They had passed through the beautiful valley of Faith and across the plains of Learning,

but they had not seen anything so wonderful as this town of Light. Each home was situated in the midst of a beautiful park filled with flowers and trees brilliantly decorated with the blooms of nature. Here Pagan meets the doctor's mother and here she lives the rest of her life, because the good mother, having no daughter of her own, has adopted the girl. She is treated like a little princess, and her court is nature's own playground, abounding in sights unequaled except in the Elysian Fields of the Land of Eternal Rest.

Thus ends the tale of Pagan, saved by the skill of Dr. Missioner, and his nurses, and by the aid of Crusader, who summoned the two students from America.

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A.B., '29.



Another Samaritan

Black and drear did he seem as he lay,
Silently waiting to die;
Cold and mean were the people that day,
Carelessly passing him by.

Struck was he by the white's savage goad,
Callously thrown out to die;
Man after man saw him lie by the road,
Ruthlessly stilling a cry.

Naught did he say of anger or blame,
Quietly waiting the end;
Hope was gone when a missionary came,
The sufferer's only friend.

Pity then in his bosom awoke
Comfort he gave and aid;
Few indeed were the words that he spoke,
Though sweeter ones never were said.

"Soon you go to a land full of light;
Angels are waiting for you.
God doth love both the black and the white,
And rewards the good and the true."

PATRICK W. RICE, A.B., '27.

Invitation

Come, lads and lasses, young and old,
Come help us marvels to unfold
That one and all may soon behold
The things that hardly e'er are told.

Put on your gowns of gold and blue,
Your ribboned dress and buckled shoe
That looks the most becoming too
For not a person else than you.

And, boys, get out your costumes, too,
The swords and armor tried and true,
Your banners red and white and blue,
And show the girls what boys can do.

Hunt up your gowns, O prince and king,
And, princess, find the royal ring,
And ermine cloak and slippers bring
And every necessary thing.

All tune your voice to mellow note;
Let beauteous music sweetly float,
That happiness you may promote,
Of pain and grief the antidote.

Then learn your dance with pretty grace,
And don't forget your steps or place,
Lest lack of order may abase
And turn your efforts to disgrace.

So, lads and lasses, let's combine
In spirit gay, in soul divine,
To make the pageant's glory shine.
"God wills it," be our countersign.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A.B., '28.

Vocations*



IN treating the subject of vocations, which is one of the most important that can be discussed at an Educational Convention, one which has been repeatedly treated at our meetings, especially at those of the national body, I take it for granted that the chief intention of the executive committee was to have this subject discussed again with a view to increase vocations for the holy priesthood, for the religious life of both men and women, and for the missionary life, in home and foreign missions. Volumes have been written on this subject; some of these books have been read by those present; and by them also sermons and instructions on it have frequently been given. Even the youngest tyro among our teachers takes it on himself—or herself—to launch forth at times to pupils on their vocation, and on the various states of life. Considering all this, I will endeavor, owing to the limited time assigned to me, to make my talk as simple, plain and practical as possible.

Vocation is a calling from God, directly or indirectly, to some state of life; a chain of graces, external and internal leading a person to embrace a certain career. We all realize and should realize, that family circumstances, position in life, home training, home and school education, and many other external graces may and do influence persons' selection of a life-work or their decision to adopt a certain state. But it is grace, in its true sense, the light and strength of God's Holy Spirit, that should determine a person in finally and definitely selecting his state in life.

All this I say without desiring to touch on the question much discussed in recent years, since 1909, when Canon Lahitton, a Belgian priest, published his book "*La Vocation Sacertodale*," and called attention to the fact that fitness and a right intention in a candidate to the priesthood were sufficient, and that the call is given by the bishop at ordination. All this is true; but fitness comes from God, and is the work of grace for years; right intention comes from God; and a bishop calls on the recommendation of directors and superiors who have for many years watched the workings of

* Read at the recent convention of the Pennsylvania Catholic Educational Association.

the grace of God in the souls of young levites to the priesthood. The same is true in a restricted sense, for postulant girls when presented to the bishop of a diocese by mistresses of novices, reverend mothers, and ecclesiastical superiors.

The conviction, then, that a vocation or call to the higher life comes directly from God is one of strongest motives for a priest or religious to aspire to a high degree of holiness, sanctity and perfection, whilst it remains one of the greatest helps in resisting temptation of infidelity to grace, and one of the surest means of perseverance in the state of life one has adopted.

All have a vocation. There is nothing more certain than that God wishes all to fill some definite place and do some peculiar personal work in life. St. Paul teaches this; in his epistle to the Ephesians, IV, we read, "Every one has his special gift from God, one after this manner, another after that . . . as the Lord has distributed to everyone, as God hath **called** everyone, so let him walk . . . He gave to some to be apostles, some pastors and doctors, for the work of the ministry, for the upbuilding of the body of Christ."

Father Faber, a beautiful poetic and ascetic soul, one of the most spiritual writers England has produced in the last century, wrote, "Every person has a distinct vocation". St. Alphonsus Liguori, the Founder of the Redemptorist Order, great authority on Moral Theology, wrote, "We must embrace the state to which God has **called** us." He speaks of a call or vocation, and indirectly emphasizes the quasi obligation there is to embrace that call or follow our vocation. St. Augustine, one of our great Dogmatic Theologians, says, "He who does little in the state of life to which God **calls** him, does more for God than one who labors much in a state thoughtlessly chosen." He illustrates this by saying that a cripple limping along the right way or road advances more than a pacer or race horse which runs out of the straight path. St. Augustine, as you may notice, mentions the **call** or vocation from God, and indirectly mentions the success of the work, even when ordinary, done in the path of life to which God has called.

All nature acts as God directs; the seasons come in regular succession, the stars move in regular order; there is no

deviation from their course. Every animal and insect has its work to do, its mission to fulfill; so there is a place, a work, an office for all. Intelligent people use suitable means to attain the ends they propose. The machinist has use for each piece of machinery, the farmer has use for each implement in the farm-yard, and so God with infinite intelligence assigns work and, therefore, a vocation to each intelligent human being.

Between the church militant and the church triumphant there exists a wondrous harmony; hence the church militant is called the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. In heaven there are many classes of spirits, so in the Church there are various analogous degrees. In the perfection of the elect there are various states differing in glory and accidental rewards; so in the church militant there are various states of life to fit persons for the different degrees of happiness. In Heaven this variety creates admirable beauty; so also, the Church of Christ on earth derives splendor from diversity of states.

In mentioning the various kinds of vocations, spiritual writers speak of general and particular vocations. We may adopt this manner of writing or speaking. There is a general vocation for all to be saved (*"Deus vult omnes salvos esse"*), for all to become Christians, for all to attain a certain degree of holiness or perfection, and for all to attain this degree of holiness or perfection in a certain state of life. There are also particular vocations. All are destined for a common end, but all are not bound to adopt a common way to attain that end. The particular vocations are classified as supernatural and natural. A supernatural vocation is given for high offices in life, for high positions in a state or country, for the married state, for the supernatural state of virginity in the world, for the religious life, the sacerdotal and missionary life. The so-called natural vocations are for the various positions in life. All these are what we call jobs, positions, professions in the world; they are taken up and followed according to the inclination, the taste, and the disposition and ability of each person. Our subject for consideration has to do solely with supernatural vocations to the priestly, religious and missionary life.

As I said at the beginning, the practical purpose of my remarks and the discussions that are to follow, should be the recruiting of candidates for the priesthood and the reli-

gious life. We are all ready to admit that God sends to His Church a sufficient number of men and women to carry on her work. But, while admitting this, we can safely say that there is a dearth of helpers at the present time. I feel safe in saying that there is not a diocese in this country that has a sufficient number of priests; there is not a religious order of men or women in the country that is not ready to receive more aspirants; there is not a mission district that is amply supplied with priests, brothers and sisters to carry on the work in proportion to the needs of the people they are sent to minister to or convert. This is just as true for countries other than the United States, and it is especially true for most of the foreign missions. This dearth of mission workers is not the fault of the divine element in the Church; it may be attributed to the inefficiency of the human element, that is, the lack of co-operation of His creatures. It is for parents, teachers, priests especially, to seek out, to encourage, to help along young boys and girls, who are good, intelligent, piously disposed, generous-souled, and to urge them to the priesthood, to the religious and missionary life. Their elders must discern in them the fitness, the right intention, the good desires, that are signs of divine vocation; nay, more, they may legitimately develop that fitness and plant and nurture those desires.

“Owing to the rapid growth of the Catholic population, the educational, charitable and missionary undertakings of the present day, conducted by the priest, brother and sister, are so numerous and varied,” as our Bishops asserted at a meeting in Washington some time ago, “that the number of vocations must increase to supply the ever-growing larger demand.” Efforts in this direction have recently been made, to which I wish to make a passing reference. A movement has been made by the Church Extension Society in favor of tardy vocations. They take men, somewhat advanced in years, and are preparing them for the priesthood. Some of you might be tempted to call those prospective missionaries old bachelors, of whom our country has an ever-increasing number. We are told they are intelligent, have led holy lives, and are now ready to prepare themselves for priestly and missionary work. They are at St. Benedict’s College, Kansas. It is an experiment that may produce results. I have sometimes thought that some ecclesiastic would take hold of

these holy men, organize them into a society, a secular brotherhood, if you will, and train them to supply a pressing need in many of our parishes, that of sacristans or sextons. Two missionary societies, I understand, are doing the same for girls or women advanced in years,—call them old maids or bachelor maids, as you like. Of these bachelor-maids there is also an ever-increasing number. Perhaps they too could be organized into a society of secular sisterhood for some purpose—say rectory house-keepers. I would not wish to be quoted as asserting that all who enter these societies as prospective sisters, are advanced in years. I judge from the photographs given in our papers. The majority of them seemed to me to be persons who had had time to advance in wisdom and age. They, besides doing work in the houses of the societies in this country, are preparing to go to foreign lands. Apparently the recruiting of these has been a success, as far as numbers are concerned. They have a glorious work before them in the foreign missions. But this, again, is an experiment, and we all pray that they may turn out a complete success. Persons having experience in training candidates for the priestly, religious or missionary life, know that it is no easy matter to form men and women who have passed their adolescence to life in college or in a novitiate, though there have been exceptions.

The wish at the present time with Bishops and heads of religious Orders of men and women is to take boys and girls in their 'teens, whilst innocent and pure, when they manifest a real desire for God's service, and train them accordingly. It is scarcely necessary to mention to the majority here present the grand and successful efforts made by the zealous Bishop of this diocese in April, 1924, to get boys and girls in the higher grades, if desirous to become priests or sisters, to sign pledges. This appeal of the Rt. Rev. Bishop is kept before teachers and pupils by the interesting and instructive Story Lessons circulated periodically and now published by Dr. Jerome Hannan, as interesting as any fairy tales children could desire to read, whilst they lead the minds of children ever to higher ideals, to works of generosity, to love of souls and of God. The efforts of the Bishop and his secretary have already produced good results, judging from the 200 boys who took the diocesan examinations last year and the number of girls in the novitiates of our sisterhoods or junior convent schools.

In presenting this short and incomplete paper on vocations to the priestly, religious and missionary life, I have tried, in a hurried way, to show what a vocation is, that vocations to the higher life come from God directly or indirectly; that all have vocations; that there is a dearth of mission workers, and that this dearth is almost world-wide, owing to the rapid growth of the Catholic populations in every land, the educational, charitable and missionary needs and activities of the Church all the world over; "the harvest, indeed, is great and the laborers are few" (Matt. IX, 38). These words are true today, 1900 years after the coming of Christ, when a sad problem and a great mystery stare us in the face—that two-thirds of the 1702 millions, the present population of the globe, are pagans or Mohammedans; when two-thirds of the people of our country are not affiliated with any church denomination whatever; when thousands of persons, within the limits of our diocese, are ministered to by just a few devoted priests, loyally aided by some men and women, boys and girls, the members of the Missionary Confraternity of Christine Doctrine, the most perfectly organized Confraternity of its kind.

In the face of all this, let us be up and doing. Let us, who have consecrated our lives to the service of the Master, exert every effort to increase the number of vocations to the priesthood, the religious and missionary life. Let us seek these vocations in Christian homes, for the truly Christian home is their fountain-head; let us take advantage of every opportunity to say a word on the subject; let vocations be mentioned at the closing exercises of schools, at the announcement of every novena, especially that in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost; at First Communion and Confirmation ceremonies, during retreats and missions. Let there be an end to one of the great obstacles to the extension of God's kingdom on earth, narrow-minded parochialism. Let there be a Mission or Vocation Sunday appointed by Bishops of every diocese when all the sermons at each Mass in every parish will be on vocations and missions, and the Monthly Collection be devoted to help along deserving boys and girls to the priesthood and the sisterhood. In some such way we can annually direct the attention of parents, their sons and daughters, to the God-given obligation resting upon all, without exception—an obligation

given so clearly, so formally, so precisely by our Saviour when He said, "Go, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" (St. Matt. XIX, 19.).

REV. M. A. HEHIR, C.S.Sp.



To Such as Hesitate

From strange, inhospitable lands
A thousand hands
Are stretched imploringly to you
Across the blue.

A thousand hearts your treasure crave,
Before the grave
And fell damnation take their dole
Of many a soul.

The saints of old have led the way
In bright array;
Some one of us must be their heir,
Their labors share.

Some one of us must go betimes
To distant climes,
To build the Kingdom of our God
On distant sod.

The way is hard, the life severe,
Yet no career
So sure a lodgment will impart
In God's own heart.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A.B., '27.

To a Robin

Harbinger of spring, do thou but sing
And to my heart thy ruby throat shall bring
 Thy echoed bliss.
Thy breast of red, thy pretty little head
Stir up in me sweet dreams I thought were dead,
 Of Spring's return.

Thy joyful cry doth lift my heart on high,
Doth make me free,—a native of the sky,—
 Doth make me glad.
Thy breathless fright of me,—thy winged flight,
Because I am a man of brawn and might
 Doth sadden me.

What strength is thine? What shackled weakness mine,
Who know naught else upon this shoal of time
 But only toil?
For thou art free, unfettered as the sea,
While I must spend my life in slavery
 To be a man.

Would that e'en I with you might fly
Outside these city walls into the sky,
 To dream awhile!
O, take me, where the Sun-God fair
Smiles down upon, and dazzles with His glare
 The spring-time blooms.

No cares of men would ever touch me then.
In Nature's garden, wood and glen
 I'd learn of peace.
With you I'd rise in spirit to the skies,
And would forget the struggle for the prize
 Of man's esteem.

O, that I might, when soft approaching night
Seals o'er the earth and hides from patient sight
 The woes of men,
Fly high into the star-lit evening sky!
For mortal man doth ever vainly cry
 For freedom's boon.

But, little friend to thee I say
From haunts of men fly far away,
Lest thou, too, fall into their way
 And lose thy song.
But, I, the mighty man must stay;
'Tis vain for me to dream of play,
And while you go, I only pray
 You'll come again.

THOMAS J. QUIGLEY, A.B., '27.



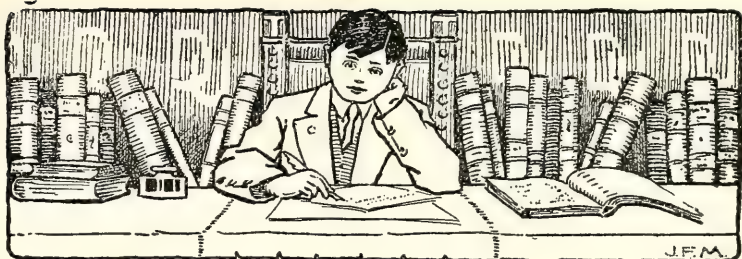
Reconquest

Behold Indifference conqueror!
His reign extended from shore to shore:
But came at last his hour of doom,
And deserts bare with flowers will bloom.

Crusader came with his mighty band
And fought Indifference hand to hand,
And with his weapon, a cross-shaped sword,
He put to rout this usurping lord.

Unto his throne this wondrous knight
Sweet-faced Religion did invite;
Then knights and students solemnly swore
They'd love the missions forevermore.

MARK STANTON, A.B., '27.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Fruits of the C. S. M. C. Pageant

For the second time in the history of the Pittsburgh Conference of the C. S. M. C., a pageant has been staged dealing with the field of missionary endeavor. The advent of the pageant causes many different opinions and arguments about the benefit of such an activity. Some people are voluble in their praises of its usefulness and necessity in the work of stimulating missionary spirit, while others go so far as to state that it is a positive detriment, drawing attention to the superficialities and social contact of the C. S. M. C. and slighting the real and important end of the society.

It is my opinion that the pageants of which we have been witnesses are not only useful but absolutely necessary. A society at its inception is always active, full of vigor, eager for work. However, as the years go by, its activities become duller, workers fall into ruts, the society becomes sluggish, hidebound and useless. There are few exceptions to this rule; even the old monastic orders of crusade days fell from their first fervor, some of them ending in ruin and oblivion. When things reach such a stage in the career of any society there is need for a tonic, a spark to awaken it, new energy to revitalize it. The C. S. M. C. must avoid the fate that has overtaken its illustrious predecessors in the crusade field. Therefore, it too requires occasional enlivening to bring it back to life and to its pristine energy and vigor.

Is a pageant the best means for attaining such an aim? It would seem so. First of all, a pageant in order to succeed

must have the co-operation of every unit in the C. S. M. C. The very production of the pageant with its enormous cast brings into contact many members of the crusade organization, and gives the exhibition a universal appeal. This is the thing that is necessary,—to stir every member and every unit in the organization to enthusiasm.

Secondly, a pageant tends to prevent a band such as the C. S. M. C. from growing stale, as anything tends to do when it deals only with the serious things of life; a pageant injects into the dull routine of missionary activity a touch of lightness, a touch of gayety and a chance for a bit of pleasure and a bit of work at the same time. It cannot but be a pleasant experience to anyone to participate in such an affair, to be a factor in such an undertaking. Furthermore, it gives an opportunity to display and exercise their latent talents for the art of drama, a chance probably denied them otherwise.

Thirdly, a pageant brings a realization to members of the C. S. M. C. of the universality and organization of a society which can undertake such a gigantic enterprise. They cannot help being astonished at it and being inspired to become more active members in it.

Finally, a pageant brings before the public the field of missionary endeavor, and stimulates it to activity of its own in this line. Not only does it do this but it does it in a way pleasing to the public. And this is the key to the whole situation; the pageant does all these things and does them efficiently, but, like the traditional sugar-coated pill that babies cry for, it does them in a manner that is thoroughly pleasant and agreeable.

We are more than assured,—we are convinced—that these have been and will be the fruits of the Pittsburgh pageant of 1926.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A.B., '28.

News of The Campus



THE second series of inter-class debates resulted as follows: The senior team, consisting of Francis Foley and William Shaughnessy, defeated the sophomore team, composed of John Lambert and John Murphy, by vindicating the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, that the present method of granting bail to prisoners should be continued." At the next meeting, the Junior class, represented by James Philpott, Patrick Rice and Cyril Vogel, won the decision over the Freshmen, represented by Paul Cain, Regis Amrhein and Max Siegel. The successful team upheld the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, that there should be a Federal Department of Education." A week later the Junior class, with a different team, composed of David Byrne, John Hannon and James W. Malone, went down to defeat before a team of Seniors, consisting of Ray Buechel, Joseph Bulevicius and Lawrence A. O'Connell. The winners opposed the proposition, "That annexation to Pittsburgh benefits the boroughs more than isolation." The Freshman-Sophomore Debate on the establishment of a federal department of aviation rounded out the series. The Sophomores, who argued successfully for the establishment of such a department, were John Kobulnicky, Raymond Berg and Paul Schaming; the losing Freshman team was made up of Ralph Hayes, James McCarthy and Louis Minewiser.

The high school students' interest in American history and in public speaking was considerably stimulated all through the spring by the National Oratorical Contest, in which they were invited to participate. The resources of the reference library were put at their disposal, and as many as 188 essays on the Constitution were written. Finally, competition was narrowed down to eight contestants, and after trials lasting two days, Harry E. Felich, a fourth year student, was chosen to represent the school in district 8. His oration, "America's Contribution to Constitutional Government," delivered at Synod Hall on April 9th, elicited much

praise, and won for him a gold medal, offered by the Pittsburgh SUN.

The winners of the Junior Elocution Contest, held April 25th, were: Asa A. Atwater, who delivered "The American Flag," by Woodrow Wilson; Thomas R. Murphy, who impersonated "Spartacus to the Gladiators," by Elijah Kellogg; John R. Callahan, who gave "The Chariot Race," by Lew Wallace. The Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D.D., Harry J. Schmitt, Esq., and Professor W. J. Mathewson acted as judges. Songs were contributed by Thomas F. Dunn, who gave Victor Herbert's "Gypsy Love Song" and the Junior Quartette, consisting of Leonard M. Costello, James R. Crowley, George E. Daschbach, and Thomas R. Murphy, who sang the "Neapolitan Boat Song."

On May 2nd, three high school Seniors competed for a silver medal in Elocution. It was awarded to Michael Toth, who recited "On the Other Train". On the same evening six college students gave orations in competition for a gold medal. Their names and subjects were the following: Francis Foley, "Tyranny in Mexico"; Edwin R. Heyl, "The True Ideal"; James T. Philpott, "The Experiment That Has Not Failed"; Patrick W. Rice, "The Outlawry of War"; Cyril J. Vogel, "Civic Pride"; Edmund J. Wiethorn, "Catholic Social Uplift". The judges were the Rev. William C. Kelty, of St. Philip's Church, Crafton, Pa., Bert H. Smyers, Esq., and Dean Hugh C. Muldoom of the Duquesne University School of Pharmacy. They awarded the honors of the evening to James T. Philpott.

The Duchess Club, whose membership is made up of women students at the University, presented the three-act comedy, "Mother Carey's Chickens," in the school auditorium on Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 4th and 5th. They were assisted by six young men students who took the male roles in the play, and by a large corps of volunteer stage hands recruited from the resident students. Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd, dean of the University School of Speech Arts, directed the production, one of the most interesting and colorful ever seen on the University stage.

The biggest event in the year for some fifty schools of Western Pennsylvania was the presentation of the magnifi-

cent pageant, "The Dreamer Awakes," on April 29th and 30th, at the Syria Mosque. The Pittsburgh Local Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was sponsor for the production which was directed by the Dean of Duquesne University's School of Drama, Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd.

It is the proud boast of Duquesne's Units that they always play a leading part in any of the activities of the C. S. M. C. in this vicinity. This year was no exception. The director was our own Doctor Lloyd; the director of costumes, Rev. John F. Malloy, C.S.Sp.; and the Choral Master, Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C.S.Sp. The Basketball team of the School of Accounts gave a very fine exhibition of their basketball prowess during the few minutes that they occupied the stage. The College Department furnished the jovial hunters who accompanied the "Prince Charming," a Duquesne boy. Paul Nee as "the handsome prince," carried off his part well. Thomas J. Quigley was the ideal "Boy Graduate," and no writeup of the pageant would be complete with a word of praise for the admirable portrayal of "Indifference" by J. William Malone. The parts of the priest and brother were taken by Raymond A. Berg and Leo A. Stader and the four college men were depicted by John Lambert, Mark Stanton, Martin J. Mooney and Maurice Rihn.

The following were the members of the Hunters: Ray Buechel, Coleman Carroll, William Shaughnessy, Joseph Bulevicius, Francis Mullen, Edward Fahey, Lawrence O'Connell, Francis Pawlowski, Mark Stanton, Joseph J. McDonald, Thomas Henninger, Joseph Lagnese, Francis Rieke, Frank de Sanctis, Joseph Mulvihill, Regis Amrhein, Louis Mine-wiser, Edward Spellman, Thomas Reilly, Michael Conroy, William Munhall, William Hogan, Francis Rooney, Joseph Gallagher, and Paul Straub.

The Crusader was accompanied by the following Duquesne University High School students as Knights: Thomas Lowther, William Zeuger, Edward McDonough, William Cushing, Paul Hogan, Joseph Battung, Leonard Scully, Thomas Creahen, Regis Wurdack, Edward Griffin, Mark Cushing, Alfred Barthen, Joseph Clark, Stephen Burdis, William Sweeney, Robert Brennan, Walter Mahler, Harry Kraeling, Joseph Kuczinski, Joseph Butler, Frank Shiring, Michael Manning, Anthony Mittlehauser, Michael Toth, Hilary Boslett, George Masley and Leon Kurtz.

“Captain Applejack”

We deem it a matter of general interest to reproduce in the MONTHLY the significant parts of the programme of the annual play presented by Duquesne University Department of Speech Arts in the Nixon Theatre, May 19th. The play selected was “Captain Applejack,” an Arabian Night’s Adventure in Three Acts, by Walter Hackett, and was most successfully produced under the direction of Clinton E. Lloyd, D.Lit., head of the Department of Speech Arts and Drama.

The following is the cast of characters:

Lush	Joseph S. McDonald
Poppy Faire	Mercedes Hoffman
Mrs. Agatha Whatcome.....	Frances M. Oberdick
Anna Valeska.....	Cora Elizabeth Nill
Ambrose Applejohn.....	Clem. Strobel
Mrs. Pengard.....	Peggy Nicol
Horace Pengard.....	Thomas J. Quigley
Ivan Borolsky.....	Thomas F. Henninger
Palmer	Stella Dougherty
Dennett	James B. Durkin
Johnny Jason	Joseph A. Johnston

Pirate crew in the Dream—Michael Dravecky, Louis G. Minewiser, Paul Nee, Thomas Reilly, Edward Spellman, John Stafford, Paul Wambaugh.

Scene—Library of Ambrose Applejohn’s House at Polperren, Cornwall, England.

Time—The Present. One Winter Night.

Act I—The Adventure.

Act II—The Dream.

Act III—The Romance.

MODERN PLAYS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

Without actual experience in selecting plays for local presentation, one could have no idea how much time and thought are contributed. This is particularly true when the selection is to be made for Duquesne University. Duquesne has set a high standard and is actively on guard with a constant vigil to maintain it. A play that will suit the University clientele and have the breadth and strength of wing to keep abreast of the lofty purpose of the School must have conspicuous dramaturgical merit. It must be chaste, it

must be wholesome, it must have vigor and it must have beauty. It must entertain and it must instruct—and above all it must have an upward pull. All these qualities are inherent in this season's offering, "Captain Applejack."

Most plays written in the last decade were written to gratify some immediate whim, or mood, of the moment, to exploit some twisted incident of morals, philosophy or ethics; and of most of them it cannot be said that there are "no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory." Few of these plays were strong enough of limb and lung for a long run, and after a hectic burst of speed on Broadway were withdrawn by their sponsors and replaced by others of whatever prevailing fashion was in vogue at the time. Seldom has one of them succeeded "on the road."

Fortunately "Captain Applejack" is of a different school; it is a distinctive exception and has made an outstanding success wherever presented. Here is a play of the very highest entertaining qualities and of literary merit; meeting every requisite of plot, incident, time, unity and coherence, and offending no established standards of morals, ethics or social usages. It is as joyous, as ingenuous, as spirited and as vital as children at play on a school campus. After an unusually successful run in New York City, covering several seasons, it toured the country and was the delight of large audiences in all communities. When played in Pittsburgh, in the Nixon, some time ago by the original company, it was considered the best offering seen there in many a day. What happened in Pittsburgh was duplicated everywhere. Following the triumph of the play in New York City and on the road, it has been a great success in professional stock companies and is still in active demand. This present production is the first made by any school in a regular theatre outside of professional organizations.

AUTHORS AND ACTORS

Walter Hackett, the author of "Captain Applejack," has had numerous successes—individual successes, as in this play—and with other playwrights in collaboration. He was co-author, with Roi Cooper Megrue, of "It Pays To Advertise," given by the Red Masquers in 1918.

The present play was brilliantly sponsored by a most notable and superbly endowed cast, selected by the author

and staged by Mr. Hackett personally. Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash were co-starred in the play—Mr. Eddinger as “Ambrose Applejohn” and Miss Nash as “Madame Valeska”. There is an “aristocracy of the stage,” an aristocracy composed of the descendants of former generations of players, and Mr. Hackett, like other adroit and masterful playwrights, draws from this part of the profession when possible. Of this favored aristocracy the co-stars, Miss Nash and Mr. Eddinger, are distinguished members; their forbears were of the stage. Miss Nash is the daughter of parents both of whom were prominent thespians, and the father, Mr. Philip Nash, was at the head of the Keith-Albee Vaudeville Booking Association at the time of his lamented death; this Association is the largest of its kind in the world. Mr. Eddinger’s father was of rare excellence as a player and a highly respected actor in the day of those great tragedians—Booth, Barrett, McCullough, et. al—who dominated the stage in that era of excellence which is now called the “old school”. The son, Wallace, was the original “Little Lord Fauntelroy” of the American stage. And this magnetic actor, we are informed, is not enthusiastic when his fellow players refer to the long, golden, curly locks that adorned the youthful “Fauntelroy”,—locks, too, that were decidedly not “the dowry of the second head”. And, yet Mr. Eddinger must thrill with a fine pride in contemplation of the wide range of characterizations bridging the early period of “Lord Fauntelroy” to this later, matured time with its impersonations of “Ambrose Applejohn.”

THIS PLAY

Every character of the play is distinctive and individualistic, possessing a sequestered personality of his or her own, and each reacts to all outward and inward stimuli as real people in life react. Each is the natural product of his own environment and past and present experiences. The playwright works with that conception of character which believes that a preponderance of our actions are involuntary—that the outward symbols of our state of being are essentially sub-conscious—habitual—that they are instinctive with life, that they respond with naturalness to their physical surroundings and manifest their thought and emotion spontaneously. Thus, with an almost clairvoyant insight into human motives and actions Mr. Hackett has given us in “Captain

Applejack" one of the very best models of "Behavioristic" playwriting, and a perfected example of the present day method of skillful stage-craftsmanship. The author's profound character analysis, his exposition, expounding and exploitation of the potency of HABIT affords a lesson that is in happy harmony with the most advanced and approved psychological laws.

The scene of the play is laid in England, at Cornwall, by the sea. All of the action takes place in the old ancestral home of the Applejohns. Here Ambrose Applejohn, now in his early forties, lives, and is the present head of the family. He lives simply, with his Aunt Agatha and his ward, Poppy, and is carefully attended by them and an old servant, Lush, who has been long in the family and filling the same position that his forbears had filled with former ancestral Applejohns.

Ambrose has lived under a rigid conventionality of action. He has ever observed a daily routine of the strictest punctuality. His food and drink—all his meals—are served at a specific time. Always in the evening he finishes his dinner with port, repairs to the library where coffee is served by Lush, in company with his ward and aunt, Poppy and Agatha. His whisky and soda is prepared for him and given to him at exactly the same time; he finds his pipe, tobacco, matches and ashtray in precisely the same position. He sits at the same easy chair and at the same table; he takes with him to his room the same books and retires at the same hour nightly. His aunt and ward and his servant, Lush, see to it that everything is provided him, without effort and without change of time, quality or position.

This monotony has now begun to pall on Ambrose and he craves a change. He wants Romance, Adventure, Excitement. "I would like to match my wits," he says, "against an arch villain, and then—love at first sight; I want to rescue a beautiful young woman from some terrible danger—preferably a foreign princess". Ambrose wants to get out into the world—into the turmoil of it, into the storm and stress of life. He would do battle for his lady-love; he thinks his heart is troubling him, but his Aunt Agatha is certain it is his "liver". This conventional scion of the respectable Applejohns thinks he feels the lure of the open road—the gypsy camp—the moonlight night—the mysterious East; Adventure, Romance, they are calling him, he thinks. He is thrilled

with the thought of it, and with the sublime anticipatory ecstasy of it he settles back deeper into his great easy chair, pulled there by the leathery hand of Old Applejohn Habit. (Did not Shakespeare mean something akin to this when he prompted Hamlet to say to the beautiful, but unfortunate, daughter of the meddling old Polonious, "for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it"?) Ambrose now dismisses his alarmed and agitated household determined to sit by the fire after his accustomed hour of ten. And, then, a KNOCK at the door; Adventure enters—and Romance beckons to him. The beautiful princess is **HERE**—to be rescued, so she confides to Ambrose; but in reality, she comes to find the secret hiding place of vast treasures hidden in this house by old Captain Applejack, the founder of the House of the Applejohns, the old piratical ancestor, who with his bloody and bold buccaneers unlawfully exacted heavy tribute of the "rich burghers of the flood" that trafficked on the aged and restless Seven Seas.

Ambrose finds a parchment telling of the notorious Captain Applejack, and, falling asleep in his luxurious chair, he is transported into the past and is now, himself, the veritable picturesque pirate, stealing Portuguese maidens, cleaving various offending heads, quelling mutinous crews, and complacently sending men to the watery plank—the victims' tragic footpath to the turbulent wastes of the mysterious Spanish Main.

Awaking from his dream, with a poker instead of a dripping sword in his hand, he is puzzled as he slowly recognizes the familiar room of his conventional and respectable home. His uncertain and astonished eyes see before him, not the militant, mutinous, murderous First Mate of his pirate crew, but his sweet, idolatrous ward—the lovely and love-lorn Poppy Faire.

And, yet, his night of adventure has not ended. But let us leave the vivid interpretation of these intense scenes to the talented players of the cast, who will reveal everything; the players, you know, can keep nothing from us. Besides Ambrose, there are a dozen able performers who will portray the fascinating story of the drama. You will see and hear Madame Valeska (Big Eyed Gladys); Mr. and Mrs. Pengard; the Hindu diviner, Zoroaster II; Borolsky, the Bolshevik spy; Johnny Jason, the "high-powered" salesman;

the clever, spying Chinaman; resourceful Dennett; faithful Lush; loyal, adorable Poppy, and masterful Aunt Agatha.

Had it not been for Ambrose's dream, he, like so many of us, would have searched with a weary spirit and exhausted body for the imaginary and always elusive "pot of gold", and then, with a perturbed soul, have returned home to find that his feet had stood right on the treasure with the arch of the "rainbow" curving like a halo over him.

The following is the programme of music prepared by the Students' Orchestra:

Overture—Golden Scepter.....	Schlepegrell
Selection—Mikado	Sullivan
Hungarian Dances—	
(a) No. 2	Brahms
(b) No. 5	
March—Drum Major	Zamecnik

We subjoin the names of the members of the orchestra: director, Professor Joseph A. Rauterkus; piano, Rev. James B. Parent; first violins, Romolo F. Acquafondata, James R. Garvey, James A. Murray, Isidore J. Schwartz, Martin F. Walsh; second violins, John P. Ackermann, Thomas R. Murphy, Joseph Schneider; viola, Mario Zeolla; 'cello, Thomas F. Henninger; bass, Frederick A. Dildine; clarinet, James E. Schwartz; saxophone, Sylvester E. Wittig; trumpet, Edward Swickle; drums, Edmund P. Fillar.



Alumni Notes

Several of the clerical alumni of the University are busily engaged on big building projects. For nearly a year the Rev. **Thomas F. Coakley**, '03, has been actively superintending the erection of what promises to be one of the grandest churches in the country. The new Sacred Heart Church, at Shady Avenue and Walnut Street, East End, is an example of the purest Tudor Gothic adapted to modern conditions. Two of Father Coakley's assistants, the Rev. **Victor Kennedy** and the Rev. **Raymond Mulvehill**, are also alumni.

The Rev. **Patrick Maher**, '00, and his assistant, the Rev. **John J. Sullivan**, '18, have just begun building a fine stone church for the parish of St. Francis Xavier, North Side, Pittsburgh.

Work is well advanced on the new school for St. Bede's congregation, Dallas Avenue, East End, of which the Rev. **John F. Enright**, '99, is pastor. It will be ready for use in September.

The new St. Paul's Cathedral rectory, at Fifth Avenue and Dithridge Street, will harmonize with the splendid group of buildings already there. This is the third structure to be erected by the pastor, the Very Rev. **William A. McMullen**, D.D., '96, the other two being the grade school and the girls' high school. The junior assistants at the Cathedral are the Rev. **C. A. Sanderbeck**, '11, and the Rev. **Vincent Burke**, '15.

The Rev. **Patrick A. Di Ranna**, '22, ordained on February 26, said his first mass at St. Mary's of the Mount on February 28 and was celebrant at the 40 hours' devotion at Duquesne University, March 3. He has been given the post of assistant pastor at Saint Francis de Sales, McKees Rocks.

In the Pittsburgh Polyphonic Choir, besides several present students, a number of alumni are found. **Daniel McCarthy**, **Joseph Pellegrini**, **John Tobin**, were noticed among others at the Choir's recent rendition of Father Rosini's oratorio, "The Son of Man." John Tobin had a solo part for which his robust tenor voice was peculiarly suited.

The Rev. **Joseph T. A. Quinlan**, C.S.Sp., who got his B.A. here, said his first mass on Sunday, December 6, 1925, at the Church of Saint Edmond in Philadelphia. Since then he is teaching Science and Languages in Cornwells Heights, Pa.

The Rev. **Dominic I. Foley** was ordained on Sunday, February 7, in the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Detroit, and on the 14th of February he celebrated his First Mass in Our Lady of the Rosary Church, Detroit.

The school was notified that one of its former students, **Joseph George Ritter**, a graduate of the High School, has won two scholarships at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The first is a Mathematics Faculty Scholarship, and the second is a Founder Scholarship. Both are awarded for superior work.

Fred J. Emig, one of Duquesne University's former students, has been given an instructorship in the University of Wisconsin while still an undergraduate. This is only the third time this has happened in the history of that school.

Wm. J. Turley, B.A., is with the National Surety Company in the Arrott Building. He is in the Claim Department.

One of our young attorneys, **Theodore L. Moritz**, has opened an office at 524 Fourth Avenue, Suite 501-502.

Steve Grunhart, who formerly attended school here, has the honor of being the youngest orchestra conductor and agent in the city. Steve has some fine jazz aggregations. He can be interviewed at 5361 Rosetta Street, E. E.

Anton Radasevich, one of Duquesne's recent graduates, has had two poems published in "The Throistle." "Truth" and "Myrtle" are both short and striking. "Truth" is a specially clever thought poem and coming from so young a poet, is quite unexpected.

The leading role in Kaufmann's production of "The Royal Vagabond" was taken by **David J. Gorman**, ex-'18. This musical show, gotten up on a magnificent scale, was staged at the Nixon Theatre for a whole week, from May 10 to 15.

Three old "Dukes" now taking professional courses at the University of Pittsburgh have part in spring dramatic offerings given by our neighboring school. In the program

of "The Red Moon," a student-made musical comedy, presented by the Cap and Gown Club at a Pittsburgh theatre and in several outlying cities, we notice under the caption of "ladies all" the names of **John W. Lauler** and **Robert McD. Murray**. And the Pitt Players, whose spring play is to be Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound," number **Joseph M. Cameron** among the principals. While here, Lauler played the lead in "The Heathen Chinees" and in two or three other shows, and Cameron and Murray appeared together in several class-plays, one of which was the original work of Cameron himself.

The national professional engineering fraternity, Theta Tau, has recently elected to membership **Edwin Ross**, now an engineering student at Tech. Election is on the basis of scholarship, personality and general activity. In sending this information, P. S. Barto, examiner at Carnegie Institute of Technology, said, "We feel that the school which prepared this young man is entitled to part of the credit for his achievement."

Wilfred D. Rush, C.P.A., and **James J. McGonigle, C.P.A.,** have just announced their association under the firm name of Rush and McGonigle, Certified Public Accountants, for the general practice of accounting, federal and state tax service. Their office is at Room 401, Century Building.

JAMES B. DURKIN, A.B., '27.



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Bishop Murphy's Career



N April 16 of this year the Holy Ghost order lost one of its most distinguished members in the person of the Right Reverend John Tuohill Murphy, Bishop of Port Louis in the island of Mauritius.

Born in the diocese of Kerry in 1854, educated at Blackrock College, one of the leading Catholic Institutions in Ireland, and selected for his scholarly attainments, he was sent out in '72 to teach the higher classes in St. Mary's College, Trinidad, and to prepare students for the valuable scholarships offered by Cambridge University. The honors achieved by his pupils in their college and university courses, and their subsequent success in professional careers, have since been to him and to St. Mary's a source of justifiable pride. After his ordination in Paris in 1878, he was appointed prefect of studies and Vice-President of Rockwell College, Tipperary. Largely through his efforts and directing influence, the students of this now celebrated college gradually forged ahead until their Alma Mater ranked with its sister institution in Blackrock.

In the summer of 1886, the Superior General of the order called upon Rockwell to make a sacrifice, and sent Father Murphy across the Atlantic to assume charge of the Pittsburgh College, an office he was destined to fill during the following thirteen years. Immediately on arriving, he set himself to study the situation, the standing of the classes, the difference in the English and the United States educational systems, and the requirements of the hour. Recognizing the importance of scientific studies in this vast manufacturing city, he gave a new impulse to the study of physics and chemistry, and, with the aid of generous friends, both cler-

ical and lay, he established a well-equipped laboratory with a full stock of apparatus. The Commercial Course he supplemented with an actual business course, where theory and practice go hand in hand; and he raised the standard and widened the curriculum of the classical department, so that the graduate might enjoy all the advantages of the most liberal training in literature and mathematics. His efforts at organization did not end here. To nurture and develop sound literary taste, love of historical research, right method of thinking and arguing, forcible and just manner of expression, he founded two debating societies, the members of which were the students of the four highest classes; such deep interest was manifested in the discussions, which were fruitful alike for the participant and the audiences, that reunions were held every week. Preliminary to the debates, the other classes supplied choice selections of elocution and interesting essays, interspersed between songs by the Glee Club, and music by the orchestra.

In February, 1890, Father Murphy preached the first of the now annual retreats to the student body, and inaugurated the custom of approaching the Holy Table on the first Friday of each month. To promote piety amongst the students and the practice of virtues suited to their different ages, he organized the Sodalities of the Child Jesus, the Holy Angels, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the Holy Ghost. These sodalities have held regular meetings ever since, and, we feel confident, are not without abundant spiritual profit.

To furnish the library in a manner worthy of the valuable books it contained, the tragedy of *Alcestis* was rendered in the original Greek on the college stage in April, 1891. As this was only the second attempt of the kind in the United States, many looked upon the undertaking as a very hazardous enterprise, and even ventured to say that it was far beyond the abilities of the students and unattractive to the public at large. But Father Murphy had accurately gauged the capabilities of his Greek scholars and the interest such a rendering would arouse in the cultured classes of Pittsburgh society. Aided by Professor Byron King, he coached the several characters in the impersonations entrusted to them; he had appropriate costumes made to order, and the Rev. John Griffin adapted passages from Mendelssohn's dramatic music to suit the choruses. The prophets of evil were agree-

ably surprised to find that an unexpectedly large and enthusiastic audience did justice to the merits of the actors, whose speeches they were enabled to follow by means of a carefully prepared printed synopsis of the play itself, and scholarly observations on the Greek drama. The sum realized, one thousand dollars, amply sufficed to purchase handsome book cases and the most up-to-date and convenient library chairs.

One of the chief drawbacks that the faculty and students labored under during the first decade of the college's existence on the Bluff, was the absence of recreation grounds. The site of the present spacious campus was studded over with unsightly tenement houses occupied by an undesirable class of white and colored citizens, and with a still more unsightly and occasionally noisier engine house with its surrounding brickyards. At much expense and not a little diplomacy, the tenement houses were bought up and leveled with the ground. Mounds of clay were carried off and turned into brick, and finally the brickyard itself disappeared. In May, '94, the Miller property was purchased, and steps were at once taken to have Eagle Street closed and incorporated with the college grounds. A handsome stone and brick wall was built along Bluff Street, and a substantial wooden fence was constructed around the three remaining sides of the rectangle. The southern portion of the grounds was sodded: an avenue, fourteen feet wide and lined with alternate poplar and maple trees, was made to run along the borders; and a neat and commodious grandstand was erected opposite the college buildings. The increased facilities for outdoor games were taken advantage of by both baseball and football teams, which soon ranked amongst the best in Western Pennsylvania. Handball courts were also built, and furnished all classes of students with the means of enjoying a most popular and wholesome sport. A roomy gymnasium, well supplied with apparatus and presided over by an experienced teacher, rounded out the college athletic equipment. To the spacious grounds, and the invigorating games indulged in and encouraged, must be largely attributed the inestimable blessing of good health enjoyed by all from that day to this.

For many years the need of a commodious college chapel was sadly felt. Father Murphy realized that the time

had come to satisfy the long-felt want. In June, 1894, ground was broken for the erection of the new building. In September, the cornerstone was laid, and, on February 3rd of the following year, the chapel was dedicated by the Right Rev. Richard Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburgh. The recently appointed Vicar-General of the diocese, Very Rev. E. A. Bush, celebrated the Solemn High Mass. The Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling, delivered a noble and eloquent discourse on the holiness of the place—holy, because of the great sacrifice offered; holy, too, because of the self-sacrificing lives of the priests of God who should say Mass there; and holy, also, because around its altar should kneel the flower of Pittsburgh Catholic youth while acquiring a deep, broad, and rounded Christian education.

The new chapel, though too costly to be completed according to the original plans, was a very graceful and elegant piece of workmanship constructed in the Gothic style of architecture, and large enough to accommodate for years to come the assembled communities and students. It was seventy feet long, forty-two feet wide, and forty-two feet high from the pavement to the central elevation. The slender columns supporting the ceiling rose twenty-six feet from the base to the capitals, upon which rest the ribs of the groined and decorated arches. The woodwork of the communion railing, separating the sanctuary from the main aisle, as well as that of the oaken stalls placed in the sanctuary for the clergy, was in consonance with the style of the chapel itself. Two beautiful side altars, with panels, niches, carved tabernacles and pinnacles, were erected by Mrs. Martin Joyce, in memory of her husband, and by Mrs. F. Lauinger, in memory of her eldest son, Hubert. The confessionals, statues and stations of the Cross were the gifts of pious and generous friends of the college. All that was needed to embellish the chapel and enhance the religious services was a handsome organ provided with all modern improvements, through means of which the highest class of compositions might be interpreted with ease. Such an instrument, designed by Professor W. L. Mayer and built by J. B. Didinger & Co., of Philadelphia, was installed in August, 1896, mainly through the untiring efforts of the Rev. John Griffin. Provided with 1290 pipes and a grand total of 42 stops, it embodies in a limited compass a multitude of perfections, and

may safely be pronounced, musically and artistically, a triumph of modern genius.

In the fall of '94 appeared the first number of the College Bulletin. The management was entrusted by Father Murphy to the late scholarly and energetic Rev. P. A. McDermott. Its main purpose was to record the doings of the college in the various departments, and thereby to stimulate increased activity within, and increased interest without, the academic walls. During the first four years of its existence, the Bulletin was issued as a quarterly, and received the most satisfactory commendations from all sides for the excellent and original articles which it contained, as well as for the lively and interesting tone in which it was edited. Since October, 1898, it has been conducted as a monthly publication, and has not only faithfully lived up to its previous traditions, but has enhanced them by the erudite articles penned by its elected editors, and outlined by its experienced management.

June 21st, 1897, saw the chapel enriched with the relics of the boy martyr, St. Romulus. The body had been exhumed in the Pontificate of Urban VIII., and the authenticity of the relics was duly established. Father Murphy procured these relics from the custodian, a famous Franciscan Friar, and Mr. J. Dawson Callery defrayed the expenses of their transportation from Rome to Pittsburgh. They now lie beneath the altar, enshrined with a wax form, the delicate loveliness of whose features suggest the innocent charm of the saint's life and the angelic beauty of his soul now crowned with a martyr's diadem.

During the Easter holidays of '99, at the first Conference of the Presidents of Catholic colleges, held in the city of Chicago, Father Murphy read a paper entitled, "The Typical College: What It Should Teach." This paper, the embodiment of his views and studies ranging over a period of twenty-six years, was "marked with lucidity and logical acumen, with completeness and thoroughness of treatment," and was destined to be his last bequest to America on the subject of education. For, in the following June, he was called away by the Right Reverend Father General to assume charge of the flourishing college in Blackrock, Ireland. During his long incumbency, he consecrated the best efforts of his life to the raising of the college standard, to the intel-

lectual and moral improvement of the student body, and the enlarging and beautifying of the college grounds and chapel. His efforts, we need scarcely say, were crowned with the success they merited, and will, for a generation to come, be duly appreciated and generously acknowlged by the hundreds of students that he equipped for the battle of life. Among the members of his community he was ever noted for his ardent zeal for the glory of God, deep piety, unquestioning obedience to authority, and faithful observance of even the minutest details of the rules of religious life. His memory is still fresh, and his example is worthy of the most ardent emulation.

From 1904 to 1906 he was president of Prior Park College, England. In the latter year he returned to America, to serve as provincial for a period of four years. He left, at the junior seminary in Cornwells, near Philadelphia, as a memorial of his administration, a very handsome stone building with clock tower and chapel. In 1910, he returned to Ireland and served as provincial until 1916. One of his most conspicuous achievements there was the purchase of the beautiful Kimmage Manor, with its extensive property, in the suburbs of Dublin, for the establishment of a novitiate for aspirants to the Holy Ghost Order. The community and people of Blackrock owe him a debt of gratitude for beautifying the college grounds. Two rows of residences lining the avenue leading to the main entrance to the campus and university class rooms, were bought and razed; another row of houses, facing the Dublin road and partially eclipsing the view of Dublin Bay, likewise disappeared to give place to a handsome iron fence and groups of shrubs with a charming variety of foliage. The passerby has now a delightful view of the college buildings and play grounds.

Father Murphy was destined by Providence for a place in the hierarchy. The see of Mauritius, an English colony east of Madagascar, falling vacant in 1916, he was preconized by the Holy Father and, in due time, consecrated bishop of Port Louis, the capital city of the island. During his episcopate, he visited distant islands under his jurisdiction on which none of his predecessors had ever ventured to set foot. As monuments of his zeal for education and the glory of God, he erected a college, a seminary and a basilica. He found time to promote substantially the process of canoniza-

tion of Father Laval, the first Holy Ghost Father to evangelize the island, and to leave behind him a record of missionary labors, prayer and austerity, which ranks with the brightest achievements of apostolic effort.

Death claimed Bishop Murphy in the seventy-second year of his age and the tenth of his episcopate. The Church mourns him as an indefatigable missionary, a profound scholar and an unusually eloquent pulpit orator. He was a faithful friend, a wise counsellor, and a model of religious regularity. His confreres grieve over his loss; those that knew him intimately may not hope to look upon his like again.

REV. H. J. McDERMOTT, C.S.Sp.





*The Experiment that Has Not Failed**

MY theme, to-night, is of the greatest importance. Although it has often been spoken of, it never grows old, for no matter where or when it is mentioned to an American audience, it is listened to with delight and eagerness, because it concerns the vital principle of America's life and America's national existence; because it recalls a sad, yet heroic story; because it brings to our minds the thought of the sacrifices the American people endured, the misery through which they passed in the perilous days of the Revolution; the wretchedness they had to undergo; the sufferings they voluntarily embraced, the lives they were willing to forego. Yet, all their misery, all their wretchedness, all their sufferings were forgotten with the realization of their dream, their ideal—the Declaration of Independence, the foundation of the nation, the adoption of the Constitution.

Our Constitution! the nations of Europe laughed at it. They did not believe that there could exist a government controlled by the people. Our conquered enemy scorned it, and thought it only a new-fangled idea, which would be crushed in the onrush of time. They expected it to crumble as other documents of old. They tried to turn public opinion against its principles and attempted to discredit it by considering it merely a piece of parchment.

But they were mistaken, for our people accepted it. They saw the justice and wisdom of it. They fought to acquire it, and died to maintain it.

Europeans, to-day, pretend to laugh at it. They say that it is still an experiment, and its stability and strength have not, as yet, been tested. Here, again, they are mistaken, for our youthful Republic has had its test, and more than one severe test. Its strength and stability were tested in the Civil War. What government could stand after having

*This oration won the gold medal at the college oratory contest, May 2, 1926.

passed through such a civil war, when brother fought against brother, father against son? You will find in history no nation, other than our own, that passed through a civil war without a change in its government. When the leaders of our people, and the people themselves, had to choose between the overthrow of our Constitution and War, they chose War. They knew the great catastrophe that was to come; they knew the terrible misery of civil war; they knew that it would be a baptism of their own native blood; yet they were willing to undergo everything that the principles of that document might be fulfilled. They wanted to see it flourish, for its preservation meant the preservation of life, liberty and happiness for all Americans.

As years rolled on, our Constitution was challenged by many nations, many parties and many creeds. But their challenging only served to manifest its fundamental principles, only served to confirm and strengthen the faith of the American people, only served to expose its justice to the entire world. Truly, minor details have been added and modified to suit the times and customs, but its vital essence has not been changed, will not be changed; its vital provisions, namely the inalienable rights of man, those God-given privileges, which have sustained and guided the American people from the first shot that was fired at Lexington, down to the last brilliant battle of our soldiers on the fields of France. These must persist as long as there breathes a true American in this land.

After the great World War, what was it that stayed the wave of bigotry that swept our land; when a few fanatics banded together to drive religion from our schools, to drive God from the innocent hearts of our young Americans? They knew the root of religion was in the parochial schools; these they made the object of their attack. They concocted a scheme that would compel all children up to a certain age to attend the public schools. The scheme, as you know, was taken to the Supreme Court; it was compared with our immortal document, and was declared unconstitutional; and God was allowed to remain in our schools. What was it that caused the downfall of the Know Nothings; a party of irreligious men who cropped up after the Civil War? What is it that crushes fanaticism, whenever it rears its disreputable head? Our Constitution! Our Constitution! We could cite case after case, yes, serious ones, too, some of which would

have meant religious wars (the scourge of nations), disintegration, revolution, and demoralization; but in all cases, our beloved document was resorted to; it was the guiding star of our people and our statesmen; it ever brought peace to our nation, and has ever kept our nation in union.

But, sad to say, there are a few Americans who know very little of our institutions and our history. Yet, what history is more interesting, more eventful, more glorious than our own? It should not only be our privilege, but it should be the duty of every American to read, to study, to learn their great document which has had such an effect on the governments of the world.

Ah! that to-night my voice could carry beyond the confines of these walls and the portals of this building to every American home, to every corner of the land, to exhort the people to learn more of their institutions and preserve and cherish their principles and ideals! For they were never in more danger of being destroyed than to-day, when, in all the countries of the world there is antagonism against governments, against religion and against God Himself. You yourselves have noticed a decided change in art, in science, in education, in music, in laws, in literature. Everywhere there is restlessness and a craze for new things; everywhere there is a rebellion against those things which have the approval of common-sense, judgment and righteousness. Men proudly proclaim their disbelief in the past and say there is no future. They scoff at religion, they mock God. You see all about you Materialism, Scepticism, Socialism and so-called Modernism. Some say that the Constitution suited the times and the people 130 or 140 years ago, but it is old-fashioned to-day. European extremists are calling to us. They want us to forget our Constitution, with its splendid gifts of individual liberty; its freedom of speech, its freedom of the press and freedom of religion, which were bought by the best blood of the land. No! No! we cannot, with all our Modernism, with all our Skepticism, with all our Materialism and Socialism, we cannot give up that document that is so dear to every American heart. All here to-night know that if it is lost or destroyed, the ultimate hope of America is lost or destroyed. Its destruction would mean the destruction of freedom, liberty, independence and democracy; and even religion would receive a fatal blow, from which it might never recover.

But let us cast aside our ways of unbelief. Let us have confidence in the greatest accomplishment of the founders of our nation. Let us believe in the past as well as in the future. Let us uphold the principles of the Constitution, which Washington gave to us and Lincoln saved for us. And let us make a firm resolution to-night to respect, uphold, and defend the Constitution of the United States, even unto death.

The Constitution of the United States of America might be only an experiment—but it is the Experiment that Has not Failed.

JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A. B., '27.



The Hour Cometh

"The Hour Cometh That Whoever Killeth You
Will Think That He Offereth Homage to God."

The evening bell rings o'er the peaceful land,
The sun begins to hide his glowing head;
The weary shepherd seeks his climbing band,
As sundown paints the monastery red.

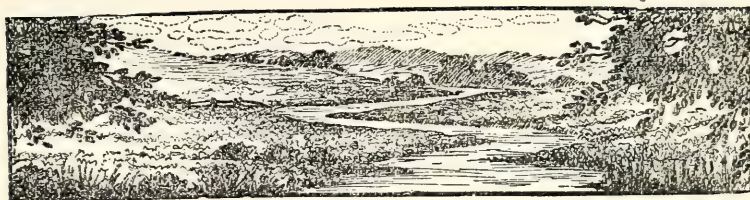
The happy monks troop in for evening prayer,
Their day of loving labor nearly done;
And chanting hymns with cloistered pious care,
They kneeling bid adieu the setting sun.

But seldom eve had seen a night so dread!
Beneath yon shady trees an army lay;
Longing to make the sunny transient red
The real shade of yonder holy clay.

Now harsh the horrid crash of martial arms,
And quick the cruel soldiers' flaming steel,
As peaceful monks, so seeming safe from war's alarms,
Are crushed beneath a Godly tyrant's heel.

Then cries the murderous fiend, "It is God's will!"
But dying monks the Saviour's words now see,
"The day will come when men will maim and kill
My sons, My chosen ones, to honor Me."

P. W. RICE, A. B., '27.



A Deserted Farm

"'Till fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

THERE is no sadder sight to one who has been raised on a farm than to see one utterly deserted—one that has no sign of life, and stands mute, far from all signs of habitation. It was my misfortune to come face to face with such a sight not many weeks ago.

On approaching the farm I could see that no human being had been on or even near the premises for a long time. The farmhouse stood out merely as a shell of its olden self and reminded one of a lifeless body. Close by could be seen an inviting spring where no doubt many visits had been joyfully paid. These various sights reminded me of my youth when many sports could please me and, to quote the poet, "where humble happiness endeared each scene." I strolled through the spacious lawn, which extended far to the rear—now a tangled mass of rank weeds—and I paused at every reminder of my childhood days. There could be seen the now silent mill and the babbling brook which seemed to be calling for the children, long since gone.

Proceeding to the interior of this large farmhouse, which was unlocked, I noticed that, though dust-covered, it was very orderly. Sorrow I could read on everything, and sorrow I could feel within myself for this lonely and deserted farm. All was sorrow, yet gladness could be seen, because there was no one present to molest the solitude of the surroundings. I was melancholy, too, because only one who has been closely allied with rural customs can imagine or even perceive the loneliness of a deserted farm.

I examined but one or two rooms. The desolation was too much for me, and I hurried out. By the garden gate, now dangling on one rusty hinge, stood the four-posted

belfry where once the dinner-bell hung. The wheel and rope were still there, but long ago some passing lads had stolen the noisy bell. Down a lane between raspberry-bushes, now luxuriously wild for want of attention, I strolled toward the orchard. Last year's apples rotted on the ground, this spring's blossoms were still scattered here and there on the branches, but a wild profusion of suckers had grown from the trunks, for want of yearly pruning. Here and there a gaunt dead tree stretched its crooked arms to the sky. The pig-sty was empty. I would have welcomed then even the harsh grunting of its former tenants. The windows of the barn gaped wide open, and I could see the sky beyond through two of them that happened to be in line.

From the hilltop behind the barn I scanned the fields, where rye and wheat, corn and potatoes, once grew in abundance. All lay fallow, given up to noisome burdock and thorny brier. Two fields away, an ancient scarecrow still spread his stiff arms and wore his dented hat at a rakish angle. As I gazed in his direction, from the neighboring wood came the raucous "caw-caw" of the crows, and one of them, to add to the irony of the situation, lighted on his outstretched arm.

JOS. T. KILKEARY, A. B., '27.

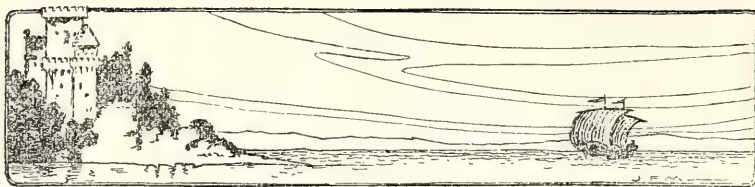


Statics and Dynamics

In the list of "don'ts" that figure
In the life of every man,
There is one that should be followed
If by any means it can.
It's a sure and certain method
To resist the storms of life,
To win out o'er every trouble,
To be first in every strife;
It's: "Don't be static."

Then if one should not be static,
What should be his guiding star?
For a "don't" is not a standard
Nor will carry heroes far.
Howe'er this question's not so hard,
It's answered now with ease;
It's a simple, working rule,—
Just another of the "be's."
It's: "Be dynamic."

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.



America's Contribution to Constitutional Government

(Offered in the National Oratorical Contest)

THE most fundamental of all the aspects of society is government. In that field no critic can deny America's supremacy. The earliest form of constitutional government can be traced back to the Hellenic world when Athens and Sparta framed and adopted a constitutional government which marked out their singularity, stability, and persistent efficiency in public life and politics. Since that time each government has framed and adopted such a constitution as would conform to the ideal of its people. But these constitutions were hitherto all defective. They were the composition of the nobility and aristocracy, whose chief idea was to keep in subjection the "dull populace." But as the people grew numerous and distinguished, as they came to a better appreciation of the value of liberty, they demanded a greater representation in the law-making body of their government and a better revision of the laws and principles of their constitution which till then favored the upper classes. Such defects in favor of the nobility and aristocracy were done away with when the convention which met at Philadelphia in May, 1787, framed and adopted the Constitution of the United States.

The Constitution of America was the fusion of the English elements and colonial precedents into a formal code of laws which has since then spread its fire of power and unity, its essence of democracy and liberty, into the four corners of the world. America's system of self-government contained two elements hitherto all but unknown to political practice. The first was democracy, which has since had a great influence on the development of European politics. This policy was extended to large areas and great numbers of people by means of the representative system. The other element

was that more tangible scheme of government, the government of federal states which retained their separate identity and powers, yet constituted one undivided nation. That this is a real contribution is evinced by the fact that the Constitution which embodied it has been copied, often almost verbatim, by many European states and by practically every state which has arisen outside of Europe—in Central and South America, in Australia and South Africa.

Another element which the American Constitution embodied was the principle which we call liberty. Personal liberty, no less than political, was engendered by the individualistic elements which found and subdued this land. It was a challenge to the old world of formalisms and autocracies to throw off the yoke of these forms of government; and at the same time it was an encouragement to the common people of the world to safeguard themselves against the dire onslaught of the nobility and aristocracy who had so long tried to subdue their democratic spirit.

The best spirit and patriotism which the American Constitution engenders is seen in the formation of the government and constitution of Poland. One can recall in history the days of 1793 when the three foes, Russia, Prussia and Austria, tore to pieces a country whose power a thousand years back was the scourge of Europe and was then revered by these very foes. One can imagine what great sorrow and terror befell the people of a country which had to give up its traditional rights and constitution in favor of another. But that spirit of patriotism did not die; for in 1918, when the long awaited Armistice was signed, Poland's spirit rose and this time to victory. She betook herself at once to the task of forming and reconstructing a country whose very principles and ideas were based on the American government and Constitution. The Polish people joyfully looked forward to the adoption of a new Constitution, which would give liberty and democracy as granted by our own. They framed a Constitution not on the old regimental principles but in the spirit of a new democracy and liberty which, we feel, is to ring throughout Poland's momentous history.

Another achievement of America's contribution to Constitutional Government was the influence she had on French politics, when France perfected her constitution and government in 1875. The Revolution of 1789 left France practically beyond reconstruction. Nearly everywhere in France

there was some kind of a despotic governmental administration. When the French National Assembly met at Bordeaux in 1875 to revise its constitution, its ideas were focused upon the American ideal of government. The assembly did away with the monarchical form and set up a republic with a President as the administrator. Then followed the revision of the Constitution of France, which was a tremendous success. Now France prides herself on having a government which during fifty years has suffered many onsets, and still exists, because it has a strong foundation, a foundation of American ideals similar to those which prevail throughout the world.

America's contribution to Constitutional Government has been an international success. It was the American genius of Woodrow Wilson that gave the nucleus and rise to the League of Nations. It was America's plea for a world peace that brought about the close of the World War. It was America's desire to see a pure democratic world. The American ideal of a constitutional government was like a great wild fire spreading through the thick, overgrown trees of the forest till it reached its destination,—Democracy and Liberty. These ideals so possess the hearts of the American people that they cannot but sympathize with the efforts of any country that tries to acquire liberty and democracy. These were also the characteristics of a government and Constitution pure yet idealistic, powerful yet democratic, literal yet liberal.

Finally, America's tremendous task in spreading her ideals among the continents of the world, was a task unexcelled and unexampled in history. Every people contributes some phase of its renown to the world; every country forms a government adapted to the character of its people, every nation has some international significance, whether it be in its government or ideals; but America's democratic spirit, America's government and Constitution will be the foundation of many more governments, and her idealistic institutions will live long, even beyond the dreams of her founders.

HARRY E. FELICH, H. S., '26.



Civic Pride

(Contest Oration)

THE marvelous story of Pittsburgh with its fabulous wealth, its great industries and institutions that are famous the world over, is so romantic and intriguing as to read like a page from the magical realm of fiction. The story of its courage and its history cannot fail to produce pride in the heart of every resident of the city. Founded in 1753 by the French who came from the land beyond the Great Lakes and built Fort Duquesne on the Point, down to the present time its narrative is one of achievement and progress. Near the close of the French and Indian War, the British captured and rebuilt the ruined fortress, naming it Fort Pitt in honor of the Earl of Chatham. With the opening of Ohio and Kentucky to settlement, Pittsburgh rapidly developed into frontier a trading post. In 1794 it was incorporated as a village and in 1816 as a city. The great fire destroying a major part of the city occurred in 1845; but surmounting that misfortune with the same spirit and determination that had made the city rise in the wilderness, it was rebuilt, and in 1907 was consolidated with Allegheny, making it Greater Pittsburgh. The proud position it holds to-day, commanding the attention and respect of the entire world, is due to the spirit of its founders who pushed back the frontiers and to their descendants who have sent its exports into every portion of the globe.

Unfortunately, however, during the past years, there has been a lack of interest in the welfare and advancement of the city. A few months ago serious-minded men, realizing the danger to the continued progress of the city in this apathy of its citizens, introduced a "Know Your City" week, having for its end, as the title expressed it, the spreading abroad of the facts about Pittsburgh. Recently a bill was introduced into the state legislature advocating the making of Pittsburgh

and environs a metropolitan district. Both these movements evince an effort on the part of Pittsburghers to make amends for the past years when they allowed the city and its history to go unnoticed and unseen. These two acts are the signs of a citizenry awakening to a realization of the position, interest and power of their native city. And if ever a city needed such a campaign Pittsburgh certainly did. For to the vast hosts who call it their home city, it was merely a place in which to make money. There is an old saying that a prophet is without renown in his own country; to paraphrase it, Pittsburgh was a city without honor to its citizens. But outsiders recognize its value. They come here from abroad and are impressed with its activities, its beauty, its places of interest and historical significance. They come to see and do homage not alone for its manufacturing plants, its railroads, its iron and steel industry, its commercial enterprises, but to its artistic endowments, its scientific efforts, its contribution to music, its influence of uplift, through the free library system, its educational facilities. They come because they realize what we Pittsburghers do not. They do homage because they see the spirit of its men and women. They come because they appreciate the value and world standing of our city.

We, who reap the reward and result of those sturdy pioneers who braved the terrors of an unknown land, who lived in constant danger of attack by savages, display only a meager interest in the city that is our own. And there is much of which Pittsburgh can be proud. Countless factories and mills fill the coffers of the city with gold. Buildings of architectural magnificence and parks of beauty are found in every quarter of the city. Railroads from all over the country pass through its portals and its railway tonnage exceeds that of any other city in the world. The Iron City is figuratively and actually the World's Workshop. The largest steel car plant and the most extensive single group of blast furnaces in the world are within her limits. Nature, too, seemed to want to place our city among the highest, for she has with a generous hand deeply underlaid its many hills with coal, petroleum and natural gas. These bountiful gifts, aided by the two waterways that converge into one of our largest rivers, have made Pittsburgh a manufacturing and shipping center. Its art exhibits, like its products, draw the attention of the world; and its educational assets comprise four great

schools of higher learning and a splendid working system of public and parochial schools, both elementary and secondary.

If the people could only realize the greatness of Pittsburgh, its achievements and its aims as a center of society, industry and education; if they came to know what the world at large has been forced to acknowledge, that not alone in coal and coke and smoke and mills and factories and workshops, but also in the higher attributes in education, music, and the arts, in science and in invention, the city has accomplished great things, they would want to show their civic pride and they would display that love and affection which they owe their native city.

Judged by the standards of patriotism, courage, generosity and enterprise, Pittsburgh ranks high among the cities of the world. Rich in every sense, in the romance connected with its early history, in its record of patriotism in war, and in its industrial development, Pittsburgh stands unchallenged on the mighty pinnacle of achievement. In every crisis of our nation, Pittsburgh has not been found wanting. Responding nobly to every appeal, it has done more than its share to lessen the afflictions of the unfortunate and the needy. Suffering humanity in our city has never gone unrelieved. During the war the citizens gave unstintingly and constantly to the calls of the Red Cross, K. of C., and other relief organizations. It has learned the lesson of service.

It is the spirit of the individuals massed together that gives the city its spirit. It is the attitude of the crowd that gives the city its attitude. Buried perhaps under the smokestacks of a hundred factories, drowned out by the grind of ceaseless machinery, lost in the whirl and speed of the busy thousands, the spirit of Pittsburgh still lives and animates its citizens. The spirit to go forward, to mount upward vivifies the power of our city and radiates to every corner of it. Know your city, be a part of your city, love your city, as you go about your tasks. Be determined to aid its promotion and share in its progress.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.

The Derelict

(In dedication to an old man who has lost his job and cannot get another)

I'm through—my task is finished;
I can get no more from life.
My energy has diminished;
I'm worn by toil and strife.

My limbs are bruised and battered,
My heart is crushed with woe,
My mind and nerves are shattered,
My steps are weak and slow.

No more have I the vigor,
No more the will and force
To breast life's cruel rigor:
I have but deep remorse.

I tried, and trying thirsted,
'Gainst odds too great for man:
Alas! I have been worsted;
On me I feel the ban.

I grasped success's flower
To press it to my heart;
But Nemesis with her lower
Touched it—it fell apart.

I've scented victory's fragrance,
I've tasted fortune's sweets;
But the acid of their vagrance
Turned deeds into defeats.

So, what's the use of trying?
The trail is ended now;
Life's heavy hand is lying
Upon my wrinkled brow.

I am no longer wanted,
I'm nothing but a slave;
I'm ever closely haunted
By Death—and then! the grave.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

The Conqueror

No time or tide for him does wait ;
He rules the winds, the bounding sea.
Where cowards rail 'gainst dreadful fate
He makes all things successful be.

He makes mistakes and meets delays,
But through it all with measured pace,
He travels in his quiet ways,
And thoughtful ever is his face.

He moves, perhaps, but slow each day,
But just as forceful as the sea ;
His purpose is not led astray,
And he must gain his destiny.

Upon a mountain peak alone
He scans with thoughtful eye the years,
And feels that rightly has he sown,
For courage has removed all fears.

JOHN MURPHY, A. B., '28.



Why College Graduates Go Wrong



T is fairly obvious that a large number of college graduates become failures in life. It is likewise fairly obvious that the rest are so distributed along the whole scale by which accomplishment is measured that the ascription to many of them of the terms success or failure is a matter of mere convention in the use of language. To what is this failure due? Don't college graduates know enough or are they delinquent in materializing their knowledge? The bifurcated nature of the question might suggest that perhaps too much emphasis in the past has been laid upon the negative to the first part of the interrogation whereas in reality a better clue can be found in the affirmation of the second part. Modern colleges impart knowledge more freely and more extensively than ever before. As a matter of fact they do so with too much generosity. In consequence, students, those who are such in the proper sense of the word, are liable to take on a certain mental cast which we may designate as intellectualism in order to connote something which, while like intelligence in outward seeming, is really not intelligence at all.

Intellectualism is the ability to grasp quickly what is handed out as information but is in reality malformation in consequence of the student's loathness to vitalize it or have it function in any higher form than that of mental bric-a-brac or magic passwords to open academic portals. Intelligence, on the other hand, is that mental power by means of which the knowledge received is reasonably and appropriately evaluated and utilized. Hence the two, though seemingly alike, are in reality diametrically opposite in the matter of fertility for action, are related to each other as negative and positive, as static and dynamic, and generally are inversely proportional to teach other. The old catchword that knowledge is power has deluded many a brilliant ass into believing himself king of the forest because he goes about in an academic lion skin, but the bray belies the vesture. His very pretense and pose is but a confirmation in asininity. The intelligent man, on the contrary, knows that knowledge is power only on condi-

tion that it really is knowledge and that its owner knows when and where and how to use it. Intelligence then, as contradistinguished from intellectualism, is ability to translate thought into action.

Intelligence connotes good-will, in the sense at least in which this latter term is used to mean readiness to play the game. Failure in life is usually due to one's inability or reluctance to conform to the exigencies of his environment. Success in life is expressive of a person's adaptability to make the most appropriate and fruitful responses to the situations at hand. Now the intellectualist is only too prone to yield to the lure of trying to beat the game; the intelligent person makes it a point always and at all times to play the game according to the rules. Hence, while the former apparently gets more excitement out of life, in reality he gets nowhere because he is chasing a will-o'-the-wisp and he eventually ends up in discomfiture; whereas the latter, though his march seems to be slower, is in reality advancing faster because he is following the lode-star of life and will eventually arrive at his goal.

Going a step further, we might point out that too many college graduates possess high amplitude but low rate of mental vibration. This distinction is analogous to that between amperage and voltage in electric current. Amperage corresponds to amplitude, while voltage and rate are analogous. In the proverbial nutshell, this is merely a matter of quantity versus quality. Amperage determines the quantity of electricity in an electric current, while voltage determines the rate at which that current flows. And, although no voltage can exist without amperage, it is the voltage that makes electricity appropriately applicable to so many cases. So it is in our mental activity: our mental efficiency is proportional, not to the amount of our thought, but to the vigor and coherence with which we think it. Furthermore, to put the same idea in another way, a contractor cannot build a house by merely placing on the lot the different materials in some fixed proportion as regards quantity. The existence of a house as such depends not on these materials but on the manner in which they are put together. Never would these materials constitute a house unless work of appropriate quality were associated with them. No matter how much a college graduate knows, he is a failure unless he can so employ his knowledge as to make himself useful to the world.

This proclivity for amplitude as opposed to rate is rooted in an overweening tendency to synthesis as opposed to analysis. Analysis requires more mental concentration than does synthesis. The analyst becomes aware of more difficulties than does the synthesist; he detects more errors in his manipulation and, in general, becomes more cognizant of the variety of the factors operative in life, and more acquainted with the variety of the laws of their operation. The human tendency to leave difficulties alone and to remain unconscious of one's own errors makes synthesis more popular than analysis with the vast majority of human beings, college graduates included. For every individual seeking to open up new sources of welfare to human beings by unraveling the mysteries of coal-tar there are a thousand individuals aiming to achieve their ideal of happiness by having their name emblazoned in electric lights as the label on some new-fangled concoction of perfume and chalk as the *ne plus ultra* in toothpaste.

Perhaps we can best sum up the thought of the present paper by quoting Sterne's statement: "Knowledge is the dictionary, sense is the grammar of science." Most college graduates are just as badly off as the person who knows the vocabulary of a certain language but lacks the knowledge of grammar necessary to use that vocabulary. Instead of making it a point to become increasingly receptive to truth so as to get ever sharper and sharper focus on reality they have arrested their mental development in order to give themselves to a premature activity and hence are not attuned to those intangibles and imponderables that constitute the still small voice wherewith Nature reveals her secrets to those worthy of them. Being themselves inarticulate in their make-up, they find Nature's voice inarticulate in its message; being static themselves they find Nature's whisperings to be nothing but static and possessed of no higher quality than invitation to noise and jazz.

And yet, after all, why be so hard on college graduates? True, they do not know themselves, but who does know himself? The ancient Greeks considered self-knowledge to be the pinnacle of wisdom. Why should college graduates be so severely taken to task for not having arrived at the pinnacle when so much of their time has been spent in kotowing before professorial chairs and academic thrones filled by wooden-indians?

STANISLAUS LUBARSKI, B. S., '29.

The Plight of the South

Every drastic change that takes place in the moral and social makeup of the human family has its far reaching effects. Like a pebble tossed into the middle of a quiet peaceful mill pond, a radiating disturbance is immediately set up which spends itself against the far distant shores. So we are not surprised, in looking back over the world's history, to find a large number of social, economic, political, religious and ethical pebbles suddenly ruffling the peaceful surface of human affairs and oftentimes leaving in their wake, unexpected evils along with the good primarily intended.

Among such momentous events, destined seriously to affect posterity, as well as the times in which they occur, the Emancipation Proclamation, issued in 1863 by President Lincoln, is one that stands forth as a noteworthy example along the rough road of civilization.

Certainly no one, even at this late date, can truthfully maintain that Lincoln acted either from a sentimental or un-Christian motive when he decided, after years of reflection and keen foresight, to take the final step that would free millions of his fellow-countrymen from the bonds of human slavery. Yet this act, viewed under the cold light of history, clearly shows that the edict which deprived the Confederate States of their human slaves has also brought about economic disaster in the same territory. For, at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, the South, resting, as it did, on a black, cruel, and unwholesome foundation, vied with the free North for political, social and financial supremacy of the world's greatest republic. But with one stroke of the pen, the Confederacy was shorn of its power. True, the armies of Grant subdued the forces of Lee, but, even with this setback Dixie might yet have recovered her lost prestige and mounted anew to economic heights in a score of years had she not been forced to surrender her cruel and bloody grip on negro labor.

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House, the South for the first time realized her plight. Like a tottering structure she presented a pitiable sight. The best and finest flower of her youth lay dead on a hundred battle fields or cruelly maimed and mangled in hospitals. Her fields,

homes, towns, and cities were ravaged, smoldering in ruins or lying in utter decay for want of attention. Her people were surrounded by an invading army, and the worst element of a suddenly freed negro race ran rampant among them.

During the four years of war many things had happened. Her rich, splendid and prosperous cotton trade had suddenly been destroyed by the Union fleet blockading her ports. As a result, the French and especially the English, both of whom were severed from their source of raw cotton, turned to other parts of the world for their requirements, thus creating cotton producing competitors in India and Egypt. Deprived of this lucrative revenue, and having wasted her stored-up wealth in the prosecution of the war, the South faced years of depression. Her capitalists were ruined financially. Her best leaders were gone. Her markets, which might have been rehabilitated with the aid of slave labor, were swept away, and her best friend, Abraham Lincoln, lay dead, the victim of an assassin. Then she easily became a prey to unscrupulous men, who were too cowardly to fight in the ranks of the Union army, yet who, now that the war had ceased, immediately began to play the part of the vandal and pillager in the helpless Confederate States.

It is needless to say, that after half a century of ceaseless effort to recover her lost glory, the South had failed to do so. Economic figures have proved, that while she has done wonders, she yet needs aid in retrieving her former position.

This aid is nothing else than the same cheap labor on which her past success rested. And she must have it, if she is to compete with the Indian and Egyptian cotton producers. But how is this to be brought about? A return to human slavery is absolutely unthinkable. Importation of Chinese, Japanese and Negroes is out of the question. Yet something must be done, and done soon.

Fortunately there is one way out, namely to harness her natural water power, and thus make use of the only real, legal and practical slave that any civilization should tolerate, —electricity.

Our Government, under the leadership of President Woodrow Wilson, has already taken steps in that direction. A large electric plant, capable of producing an enormous

amount of power, is now ready for use at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, the very heart of Dixie. All that is lacking now, is a real leadership and a sound, businesslike policy on the part of the President, who should see that the project is operated cheaply, efficiently and to the advantage of the section affected.

The plant is now in readiness, and has been found to operate satisfactorily; but the present Republican Administration appears to be very anxious to shirk its plain duty to the South. Is it that they believe the plan to be impracticable? Surely the experience of the Canadian Government, which proves every day at Niagara Falls that water power can be harnessed, converted into electricity, and distributed cheaply and efficiently over a wide area, is enough to convince any one that the plan is no idle, impracticable day dream. Yet, the very thought of following the example of our Northern neighbor is repugnant to the delicate conscience of our congressmen.

If the present administration could be made to see its plain duty, and having once seen it, be shamed into action, they would no longer hesitate, but immediately begin to make Muscle Shoals what it should be.

With cheap power efficiently distributed throughout the South, prosperity would soon return to Dixie. The standard of living both of the poor white and of the negro would be raised; the price of cotton would be lowered, and new markets created both in the Northern cities and in foreign countries. Besides the prosperity and better standards of living throughout the Southern States would immediately open a new market for the manufactured products of our industrial North.

Only in one way can the United States expect to become what she should be,—a happy, prosperous and contented country. Only by one course can true progressive harmony reign between the various sections and States of this mighty land. Only by one policy will we have a mighty united people, living happily and safely under the folds of Old Glory, and that is by the general adoption of the slogan:

"ALL FOR ONE, ONE FOR ALL."

THOMAS LYNCH, A.B., '26.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Mental Accountancy

IN the course of mercantile and financial progress made in recent years, the position and importance of the accountant has become a recognized and established fact. Accounting has become a profession. Large schools have been opened, specializing in this branch. Hundreds of Certified Public Accountants are turned out of these yearly.

The above facts are cited by way of comparison. There is a distinct aspect of accountancy which concerns us very intimately. It should form an essential part of each person's make-up. Everyone should in a greater or less degree be an accountant. Being an accountant in life should help anyone on the road to success.

Not only in business life should this apply, but in all our thoughts; it should become a mental habit. In the first place, a man should be an accountant in his daily life and routine. This statement, although it may seem strange, is merely equivalent to saying that a man should possess good, common sense. No matter how great a genius a man may be, no matter with what talent or ability he is endowed, it is essential that he be able to make a living to provide himself with the necessities of life, to guard himself from becoming the prey of crooked business men—in a word, not to be a sucker. That these desirable qualities are often lacking can easily be seen from a few examples.

Beethoven, whom many consider the world's greatest musical genius, was utterly lacking in those mental qualities

which would enable him to deal sensibly with the ordinary things of life. We learn, for example, that he hired a horse with a view to taking exercise, lodged him in a stable, and then forgot so completely about him that he was amazed when, two months later, he received a bill for his board and keep. We learn, furthermore, that his affairs were in a continual state of turmoil, and that even when shaving he would cut himself horribly. As a result of his carelessness and self-neglect he became deaf. He thus deprived the world of many products of his genius which, no doubt, would have flowered forth had he possessed in even a minor degree the faculty of self-accountancy. We all know how many people become suddenly rich and just as suddenly become poor again. There is an old saying, "Easy come, easy go." It was only recently that the news came out of a famous motion picture heroine's falling a prey to several crooked business men and her consequent financial ruin.

In the second place, accountancy should become a mental habit. The habits of the accountant,—the efficiency, the order, the exactness, the grasp of detail, the summarizing and organization of facts and events,—should all be characteristic of our thoughts.

Take the habit of efficiency, for example. How much benefit would it be to us if we could only learn to be efficient, to do things in the best way, in the quickest time, with the least consumption of energy! It would be an untold advantage.

It needs little expounding to make manifest the importance of the habit of order. Order in one's home, in one's surroundings, in one's actions, in one's thoughts, it goes without saying, is truly a desirable thing.

And then, the grasp of headings, of the important things, of the main subdivisions of things, the bird's-eye view of facts, so characteristic of the accountant, is a kind of ability that will stand everyone in good stead.

Lastly, let us mention the habit of exactness. How beneficial would it not be to the human race if everyone were exact, how prohibitive of error, of mistakes—how inimical to misunderstandings and to turmoil in general!

So one might run on indefinitely extolling the virtues of the habit of mind which might be called "mental accountancy." But let this suffice. Let it show us a new mode of reorganizing our habits and mental attitudes, and let it be

for us a new formula for the much desired and always coveted prize—success.

THOMAS F. HENNINGER, A. B., '28.

MENTAL ACCOUNTANCY—ANOTHER VIEW


Mental accountancy is the clear and concise method with which man can dispose his mental abilities. It is orderly arrangement that enables its possessor to cope successfully with one, two or three mental occupations without confusion. As such it serves to offset the problems confronting the individual.

To perceive the need of some form of mental accountancy is but matter of a casual glance at the works of nature. There can be but one conclusion: Nature works in perfect order, as commanded by Almighty God. It is somewhat of a miracle that impresses one upon whom there dawns for the first time an idea of how perfect in order Nature always is. It is more than a miracle; it is a mystery. Nature is the same to-day as it was thousands of years ago; it will be the same to-morrow and a thousand years hence.

Mental accountancy, therefore, in comparison with Nature must represent a form of perfect order, under the sub-heading of a "well-balanced mind." The mind that works in chaos is but a jumbled-up tangle of ideas that, at best, are useless and that generally are a nuisance to their possessor or, rather, possessee. Someone has wisely said that it is impossible to think of two things at once, and from this the conclusion might be taken that well-arranged mental power is an impossibility. Such a conclusion, however, would be unwarranted, because knowledge of many subjects is compatible with seeing them in such perspective as to have one aspect of them in the forefront of consciousness and engaging the principal attention of the mind.

Mental accountancy, then, is that orderly arrangement of the mind which is directly a reflection of the order of external nature and, thereby, indirectly a mirror of that happy state about which we learned in childhood, that order is heaven's first law.

JOHN F. McKENNA, A. B., '28.



News of The Campus

Both the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese and his venerated predecessor paid homage to the memory of the late Bishop Murphy by assisting at the solemn Mass of Requiem offered up for him on June 1 in the University chapel. The officers of the Mass were the following, all former pupils of Bishop Murphy: celebrant, the Very Rev. William A. McMullen, V. G., rector of St. Paul's Cathedral; deacon, the Rev. Lawrence A. O'Connell, P. P., of the Church of the Epiphany; subdeacon, the Very Rev. Michael A. McGarey, V. F., of St. Aloysius' church, Wilmerding. The Rev. S. M. Zaborowski, C. S. Sp., and the Rev. Eugene Gillespie, C.S.Sp., acted as masters of ceremonies, and students from the college of arts filled the minor functions. The Rev. H. J. Goebel, C. S. Sp., of St. Mary's, Sharpsburg, and the Rev. John F. Enright, P. P., of St. Bede's, Dallas avenue, acted as chaplains to Bishop Boyle, and the Rev. Daniel Devlin, P. P., of St. Stephen's, Hazelwood, and the Rev. A. J. Wigley, P. P., of St. John the Baptist's, Liberty avenue, acted as chaplains to Archbishop Canevin. Other priests present, besides the Fathers of the University, included the Rev. Paul Campbell, diocesan superintendent of schools; Rev. Fathers John Hagel, John Janczukiewicz, C. S. Sp., Anthony Lachowsky, C. S. Sp., John R. McKaveny, Theophile Meyer, C. S. P., Angelo Oppici, O. F. M., J. Schultz, C. S. Sp., Francis C. Streiff, Henry Thiefels, C. S. Sp., and Joseph A. Young. The Right Rev. Bishop, after giving the absolution, recommended to the prayers of the students "this richly-endowed scholar who had built so nobly upon his natural gifts, brought such honor upon the priesthood, and contributed so largely to the establishment of the work whose advantages they now enjoy." The Senior Choir, in the organ loft, and the Junior Choir, in the nave, sang the Requiem in a faultless manner; both had been trained by the Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C. S. Sp.

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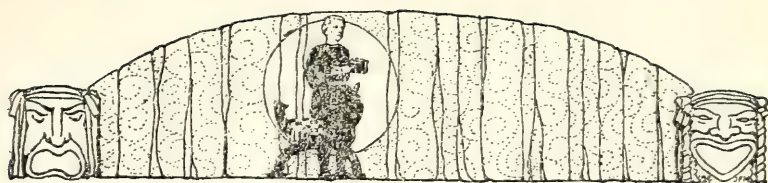
F. Arthur Molinari, of Thomas Boulevard, Pittsburgh, was elected president of the Duquesne University Pharma-

ceutical Association for the year 1926-27, at a meeting held May 24. He succeeds James R. O'Connor. Miss Letty G. Lacey was re-elected secretary and treasurer. Mr. Molinari, who is a graduate of the Westinghouse High School, is one most active workers in the Duquesne School of Pharmacy. In addition to being an honor student, he played on his school basketball and baseball teams in the intramural league, and was a member of the committee which conducted the highly successful Association dance at the club house of the Congress of Women's Clubs in Penn Avenue.

* * *

According to immemorial usage, the members of the Holy Ghost Sodality—practically the whole student body of the College of Arts and Letters—assisted at the Solemn Mass in the University chapel on Pentecost Sunday, and received Holy Communion. The Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., delivered the sermon on this occasion.





The Big Play---An Appreciation

THE big audience that gathered in the Nixon Theatre on the night of May 19th to see the "Dukes" in their annual play, "Captain Apple-Jack," expected a smooth and pleasing performance, but they got much more. Unwonted thrills, the icy chill of horror, uproarious laughter, and a bit of tender sentiment, all had their part in an evening of varied pleasures, that amply justified the sub-title Walter Hackett gave to his play, "An Arabian Night's Adventure in three acts."

Clement Strobel achieved a remarkable characterization in the dual role of the suave, bored young Englishman and the cruel pirate of his dream. Come to think of it, about half the roles were dual ones. Mercedes Hoffman and Cora Elizabeth Nill divided honors as the ward who becomes a ship's boy in the dream, and the gorgeous Russian dancer transformed into a captured Portuguese beauty, and finally into a desperate female crook. Thomas F. Henninger had the bulk, the thunderous voice, and the bluff sternness required of Borolsky, by turns Bolshevik and pirate mutineer. Thomas J. Quigley was slight, secretive, stealthy, as befitted the Pengard of reality and the Chinaman of the dream. Frances Oberdick as Aunt Agatha, Peggy Nicol as Mrs. Pengard, Joseph S. McDonald as Lush, Joseph A. Johnston as Jason, and James B. Durkin as Dennet, gave realistic impersonations that were quite off the beaten track; and the pirate crew, some of them swarthy, some of them black, contributed elements of excitement and picturesqueness that fully rounded out a colorful production.

The nature of the piece was such that make-up artists were kept extremely busy between the acts; and no small credit goes to them for the clever changes in facial contour and complexion brought about in these short intervals. Most of the characters in the dream had to resume for the third act the appearance they had taken on for the first: grease-paint, lining pencils, and powder, had to fly, but they did!

Two highly artistic backgrounds and some ingenious lighting effects gave the wild tale its proper setting. It was a big undertaking, but Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd, the director, was equal to all its demands.

Appropriate music, both during the acts and between them, was contributed by the leading man, the pirate chorus, and the University orchestra. All in all, Captain Applejack added new laurels to the departments of English, Drama and Music.



Compliments of o friend

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Commencement

THE forty-eighth annual commencement of Duquesne University was held in Soldiers' Memorial Hall on Wednesday evening, June 16. The various departments of college grade granted degrees and diplomas to 179 students, as follows: twelve in the graduate school, 37 in the law school, 38 in the college of arts and letters, one in the school of drama, nine in the college of science, 53 in the school of accounts, eight in the pre-dental course, and 21 in the pre-medical course. Besides this, eight men of eminence were the recipients of honorary degrees. This, with the 194 graduated from the University's preparatory schools, brings the total of degrees and diplomas to 373 for the school year 1925-26. This is just 21 more than last year—indicative of consistent progress.

The Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh and Chancellor of the University, presided at the exercises and presented the diplomas. In his address he first paid a tribute to the faculties of the different schools, "those patient, learned men who are doing such substantial work to consolidate the soul of our people." He singled out for special praise the Fathers of the Holy Ghost "who labor not only in the classroom but in other fields for the upbuilding of this diocese. The deans of the different schools who have built up an educational machine second to none, deserve to be encouraged and honored.

"The graduates naturally come in for their meed of congratulation. The University has accepted the responsibility of sending them forth equipped for fuller service. It demands a corresponding acknowledgment of their indebtedness. It has not equipped them better than their fellows that they may prey upon society. Rather it sends them forth that they may bless and benefit all they come in contact with. The

University has pledged society that its graduates will be a power for good. Theirs to redeem that pledge."

The president of the University, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., before introducing the deans of the various schools, made a brief address. He announced that 3,100 students were registered during the school year. To these over 100 professors and lecturers gave a moral and intellectual education, in the true sense of the term. This they did for fully nine months of the year, as Duquesne University does not think that a school year ought to be limited to seven or eight months, as is customary in many of our higher institutions of learning.

The rush for college and university education is noticeable all over the country. To supply this demand, two means are at the disposal of educators, to raise tuition fees or appeal to the public for financial support. The first plan is not desirable, as many deserving students are thus banned from receiving an education. The second is, then, the only one that appears feasible. But unfortunately the public generally lack a true concept of education and are ready to contribute for stadiums, gymnasiums and athletics rather than for purely educational purposes.

This is a calamity for real education, as is the disposition of many students who go to school seeking athletic honors, getting paid for every game they take part in, more anxious about social distinctions in clubs and fraternities than for distinction in their studies.

Father Hehir concluded his address by a strong appeal to parents and students to select schools where the purpose of real education is never lost sight of, which is to train young men and women for their duties in life, for their work to champion the cause of our country and Almighty God.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME

March—"Festival March" (Mendelssohn)-----Students' Orchestra
Latin Salutatory-----Coleman F. Carroll
Economics Oration—"A Municipal Inventory"-----C. P. Mayer, Jr.
Overture—"Calif of Bagdad" (A. Boieldieu)-----Orchestra
Lawyer's Oration—"The Appeal of the Law"-----Clement M. Strobel
"Alma Mater Song" (Malloy-Briel)-----Graduates

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AND MEDALS

Address—

Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, Chancellor
Valedictory-----James F. McCaffrey
March—"Liberty Day" (Zamecnik)-----Orchestra
Director of Orchestra, Professor Joseph A. Rauterkus

The exercises of commencement week had begun on Sunday morning, June 13, with the solemn Mass of thanksgiving and the baccalaureate sermon. The preacher was the Rev. Patrick Carroll, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University. We are pleased to be able to reproduce his discourse elsewhere in the **Monthly**.

Sunday afternoon the gymnasium was crowded to the doors with friends of the graduates of the University's three preparatory schools. They marched from the main building to the principal entrance of the gymnasium, dressed in cap and gown. Harry E. Felich was valedictorian, Charles Gearing salutatorian. Albert A. Miller spoke for the science class, and John Lavelle for the commercial class. One hundred and ninety-four diplomas were awarded, of which 99 were for mid-year graduates.

GRADUATES

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS—Bachelor of Commerce: Francis E. Braun, Owen J. Dwyer, John Lippold, Henry H. Roney. Bachelor of Science in Economics: Benjamin Amdursky, John K. Baird, Anthony Battaglia, Jr., Cecil W. Bittinger, Edward C. Boyle, Joseph Cyril Bubak, Harry Bulger, Agnes G. Craig, Edward Eugene Diemer, Samuel I. Winner, James G. Duffy, Edward F. Ende, Edward X. John R. Donaghue, Mary Catherine Donnelly, Edward Lee Duffy, Foster, Reuben J. Gershon, Joseph P. Glenn, William G. Good, Albert L. Greenberg, John B. Harvey, Michael W. Huron, Benjamin Hushan, Robert E. Kridler, Charles L. Lauffer, C. P. Mayer, Jr., Frank W. Miller, Corydon D. Moore, William McNamara, Henry X. O'Brien, Peter P. Papapanu, William A. Rapp, Alexander H. Schullman, Nathan J. Serbin, Alfred J. Sommer, Marcus Sussman, Edward J. Wolinsky.

FALL TERM GRADUATES—Bachelor of Commerce: Mary F. Breckner, Earl F. Cannon, Alonso W. Houser, Harold J. Venger. Bachelor of Science in Economics: Harry V. Bair, Mabel R. Brubaker, William L. Carl, Joseph C. Hennessy, William F. McAtee, Charles D. Metzger. Doctor of Philosophy in Business Administration: Joseph A. Kelly.

COLLEGE OF SCIENCE—Bachelor of Science: William Aloysius Barrett, Vincent Paul Burby, James David Doyle, Oliver Redmond Kendrick, Edward Joseph Lang, Leo Thomas McKee, Lawrence William McGough, Daniel O'Connell, Edward Joseph Wiza.

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Bachelor of Arts: Charles Joseph Brady, John Jerome Brent, Joseph Adam Bulevicius, Coleman Francis Carroll, Sister M. Tharsilla Cramer, Sister M. Valentine Duffy, Sister M. Borgia Egan, Edward Vincent Fahey, Francis Xavier Foley, Sister M. Wilhelmine Gast, Neice Aloysius Malloy, Sister M. Peter Mayer, Sister M. Gertrude Mihm, Francis Regis Mullen, Sister M. de Chantal Mulligan, James Francis McCaffrey, Sister M. Hilary McCann, John Anthony McDevitt, Sister M. Patricia McIntyre, Sister Margarite Mary MacQuaid, Sister M. Evangelista O'Brien,

Lawrence Andrew O'Connell, Sister M. Leonora Phefan, Charles Leo Rectenwald, Camillus Aloysius Rogan, Sister M. Regis Roth, William Donald Savage, John Harry Savulak, Sister M. Albana Schaming, Sister M. Constantia Schesser, Sister Magdalen Seikel, Francis Joseph Smith, Sister M. Annunciata Sohl, John Jerome Styka, Sister M. Mathias Walsh, Edmund Joseph Wiethorn, Sister M. Regina Wentowska, Thomas Harding Yeaglin.

GRADUATE SCHOOL—Master of Science in Economics: John P. McLaughlin, B. S. in E., '23, LL. B., '25. Master of Science: Thomas Kevin Reeves, B. Sc., '22, M. D., '25. Master of Arts: Sister M. Adrian Cushwa, A. B., '20; Sister M. Marcella Kennedy, A. B., '23; Francis Patrick McDermott, B. Sc., '21; Sister M. Dolorosa Nager, A. B., '24; Sister M. Paulinus Nolan, A. B., '20; Sister M. Ambrose Padden, A. B., '23; Sister M. Josephine Schmitt, A. B., '24; Sister M. Immaculata Schutte, A. B., '24; Sister M. Pierre Wilbert, A. B., '20; Rev. Stanislaus Marion Zaborowski, C. S. Sp., A. B., '19.

SCHOOL OF LAW—Bachelor of Laws: Leo Joseph Aaron, William G. Barton, B. S., in E., '22; William Edward Boggs, A. B., '23; Wayland Stanley Bowser, B. S. in E., '22; John Anthony Briley, B. Lit., '23; Adolf F. Burkhardt, James J. Burns, R. J. Cleary, Benjamin Cohen, B. S. in E., '24; George William Cooper, Matthew H. Crawford, A. B., '23; Michael F. Dalfonso, B. S. in E., '24; Willis Fox Daniels, B. S. in E., '22; John Jerome Finerty, B. Sc. in El. E., '21; Abraham Samuel Fingold, Zeno Fritz, Adam Aloysius Gorske, B. S. in E., '24; Jacob Gruenfeld, William Dewey Hildorfer, Arthur Karkalas, B. Sc., '23; Herbert A. Krow, A. B., '24; Harold Lavine, Hyman Murray Lubic, B. Sc. in E. E., '23; Albert Martin, B. S. in E., '24; Daniel A. Moritz, James Philip O'Connor, A. B., '23; Seth M. Pineles, A. B., '19; William John Powell, James Aloysius Reilly, A. B., '23; Alan David Reynolds, Emanuel Francis Schifano, A. B., '21; Robert John Schwerha, B. S. in E., '24; Ralfe O. P. Silverman, A. B., '23; Bertrand H. Smyers, Clement Michael Strobel, A. B., '23; Walter Calhoun Wheeler, B. in Ch. E., '12; Harry Arthur Wolf, B. Sc. in Com. E., '15.

MEDALISTS

GOLD MEDAL for Oratory, JAMES T. PHILPOTT, A. B., '27; GOLD MEDAL for Excellence in the Pre-Medical Department, CHARLES H. WHALEN, B. Sc., '28; GOLD MEDAL for Proficiency in Studies and Athletics, donated by the Tri-State Conference, JAMES A. REILLY, LL. B., '26; GOLD MEDAL for General Excellence, JAMES F. McCAFFREY, A. B., '26.

HONORARY DEGREES

Doctor of Music: Frank James Brosky, Director of the Brosky School of Music; Joseph Otten, Organist and Choirmaster, St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh. Doctor of Literature: Francis William Bennett, M. A., '20, Professor of Comparative Literature, Seton Hill College; Rev. Patrick Joseph Carroll, C. S. C., Professor of English, Notre Dame University. Doctor of Laws: Hon. Josiah Cohen, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County; Hon. John Albert Evans, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County; the Right Rev. Monsignor Leslie John Kavanagh, New Orleans, La.; the Rev. Patrick Joseph Vereker, P. R., Johnstown, Pa.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

COMMERCIAL—Certificates in Stenography were awarded to William Joseph Bovard, John Francis Lavelle, John Sharak, John Howard Wagner. Diplomas were awarded to Charles Colin Allerton, William Joseph Bovard, Edward Joseph Devereaux, James Edward Dorsey, Harold Thomas Jarvis, John Francis Lavelle, Joseph Grey Malone, John Adam Maloney, Joseph Louis Ruffing, John Sharak, Paul Sylvester Straub, John Howard Wagner, Francis Harold Walsh, William Harold Wolf.


SCIENTIFIC—Francis John Aberle, Romolo Francis Acquafondata, John Hugh Barry, Francis Joseph Devera, Fred Arthur Dildine, Augustus Edward Engle, John Daniel Keating, Hugh Charles Kelly, John J. Kelmitski, Raymond Patrick Kenny, Albert Augustus Miller, Willis Henry Mulhern, John Joachim Pasquinelli, Theodore George Scardamalia, Robert John Walker.

ACADEMIC—Earl Alfred Abbott, Dennis Francis Abele, Alfred Louis Barthen, William Anthony Beitler, Andrew V. Blahut, Stephen Joseph Burdis, Joseph Alexander Butler, Jr., James F. Carroll, Joseph Charles Clark, Michael Joseph Conroy, Thomas Patrick Corcoran, Frank Joseph Cornelius, Thomas Raymond Creahen, Mark Joseph Cushing, Robert Hayes Driscoll, Daniel James Egan, Bert John Einloth, Jr., Francis Carl Falkenhan, Harry Edward Felich, Milton Joseph Franz, Henry Patrick Gavigan, William Franklin Gavin, Charles Bernard Gearing, James Curry Graham, Edward John Griffin, Marion Grochal, Bronislaus Edward Harenski, Anthony Joseph Harsch, Charles Germane Heisel, James Norbert Hester, Thomas J. Hogan, William Thomas Hogan, Walter Edward Iwanicki, Cyril Philip Kleyle, Harry Adolph Kraeling, Joseph Walter Kuchcinski, Henry Charles Litzinger, John Regis Loeffler, Michael Patrick Manning, Dixon Markey, George Anthony Masley, James A. Mansmann, John Joseph Mongillo, Edward Joseph Montgomery, Thomas Philip Mulvaney, William Valentine Munhall, James Aloysius Murray, John Joseph Murray, Raymond Joseph Netzel, Stanley V. Niemiec, Joseph Brown O'Neill, John Joseph Power, Harold Edward Reilly, John Harvey Roney, Joseph John Scholze, Leonard James Scully, Anthony Francis Stiller, Joseph Clyde Thompson, Michael Julius Toth, Paul John Trainer, Regis Albert Wurdack.

MEDALISTS

SILVER MEDALS for Elocution: I., ASA A. ATWATER; II., THOMAS R. MURPHY; III., JOHN R. CALLAHAN; IV., MICHAEL J. TOTH; **GOLD MEDALS** for Excellence, Commercial Department, JOHN H. WAGNER; Excellence, Science Department, ROBERT J. WALKER; Excellence, Academic Department, HARRY E. FELICH; Excellence, Academic Department, CHARLES B. GEARING.

The Coat of Arms of Duquesne University

 THE MONTHLY prints herewith a black and white reproduction of the seal and coat of arms of the University. Some words of explanation will be found, we are sure, both interesting and illuminating.

First of all, a seal and a coat of arms are not one and the same thing. The former may or may not include the latter. Every corporate body—be it a municipality, a company, a school—uses a seal with which to authenticate documents given under its name. Quite frequently this consists of a circle containing some identifying words, to be impressed in wax or embossed on the parchment or paper beside the official signatures. It is a natural impulse to fill the space within this circle with some decorative design,—a figure or group of figures, a landscape, such as we see in the official seals of many of our states, or a representation of the buildings of the corporation; but none of the designs just mentioned have any heraldic significance. Although armorial devices early found their way into the seals of their owners, they were not designed primarily for that purpose; they first appeared as identifying marks on the shields, surcoats and banners of military leaders in the days when men fought with faces concealed in casque or basinet. In time they came to be applied as decorations to many other objects, and to-day we see them cut in stone, carved in wood, painted on glass, embroidered on princely robes and priestly vestments,—used, in short, in many places where a seal would be wholly out of place,—and adding greatly to the beauty, dignity and significance of their environment.

Heraldry is a science with many exacting and complicated rules, and a vocabulary all its own. The Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., who designed the University arms, claims no special proficiency in it; but he was fortunate in the fact that his drawings were examined and in part amended by the greatest specialist in the country, the man who has been called upon to design the arms of the majority of the American bishops, Mr. Pierre de Chaignon la Rose.

The “blazon,” or technical description of the University coat of arms, is: Argent, a lion sable armed and langued gules, holding a book gules edged or; on a chief party per pale azure

and gules a dove displayed argent, aureoled or; motto, "Spiritus est qui vivificat." Translated into everyday English this means: on the "field," or lower two-thirds of the shield, which is silver, there is a black lion with red claws and tongue, holding a red book with gold edges; the "chief," or upper third of the shield, is divided vertically into a blue and a red section, and bears the figure of a silver dove with a golden aureole. When a coat of arms is not reproduced in colors, the various tinctures are always represented in a definite way; e. g., red



by vertical, blue by horizontal lines, gold by small dots, silver by a plain white surface. Now for the significance of all these items. The black lion on the silver shield is adopted bodily from the arms of Marquis Duquesne, whose name the University bears; the book is added for a "difference," to indicate the coat is that of a school. The tinctures azure and gules—blue and red—are the heraldic equivalent, both of the athletic colors of the school, and of those of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost; and the haloed dove in silver (the heraldic

white), is the readily recognized symbol of the Holy Ghost, titular of the University. The many implications of the motto, "It is the Spirit that giveth life," make it a particularly happy choice.

As every American boy knows, it was Marquis Duquesne, governor of "New France" in 1753, that ordered the erection of a line of forts from Lake Erie to the Ohio river, to defend the territories claimed by France in virtue of the explorations of La Salle, Father Hennepin, and others. One of these forts, at the meeting of the rivers, was begun by English traders under William Trent, seized and completed by the French, and by them named Fort Duquesne, and recaptured in 1758 by the English, who changed its name to Fort Pitt, in honor of William Pitt, successful war minister. Marquis Ange Duquesne de Menneville (1702-1708), was of the family of a famous naval hero, Abraham Duquesne (1610-1688), one of Richelieu's best captains, named lieutenant general of the French naval forces by Louis XIV, and ennobled by the Grand Monarque in 1681. The Canadian governor spent practically his whole life in the naval service, having enlisted at the age of twelve. When recalled to France in 1755, he was raised to the rank of Chef d' Escadre, corresponding to that of Rear Admiral. The black lion, standing out boldly from its background of silver, is a fitting symbol of his valiant spirit.

The University adopted the new and highly significant coat of arms at the beginning of the year 1923. The first use made of it was a splendidly accurate carving in high relief above the main entrance of Canevin Hall, which was then undergoing construction. For the past two years the arms of the University have been a highly decorative part of the degree ring adopted by the graduating classes. It is only within the last two months that they have been incorporated in the official seal of the school. The date 1881, appearing at the bottom of the seal, is not the year of foundation but of incorporation. The new seal was used for the first time on the University commencement program, and elicited many inquiries and not a few favorable comments.

The Kingdom of God Within Us

(Baccalaureate Sermon delivered Sunday, June 13, by the Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C. S. C.)

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you."—Luke xii, 31.

MY DEAR GRADUATES:

Very naturally I address myself to you this morning. Whatever thoughts come to me will come because of you. They relate to you. You suggest them. They belong to you.

To begin with, let me congratulate you on the completion of your course of studies here, and on the diploma which you are to receive, a symbol of the approval of your alma mater. There is a sense of joy in that. Joy always goes with accomplishment. And you have accomplished. You have finished one work; you are ready to begin another.

And perhaps the reason why I am here to speak to you at all for a little while this morning is to suggest a few thoughts that may help you in that new work—whatever it is to be—which you are about to begin. You are young; young in years; young in experience; young in service. And youth lives in hope, just as age lives in memory. It is as natural for youth to be concerned with anticipation, as it is for age to be concerned with retrospect. You are in the morning of the day and most of your work is yet to be done. And if you feel a sense of anxiety because thus far you have not done anything very great, you may be consoled that you have not done anything very foolish. If you experience a sense of littleness because you have not gathered in a great measure of the world's goods, you may take comfort in that you have not lost or dissipated them.

Let me remind you, however, that the true measure of life is neither human achievement nor worldly possessions. "If ye are not able to do so much as the least thing, why are you solicitous for the rest?" And as for possession: "Be not solicitous for your life what you shall eat; nor for your body what you shall put on."

Life is not measured by what we get, nor by what we do in a material sense. The truest accomplishment of life is in a sphere altogether spiritual. The great object of our striving must be for the immortal soul. Before all else we must seek the perfection of this kingdom of God that is within us.

In other words, it is of supreme importance to your Church, to your country, to your school, to your family, above all to yourselves that you be good men before you attempt to be anything else. It is your chief responsibility before Almighty God; the chief question which Almighty God will ask; the supreme check on the findings of which will be determined everything else.

You want to be a brilliant attorney perhaps. One who can hypnotize a jury or secure rich clients who will be able to pay imposing fees. Or perhaps you hope for a day when a group of young physicians will stand in awe while with deft fingers you perform a most delicate operation that will save a life. Maybe in the sacred calling of the priesthood, you have the ambition to dominate men with your character, or to soften them to pity by the unction of your words. Or you may want to be a commander in the army of business, the lines and columns of which stretch wide and far. You want to be rich, you want to be known, you want to be followed. You want to feel and possess and to exercise the magic thing we call power.

And very legitimately you may. But first possess yourselves. Own the kingdom of God that is within you. Own your own souls before you try to own anything else. We ourselves are more important than anything we can secure or than anything we can accomplish outside of ourselves.

In our physical nature this is true. Much of what we accomplish depends on our physical well-being. The weak, the stunted, the sickly fall short of normal achievement. What is wealth if sickness does not permit us to enjoy life? Of what compensation is expensive dress to bodies broken by disease? Who enjoys travel when suffering always accompanies him? Surely it is better to possess ourselves physically, even if we are poor and unknown, than having riches and power to go about with stunted or misformed or suffering bodies!

In our intellectual life this is true. What, after all, is wealth or power without mind? Riches, place, social contacts—these but emphasize ignorance. Rich people travel, but everywhere they go—into art galleries, libraries, ruins that hold the ancient things we read of in books—they show their ignorance as one shows the tan of the tropics on the face. To be above men because of position or wealth is the acci-

dent of circumstance. The overlordship of mind is essential nobility. By place and wealth we dominate men because of what we have. By mind we dominate men because of what we are.

Finally and especially this is true in our spiritual life. For no matter what our physical fitness, or the measure of our mental ability, unless we are morally and spiritually superior we cannot to any extent influence and give direction to the lives of others. The ideal of our spiritual life must be Christ. You cannot reach to Him of course. But you can strive to be like Him. Practically, then, if you would be spiritually minded you must keep Christ as your model. "I am the way, the truth, the life," is His message. He is the way you must follow, the truth you must seek, the life you must find. In practice this means keeping in God's love, which means observing God's commandments, following the precepts of the Gospel and the teachings of our holy Faith.

What men call reputation, position, success in the material sense—these are secondary. Your immortal soul comes first. Being is more important than having. Bear in mind that an impressive bank account is not synonymous with faith and conduct, that honesty and sobriety and reverence mean more than material success.

I know there are thousands of college graduates going out into life these days to whom this line of reasoning will seem impractical theorizing. To possess, to be rich, to be free to spend for luxury and display, to be lavish to vulgarity—this is what many of them hope for and work for.

But know this. Life is not measured by the few years we spend until the grave opens to receive us. The end and the crowning are not here. Out beyond this life there is another for you, for me, for all of us. Whether people accept it or not, in that other is the final accounting. And the subject matter of that accounting will be what we are, not what we have; being, not possession. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

And so at the end of this time of preparation, and at the beginning of this time of service, keep this thought to the foreground of your consciousness, not only now and to-day, but every day of all the years that are coming: You may succeed in business; you may be triumphant in everything you at-


tempt; but remember you have a soul. That is the divine part of you. You must save that, whatever else you may lose, for it is God's kingdom within you.

Win everything that life can give, and lose that,—you have lost all. Lose everything else that is dear in this world, and save that,—you have saved all. Nothing else counts in the final appraisalment. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you." "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

God grant you may find the kingdom! God grant you may save the soul!

A Municipal Inventory

(Commencement Oration)

VERY large city has from time to time a promotion week, during which the social and economic value of the city is brought out in understandable style before its citizens as well as the supporters of its enterprises. By this means the public is awakened to a spirit of progress. Moves of this kind are usually fostered by the Chamber of Commerce of the city in which the week is being conducted. But in order that such a week may be a success, a survey has to be made to show the workings of the city in each particular line. The purpose of this survey is to bring out the city's assets.

Now we in Pittsburgh have recently concluded such a week, and to make it a success a survey was made by our Chamber of Commerce. From this survey some of the following startling facts stand emblazoned before the world:

Pittsburgh is ideally located. We are within one day's ride of one-half the population of the United States. We are the second largest city in Pennsylvania. Our population is now 650,000 people, and as soon as all of Allegheny County is taken into the city we shall have a population of 2,000,000 people.

For reasons such as nearness to market, good transportation facilities, and many others, Pittsburgh has long been known in the business world as "The Work Shop of the World." Many of our factories are the largest of their kind in the world, notably the following: tube and pipe; structural steel; wire; glass; airbrake; rolling mill machinery; electrical;

radium and vanadium; aluminum; cork and by-products; plumbing fixtures. Besides all this, we have the largest real estate office in the world. The beauty of all this is the fact that the real control lies right here in Pittsburgh.

We have 3,500 industrial plants, representing 260 different industries. The money value of our products is \$2,000,000,000 annually.

We have also 350 coal mines, which produce 2,000,000 tons annually, and we produce 85 per cent of the country's coke, a product very necessary to the manufacture of steel. The Pittsburgh district produces chemicals valued at \$10,000,000 annually.

In wealth and finance our city is well to the front. With our 81 banking institutions we have deposits of over \$8,000,000. One of our banks has the second largest undivided surplus in the world.

The payroll in the district is \$2,500,000 daily, and our monthly purchasing power is \$1,000,000,000.

Pittsburgh is splendidly situated for commerce, with her 40 miles of river front and 100 registered steam boats, which carry our products to 1,600 different communities along the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri Rivers, as well as extensive rail and truck carriers. Our metropolis is entered by twenty-five railroads, which carry 30 per cent of the county's tonnage, and with her 6,700 miles of improved roads trucking is very feasible. There are 1,000 miles of electrical trolley track in the Pittsburgh district. This is used for the transportation of freight as well as of people. We had the first and longest general traffic tubes in the world, the Liberty Tubes. One hundred and twenty-five bridges connect the suburbs with the city proper, spanning rivers and hollows innumerable.

Along social lines our city stands "at attention." We have numerous large clubs, some of the largest being the P. A. A., Duquesne, Twentieth Century, University, and many others. In the suburbs Pittsburgh has many beautiful golf clubs, some of the best being The Oakmont, Long Vue, and Chartiers.

In education this municipality has moved up from sixteenth place to third place. She has four large colleges, Duquesne University, University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Institute of Technology and Pennsylvania College for Women. the first two schools offering general degree courses, the

third vocational training, and the last special training for women. These four schools enroll 40,000 students. There are numerous large high schools, the largest being Schenley, Langley, Fifth Avenue, Oliver, and Westinghouse. These schools enroll 150,000 students. Our grade schools are extremely numerous, and all very modern and roomy.

We are also foremost in art. We have the only International Art Exhibit in the United States. Paintings are brought here from all over the world once a year for exhibition and awarding of prizes. The late Andrew Carnegie has given us a great many free libraries, the largest being located at the entrance of Schenley Park on Forbes Street. The books here contained have been collected from every part of the globe and there are some half million volumes. In connection with the Forbes Street library he has given us a very complete museum; objects collected for this museum number about 250,000.

In religious matters we are very tolerant and optimistic. Churches of all denominations prevail in Pittsburgh. They rank in the following order as to number: Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Jewish, Congregational, and Christian Science.

In closing I might add that we have not forgotten recreation for our people, for where there is work there must be play. We have 16 public parks, 50 miles of boulevards, 6,700 miles of improved roads, 5 miles of bridle paths, 338 miles of sidewalks, 48 band stands, 12 baseball diamonds, and here need I mention our Pirates, who are at this time getting a good hold on first place in the National League? On the heights of Riverview Park stands one of the finest astronomical observatories in the country, used for the study of the planets; and in Schenley and Allegheny Parks are two of the best conservatories used for the study of plants and flowers. We boast of three large lakes available for boating and swimming, as well as skating; a half mile horse track and stables, a modern zoo, and our well-known Schenley Golf Course.


But we are not standing still. At the end of Forbes Street, between Pittsburgh and Swissvale, we are now building another park to be known as Frick Acres. The land was donated for this purpose by the late H. C. Frick. This park will have an eighteen hole golf course, like the one in Schenley Park.

Now, my dear citizens, Pittsburgh is of more real value to us than we have ever stopped to realize. Just compare it with some other large city that you have visited.

C. P. MAYER, JR., B. S. in E., '26.

The Appeal of the Law

(Commencement Oration)

HE attempt to regulate, control and prescribe all manner of conduct and social relations is very old. It had its inception back in the dim void of centuries when man, in his most primitive state, administered order and justice through sheer physical force, leaving to the head of each family and clan the full responsibility of his individual success or failure. There were no written laws or unwritten rules of universal acceptance; no law courts, no judges or lawyers, none of the legal machinery as we know it to-day. Justice and reason were left at the mercy of the individual; and thus in one man we find invested absolute power—he was himself the judge, the jury, the advocate, the court of last appeal, the supreme executive, whose authority and power were unimpeachable, concluding with his right to take human life if the necessity of the case demanded or his wanton cruelty so urged.

But out of the murk and haze of the distant past, certain rules and regulations found popular acceptance, and the foundation was laid upon which the present superstructure of the law is built. Here began what is known as the "Common Law," and although its early development required great care and attention, it grew stronger with the passing of time, and eventually became the Law of the Land.

What a contrast with the law of to-day! The ever-widening range and growing multiplicity of the law is truly remarkable. The law enters into every field of human affairs. It guides and controls the destinies of the living, and interprets and executes the will of the dead. Its scope is felt wherever mankind dwells. Its range has so widened that it has completely outdistanced the old established limit. Public interests and public necessity have made larger the scope of legal jurisdiction. Man's daily actions are controlled and safeguarded by the authority of the law. The very food he eats is subject to Inspection Laws. The conveyances which transport him are regulated by the Public Utility; the various kinds of corporations that offer him employment are con-

trolled by the Corporations Acts; the professional walks of life are made safe by State Examinations to determine the applicant's fitness; even the fields of science, art and literature are supervised and governed by the granting of patents and copyrights.

Two other great branches of the law are the law of Contract and Criminal law. Its influence upon the contract, the most common and perhaps the most widely known branch of the law, is concisely set forth by Lord Shaw in his address of recent years to the American Bar Association when, in speaking of contracts, he said: "With them all goes the law. It checks misdeeds, insures equality of appeal, removes crookedness and chicanery, respects neither rank nor power as between the bargainers, ever and everywhere insisting on a square deal; ever and everywhere taking its stand on principles whose foundations are truth and whose cornerstone is honesty." It is man's reliance on all law, and especially the law of contract, that keeps moving the wheels of industry, the development and spread of commerce, the continued and uninterrupted flow of prosperity. Criminal law is instituted and enforced to protect society and preserve the state. Crime must be checked efficiently and forcibly and therefore the punishment must be quick and drastic. Criminals, both individually and as a class cannot, must not, have a place in civilized society. They are a menace and must be dealt with summarily or all law and government is doomed.

But beyond the appeal of the law for the reason of its universality we must not overlook the great element of humanity everywhere present. Many times over we find both in the text books and cases, this great principle laid down: **"What would an ordinary and prudent man do under similar circumstances?"** And upon this most human philosophy the law is applied. And, after all, it is only right and reasonable that it should be so, for man was not made for the law but the law was made for man. And how better could the law serve its purpose than by taking into consideration the frailties of human nature? The law at best is human, for it is made, interpreted, and applied by humans for human purposes. And if the law is to consummate the great purposes for which it is established, if it is to flow in the right channels, if it is to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number, and in doing so crush deceit and fraud, extend its

protection to the weak, safeguard honesty, promote liberty and equality, how better could it execute them than by observing this reasonable rule so illustrative of the humanity of the law: "What would the ordinary man do under the same circumstances?"


But there is an appeal that surpasses anything yet mentioned. An appeal that transcends even the universality and humanity of the law. Beyond the great possibilities that the law holds out, beyond the dreams of high office and positions of great dignity, there is something whose invitation is more compelling and whose appeal cannot be denied—and that is the lawyer's contact with his fellowman, both in his office and in the court room. To have the client voluntarily come into the law office and there, in privacy and under the seal of secrecy which professional ethics demand and exact, have him reveal acts and circumstances which he would rather hide until his dying day, place himself utterly in the hands of his counselor, confident of his ability to guide him right—this experience is matched only with the thrill of the court room when, at the counsel table and in the very presence of the law itself, the lawyer pleads with all his heart and all his mind and all his soul, always fighting honorably and cleanly, never faltering, never wavering, but with firmness of purpose, and the heart of a lion, fighting and fighting, until the pennant of victory righteously achieved is firmly within his grasp.

And it is this appeal which never loses its hold on the imagination of the lawyer but grows ever stronger and stronger. The drama of the law courts is continuous, the scenes constantly shifting, the actors ever changing; sometimes stark tragedy throws its somber pall across the court room, sometimes death itself hovers in the shadows, but most of the time it is the safeguarding of a right violated, some wrong that is seeking a remedy, some injury that is being redressed. And through it all the law deals out impartial justice, regardless of wealth or poverty, position or power, confirming the faith of man in man, stabilizing society, and insuring the permanence of democratic government. Unyielding it is in its stand on justice, unbending in its policy of honesty, universal in its scope, human in its application, permanent and durable in its existence; for its foundations do not rest on the shifting sands of passing fancy, but stand securely established on the bedrock of eternity.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, LL. B., '26.

Science and Life

(Delivered at High School Graduation Exercises, June 13, 1926)

HEREVER you look about you, all sorts of marvelous things confront your eyes. You see an automobile passing; perhaps you own one; yet you are content merely to look at it, or ride in it, without knowing what principle makes it run. You use the telephone, you enjoy the movies and the radio, and take them for granted. You are not one of those persons who must know "why?"

Of all the forces contributing to life's development one of the most significant, vital, and far-reaching is a body of men who are continually asking "why?" These men are scientists, and their profession is science.

For many years a terrible disease which took a toll of thousands of lives ravaged the country. Once it was contracted the task of effecting a cure was well nigh hopeless. Then a certain scientist began working on a serum, and after years he perfected one which would not only cure the disease but would also aid in its prevention. To-day, more than ever, science is giving invaluable service to medicine, and in that way is helping the human race.

In the days of our forefathers, it required months for a man to travel from New York to California. One senator of that time went so far as to say that the western lands could not become states, for it would take too long for their representatives to come to Washington. Now we cross the continent by rail in a few days and by air in twenty-four hours. And what has brought this change? It has not been wrought by politicians or dreamers. It has been done by scientists and science. Name, if you can, any profession into which science has not entered! A doctor is entirely scientific; his medicines have scientific formulas, and he performs all operations in a scientific manner. Journalism, playwrighting, business, are daily growing more and more scientific; even music, art and religion feel its influence and profit by its contacts.

This building in which we are assembled was unheard of five years ago. Then progress on it began. The architect planned it, not according to his artistic imagination alone, but with the aid of certain principles of mathematics and physics. Science shortened by many months the period devoted to excavation. Next the materials were collected.

These huge girders were not always in their present shape. It was for some scientist to mold them from common ore to the immense supports that you see and admire. In a few months the building was completed, and science had but added another conquest to its rapidly growing number.

Science has played its part in our literature. The greatness of Victorian literature can be attributed entirely to the scientific spirit and character of the age. Science increased literature's field of subject matter and led it into channels close to life. Science has become an ally of literature in aiding life to attain the ideals man has set for it.

Your son or brother who is now graduating may turn his footsteps toward the scientific world. Chemistry, electricity, engineering, all will be unfolded to him, and he will become one of the many great men who are seeking to make this world a better place to live in.

But when we speak of science, we do not mean just chemistry and physics and the like. We mean all these subjects and studies which are systematized. There is a science to everything. Penmanship is a form of science. Evolution, the theory of succession, is a science. Even the art of speaking is a variation of that broad term, science. Science is a necessary part of this world, and is inseparable from it.

I suppose you have all heard of that renowned study, psychology,—of the greater possibilities of success in an undertaking, for instance, if one is in the proper state of mind. You know from experience how much you can accomplish if you are in the right mood. But did you know that this is a science? Psychology is beginning to play a leading part in the various professions. A lawyer uses psychology in attempting to defeat his opponent; a teacher uses it in the class room, a salesman applies it in his work, an actor depends upon it for the effects he produces. Psychology is a science which is aiding the world more each day.

To-night, when you drive home in your car, switch on the lights, have supper cooked on an electric stove, and finally when you settle down in a comfortable chair with the evening paper and read how an airplane flew over the North Pole, consider the relation of science and life. And in a few years, when you are making your weekly air trip to London, remember the men who are continually asking "why?" and the great work they are doing for humanity.

ALBERT A. MILLER, H. S., '26.

Dramatics at Duquesne University

(A Bit of History)



THE faculty of Duquesne University has always believed in the potentialities of the theatre for good, and always fostered dramatics among the students. From the beginning, the study of plays has been part of the curriculum in both ancient and modern languages, and especially in English; and the number of plays produced has grown from year to year. In the eighties and nineties, there was a strong trend toward staging nothing but Shakespeare; and the newspapers of that blandiloquent period found the Hamlets and Macbeths of Pittsburgh College "not far inferior to the impersonations of Barrett, Both and Irving." Father Murphy, the scholarly president of those days (recently deceased as Bishop of Mauritius) earnestly promoted every such enterprise, and Father Fitzgibbon, teacher of elocution, used his uncommon talent to signal advantage in training the callow thespians under his charge.

Perhaps the most noteworthy achievement of the early nineties was the production of Euripides' *ALCESTIS* in the original Greek. Father John Griffin put the choruses to music, and Father Murphy provided copious printed explanations for the audience. Such was the success of the four performances that enough money was realized to equip the students' library and lecture room with a complete set of oak bookcases and a fine rostrum.

The taste of the period and the unerring judgment of the late beloved Father Patrick McDermott is shown by the mere listing of the plays he chose for the annual spring showing in downtown theatres during the decade beginning with the year 1899: *RICHELIEU*, *VIRGINIUS*, *LOUIS XI*, *DAMON* and *PYTHIAS*, *WILLIAM TELL*, *CAIUS GRACCHUS*, *THE VESPERS OF PALERMO*, *DAVID GARRICK*. There followed an era of farce comedies, which year after year filled the city playhouses to capacity. Some of our most grave and reverend citizens of to-day then strutted the boards under Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hipps, in plays like *A PAIR OF SPECTACLES*, *FACING THE MUSIC*, *A NIGHT OFF*, and *WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES*.

The coming of Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd in 1914 coincided with the establishment of a separate department of Drama and the founding of the Red Masquers. It would expand this

article beyond the space allotted if we attempted to trace the eminently successful history of the new department. To complete our chronicle of the "big plays," we wish to observe that Dr. Lloyd's choice has been noted for variety and newness; everything from farce comedy to mystery and melodrama has been shown, and shown by our organization before being released to any other amateur group. Last year we had a different kind of novelty—that of a revival, in the romantic comedy drama of Spanish-American war days, *THE BELLE OF RICHMOND*.

The women students in the new department soon came to replace the boys that had formerly essayed—with considerable verisimilitude, let it be remembered—the feminine roles. There is a strong temptation to dilate on the triumphs of these later years; space, however, permits only the mere mention of the titles. Here they are, in chronological order: *BACHELOR'S HONEYMOON*, *MY FRIEND FROM INDIA*, *BROWN'S IN TOWN*, *OFFICER 666*, *IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE*, *SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE*, *UNDER COVER*, *THE COMMUTERS*, *A PRINCE THERE WAS*, *THE BOOMERANG*, *THE PURPLE LADY*, *THE BELLE OF RICHMOND*, *CAPTAIN APPLEJACK*.

The *RED MASQUERS* were organized in 1914 by a group of students who desired to produce plays and playlets more frequently than had hitherto been done, to write plays of their own, to read plays intelligently and appreciatively, and to train themselves to be discriminating playgoers. Leo A. McCrory was the first president. The other officers were: Vincent S. Burke, vice president; Ray J. Baum, stage manager; Jerome D. Hannan, secretary; Joseph L. McIntyre, treasurer; and Frank P. Anton, publicity man. (By the way, all but the third and the sixth have become priests.) Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., was chosen moderator. The faculty permitted a reorganization of the weekly concert schedule whereby the responsibilities and the honors of these entertainments should go to one class after another, and, in addition, approved of an annual Christmas play and Easter play. The professors of English furthered the project. Our erstwhile bare stage acquired a proscenium arch, a front curtain, and a modest scenic and lighting equipment. Behold the result: by actual count, the Red Masquers' performances in those twelve years have mounted up to the amazing total of

127, including tragedies, comedies, farces, pageants, tableaux, of every period and of various lengths. Anyone who ever "got up" a play, short or long, will realize the amount of labor this must have entailed. The aggregate number of participants can safely be placed at well over a thousand. Quite a number of these plays have "gone on the road" (to a very limited extent), the casts having been seen in action at St. Paul's Orphan Asylum, Mt. Mercy Academy, and parish theatres at Aspinwall, Millvale, and Lawrenceville.

The Christmas plays have already established a tradition of seldom-seen beauty and impressiveness; best remembered are: THE MIRACLE OF THE CHIMES, THE CHRISTMAS CAROL, and Father Benson's MYSTERY PLAY. We could mention fifty class plays of peculiar excellence; of the more recent ones, record must be made of HIS ENEMY'S HONOR and THE GHOST OF JERRY BUNDLER (1919); EILEEN'S BOY, THE BEAU OF BATH, and THE CHALLENGE, from Sheridan's RIVALS (1920); THE BELLS, THE HEATHEN CHINEE, MIDNIGHT ON WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, INCOGNITO AT HARVARD, and THE DEFENSE OF SHANNON BRIDGE (1921); THE BOOB, HER NEXT VICTIM, A RAH-RAH BOY, A THIEF IN THE HOUSE, and THE MARTYR'S BROTHER (1922); THE RED LAMP, HIS FATHER'S SON, and the TIGER AND THE ROSARY (1923); RING-AROUND-A-ROSIE, THE FOILING OF FI-FO-FUM, THE SPECTRE AT TARRYTOWN INN, THE GIFT, and THE VALIANT (1924); THRILLS, MR. EDITOR, and THE TURN IN THE ROAD (1925).


The Red Masquers have done a fair share of playwriting, too. Though none of their offerings reached the white lights of Broadway, the following achieved the distinction of home production: STOLEN PAPERS, by Richard A. Ackerman (1919); LET OUIJA DO IT, by Joseph Cameron (1921); THE CAPTIVATING CASTAWAY, by Paul G. Sullivan (1921); ETHELRED PRESTON, by E. A. Malloy (1922); MY MOTHER'S SONGS, by J. F. Enright (1923); FIXING THE FIXERS, by J. F. Dodwell (1923); THE TIGER AND THE ROSARY, by Lewis Loshert (1923); INITIATION, by James T. Philpott (1924); CRUSADERS ALL, by Edward A. Ricards and Luke O'Byrne (1924); THE MIGHT OF DAHJ, by George E. Kelly (1925).

Not only have the Red Masquers learned to interpret by voice and action, but in the way of stage settings and lighting effects they have achieved the artistic, the unusual, the atmospheric. One mature enthusiastic said they worked miracles. Many recall the involuntary "Ahs" evoked by the dissolving visions of the Christmas plays; the eerie, creeping dread of the starlit blackness of MIDNIGHT ON WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE; the startling overthrow of an immense, ponderous Buddha in THE MIGHT OF DAHJ; the Sargent-like richness of the tableaux in CRUSADERS ALL; and most recent of all, the snowy, star-jeweled scenes of Benson's NATIVITY PLAY. Not a few costume plays, of various periods, have been given; and the designing, dyeing, tailoring and trimming of the special dress required, has also been done at the University. To-day the Red Masquers' robbery contains a goodly assortment of ancient, medieval and modern dress. These various effects have been the result only of many, many hours of work on the part of the student craftsmen; but, to use a trite expression very true in this instance, it has been a labor of love.

The Red Masquers' contribution has been large, distinctive, tangible. May they go forward ever! L. O'B.

Tyranny in Mexico

(Contest Oration)

 HE boast of every American is the deeds of the nation's sons in the cause of liberty. Liberty is the keystone upon which rests this government of sovereign states, the young Giant of the West. Down through the years since the foundation of our government, this has been universally recognized and expressed by her citizens in all walks of life,—perhaps never so beautifully as by Lincoln, when speaking at Gettysburg he said, "Four score and seven years ago our forefathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Mark well, our nation was conceived in liberty, and therefore there rests upon us the obligation of seeing that liberty perpetuated. And, while this duty is incumbent on us in regard to the United States, there is also a duty in regard to the peoples of other countries; the closer they are, in religion, customs, and other phases of life, the greater is our obligation. Since we are a nation that has always been a lover of

and a fighter for liberty, we will not, like Pilate of old, repudiate our responsibilities to liberty in Mexico.

Conjure up in memory the scene of a Mexico peaceful. A memory of stability acquired with the deposition of the Carranza regime. The convents, the schools, the chapels of the land are havens of peace and contentment. Here the gaping wounds in the social fabric of her people, inflicted during years of strife, are being healed under the tender ministrations of priests, monks and sisters. These religious people came into Mexico with much the spirit of the humble Francis of Assisi, and since then have been the sole support, the only hope, the salvation of Mexico. How can they be otherwise? They are the successors of that heroic band, many of whom left their whitened bones 'neath the merciless glare of a desert sun in order to found cities which to-day bear the names given them; Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, and many others.

With the enforcement of the outrageous articles contained in the Mexican Constitution of 1917, this scene changes. The religious are deported from the country, orphans must leave the homes in which they have been taught love of God, good citizenship and respect for authority. The dying man in the great hospital waits in vain for the gentle hands of the ministering nun or the soothing words of solace from the humble padre. These religious must leave the country, must leave their homes in which are bound the joys and sorrows, the fears and hopes of a lifetime.

Their saddened eyes fall for the last time upon the peaceful chapel, the treasure house of their strength. They are denied even the glorious death of martyrdom, they are not permitted to spill their blood as did those heroes of the Christian persecution, because the seed from their blood would inevitably give rise to a new and more vigorous Church in Mexico. Ah! consider the ignominy of the plight of the brave who came into this virgin country where the Aztec war-god was once adored, came armed with but the glorious shield of Faith, consider the ignominy of their plight as they leave with ideals, hopes, ambitions and labors dragged in the dust. The poet's words might well be applied to them:

"Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand."

This scene is not overdrawn. Mexico City has seen convents closed and sealed, nuns expelled and houses guarded for a time by armed police. There were sixty orphans in a Franciscan convent; these helpless children, with God-given right to grow into useful citizens under the proper care, were scattered one day because some formality had not been complied with, and the women meeting in front of the Holy Family Church to protest were violently dispersed by the police. In some places, I repeat, in some places the schools have been allowed to continue with drastic changes. The religious names were changed to secular titles, secular pictures were substituted for religious engravings and images, all books containing any mention of God or religion were sequestered, and the text books used in the government schools substituted. No religious meetings of any kind are permitted in the school building.

What is the plan Americans must follow? The history of Mexico certainly does not suggest any armed governmental action. Our government recognizes this fact, even as she recognized her precipitate recognition of Carranza; the senate resolution of 1919 requested President Wilson "to withdraw from Carranza the recognition heretofore accorded him." Mr. Wilson replied, saying with the utmost frankness, that "I should be gravely concerned to see any such resolution pass Congress. It would constitute a reversal of our constitutional practice." Thus we see hope of government action is futile.

The only feasible plan is the formulation of reasoned opinion to shoulder the burden of our neighboring republic, and to oppose—precisely as we would here—the foreswearing of conscience by the government. In this country we are pledged to a theory of social reform, the principles of which are of such a character as to make them universally binding. The social ills of Mexico are the direct cause of the present situation. We need to formulate such a plan of reasoned opinion in our educational centers and our societies. The result will only be the recognition of principles which are basically spiritual in nature and that are the sole support to moral welfare in Mexico.

The youth of the country must be made keenly alive to their responsibilities in regard to conditions like those existing in Mexico. The most logical place in which to foster

such a realization is in the school. Here must be taught that social principles are not inapplicable mouthings but, on the contrary, are very sound and ought to be applied in life. The Mexican situation demands such an education and application of principles. We in this country can thus find the happy medium between armed action and governmental interference. We are familiar with the people with whom we are dealing; they are those who closed the schools and convents of France; we have seen their ghostly figures march as representatives of freedom; we have seen them in the lobbies of Washington; and now as then we must marshal our strength; for Mexico is now a symbol of something greater than anger or idle conversation. It is the call to action; and in the fever of cold expectancy that grips us when action is imminent, let us draw from the sources which will give us strength; and, gazing into the future as did that great apostle of American Liberty, Patrick Henry, let us ask ourselves, "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?" The reply comes back: "Forbid it, Almighty God!" We shall elevate our minds to the greatness of the trust to which the order of Providence has called us. We shall teach the people of Mexico the counsel that is borne to our ears on every side in our country; even the very breeze that dances lightly over dappled hills and valleys and caresses the smiling fields, gently but insistently repeats the counsel, until in our mind it becomes the predominating thought, and we must cry out, "The Love of Liberty Protected By Law!"

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, A. B., '26.



The Nobility of Man

(Valedictory)

THE words of immortal Shakespeare truly depict that wonderful edifice—man. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

These words but amplify those quoted from the Creator Himself by the inspired writer: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness." When God created this cosmic universe, He consummated in man all the beauty of creation.

Consider man's anatomical structure, the foundation of which is a solid framework, constructed of bones, muscles and a membranous cloak, the skin. Within himself man harbors a sympathetic system of organs, each performing its duty, each rendering service. Marvelous as this mechanical aspect is, still more marvelous is the physiological grandeur of the human body. The minute cell grows, evolves, increases and develops. Thereafter the body functions for sensation. Multitudinous fibres extending over his entirety enable man to be cognizant of the external world. By them he feels, tastes, smells, hears and sees. Then by its own innate force the human composite accomplishes the greatest of its assets—movement. How express and admirable is the self-motion of the body! Unlike other mechanical devices, this mechanism moves without noise, nay with wonderful ease. Unlike them, too, it perfects itself by its own inherent organs. The rythmic beat of the human heart announces another flow of life-giving blood to irrigate a weary part of the human anatomy. This never-ceasing ebb and flow is its sustenance; it functions to sustain itself. Above all is its power of reproduction. The body functions to reproduce—the sacred vestige of its majestic Godhead.

Ah! truly is man a noble piece of work! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

More exalted, however, is the psychological part of this architectural marvel. Man is divinely endowed with a soul and its faculties—the intellect and will. The ordination of these faculties renders man noble in reason; infinite in faculty; in apprehension like a god.

Intelligence is the faculty of knowing. To know is to discern that which is; and to do this is to possess truth, because truth is identified with that which is inasmuch as it is perceived by the mind. From this it follows that truth is the object of the intellect. But what is "that which is"? Is it the heavens, the earth or things of the earth? Or is it mankind? No. All these are so limited that we find nothing of the vastness contained in that powerful word—being. Where then is being? Being is absolute, infinite and eternal. Being is He who said, "Ego sum Veritas," "I am the Truth." God is being. God alone is truth because He alone is Being. Behold then the object of the intellect! Behold Truth! Behold God! Behold that faculty which empowers man, the quintessence of dust, to know the Noblest of the Noblest,

Nobility itself! To understand that Nobility is to be noble! Thus man by means of his intellect ascends to the lofty pinnacle of God-like nobility.

The intellect alone does not constitute the "splendor ordinis" of man's nature. The Creator's design postulates another faculty to counterbalance man's Divine composition. The will is this component part. It is a faculty which tends toward the good perceived by the intellect. Moreover, it is a free faculty and enables man to enjoy moral freedom, the highest prerogative of his existence. Herein consists the discrimination between Scholastic and most forms of philosophy. The tenets of the Schoolmen affirm the freedom of the will, while that conglomeration of confused thoughts—Modern Philosophy—denies its existence. The assertion of Scholasticism is founded upon a metaphysical proof, which is:

Nature of a Rational Substance—The will takes its origin from the essence of the soul by the intermediary of the intellect; and it tends towards the object in the way in which the intellect presents it as to be sought; but the intellect apprehends happiness and the means necessary for it, and propounds it to the will as something that is to be sought of necessity; whereas, the particular goods and those having no necessary connection with the end, the intellect proposes as indifferently to be sought; therefore, the will remains indifferent in face of particular goods. But this indifference is liberty; therefore, the will is free.

The minor is proved thus: In particular goods, the intellect sees the advantages on the one hand (e. g., study) and the difficulties on the other. It tends towards it as something that is good, and flees from it as difficult. Hence, it cannot propose such to the will as necessarily to be sought, nor as necessarily to be avoided. Hence, the will remains indifferent.

We find in Holy Scripture: "Before man is life and death, good and evil; that which he shall choose, shall be given him." But evident as this doctrine is, there are those to-day who deny it. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons once said, "It is the destiny of truth to have not only its courageous champions but also its bitter antagonists." So, too, with this question. There are those who, in this heyday of perverse intellects, this age of materialism, ignore this paramount faculty; this faculty which distinguishes man from brute creation; this faculty which partakes of the Divine Will; this

faculty which makes man truly man. There are those who attribute all their acts, whether good or bad, to the Almighty; there are those who contend that criminals are such because of past environment; these are they who try to soothe a guilty conscience by ascribing acts of a perverted will to mental or physical maladies; and lastly, we find those who hold that education consists in the development of the intellect alone—no thought do they give to the will of the student, no thought to his moral uplift.

Away with all these falsehoods! Give us moral freedom! Give us the man who acknowledges his free will! Give us the student of morality! Give us the education that develops the will as well as the intellect! Give us Christian education! Hail to that philosophy which propounds the doctrine of free will! Hail to Scholastic philosophy! Hail to the philosophy of our Alma Mater!

Yes, classmates, we have imbibed that philosophy, we have absorbed that education, which builds and molds the real man. We have received culture which prepares us to withstand the onslaughts of perversity. Let it continue to augment our spiritual growth. Now, as we are about to pass beyond the portals of our beloved Alma Mater, let us sincerely and openly and feelingly proclaim our gratitude to those whose efforts enabled us to realize thus far this Christian ideal; to our dear parents or guardians, who sacrificed that we might benefit by their sacrifices; to all our friends and benefactors, who encouraged that we might persevere by their encouragements; to our patient teachers, who toiled that we might reap the harvest by their toil.

Nor is this all. Within the sacred sanctum of our memories let us forever cherish the bygone days of our college lives. Let us hold precious those days wherein was friendship born. Ah! Friendship! How sweet a thing, that friendship! To us it is a treasure full of bliss, a melody of everlasting love. And for friends to bid adieu is sad indeed. But still we must. Our ways, perhaps, do part. Fare ye well then, old friends; old pals, farewell. If e'er our paths shall meet, happy will we be; if not, 'tis then a sad farewell.

JAMES E. McCAFFREY, A. B., '26.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Graduation

GRADUATION marks the end of school days and the beginning of life in real earnestness. It is the last chord of the preliminary work and the opening note of life. One always graduates into something higher. First it was grade school, then high school, next college and finally life. But the term graduation is usually applied in all its senses to the end of college years.

Graduation Day means a new beginning. The books, the tablets are laid aside. The professor no longer demands his theme. And for the moment the graduate thinks he is free at last. But this sense of freedom is short-lived. Life is exacting. Industry demands its proportion of one's time and effort. At all times there is someone demanding something from everybody. This the graduate must learn. A diploma is no magical charm whereby its possessor can gain whatever he desires. He must realize that he is striking out on his own resources. The tasks he must face are not solved in textbooks. There are no written answers to life's problems. Each must find the correct method and solve them in his own way.

All too often the owner of a college degree goes forth with dreams of immediate conquest of the world and its difficulties. But let him remember that it is a well-known rule that work alone brings real success. All the theory in the world is valueless unless it is tested by practice. The college graduate must get the practical experience if he would be suc-

cessful. Too many are leaving school with the ambition to secure a "white collar" job. You may wear a white collar and adorn a chair before a mahogany desk for years and yet you may not be successful. Men are successes or failures just as the amount of effort they put forth is great or small.

There is more expected from those who have had the opportunity of a college education. They should be leaders in the best things, for their opportunities have been greater. Their training should help them do the things worth while. They need not be ashamed to take a lowly job if they see at the end something that is better. Most people wish to start at the middle of the ladder and go up. They are unwilling to step in the mud and dirt that is at the bottom. But the mental and physical experience that one obtains by starting on the lowest rung and climbing upwards is an incalculable force that will help him reach the top.

Even so with our success or failure in life there is another event to which man ought to look forward. That is the great graduation day when he shall be sent forth from the greatest Alma Mater of them all—life itself. Whether we graduate with highest honors or not depends entirely on ourselves. And it will not be the triflers of life that will be considered. It will be the real things that will count most when the time comes for God to hand us our diploma into eternity. We must make our chances productive of real results. We must realize the maximum from every opportunity that is ours, so that the final graduation day will bring happiness and eternal reward.

CYRIL J. VOGEL, A. B., '27.



To the Tape

(Reprinted from the Freshman Weekly)

WITH the end of the week, June 11, we finished the first year of our college career, and what an eventful year it has been! We first met, strangers and friends, in early September. Our officers were elected in October and the paper, THE DUQUESNE FRESH FROSH, was published on the first day of their administration—a tribute to their enterprise. Our hated enemies, the Sophs, forced us to wear our little red and blue "dinks" during the early fall. We competed in several debates through-

out the year, winning some, losing others. The Grim Reaper collected his toll during the year, taking one student from us, causing another to leave school, and depriving two others of beloved parents. Our class night on Sunday, December 6, was a great success, and from that night's performance has arisen our class symbol,—a bovine quadruped, or, in the language of the farm, a cow. Then came Christmas and with it a vacation.

January 4 saw us off in a new year, holding the information of the dark future. We were better acquainted now and called each other by our first names, or perhaps pseudonyms. In February, the Freshman class began the first Round Table discussions conducted among the units of the Pittsburgh Local Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. In April we departed for our Easter vacation. Back in a week and to work for the C. S. M. C. pageant and the Year Book. Then seven of us took part in the Annual Play on May 19. We flavored our final examinations with two tourneys—handball and tennis.

Besides taking part in all these activities and some I have not mentioned, we attended class and took our examinations. The class had a high scholastic standing and a very good record for attendance. We have a right to be proud of ourselves, but still there lurks the thought that we could have done better, if we had only tried harder.

A vote of thanks is surely due our class officers for the wonderful manner in which they have guided our Ship of State through the channel of school politics. In the name of the class we thank the following officers: President, Paul A. Nee; Vice-president, Ralph L. Hayes; Secretary-treasurer, Michael A. Dravecky; Publicity manager, Regis A. Amrhein; Athletic manager, Frank B. Karabinos.

As is well known, the best way to end is to finish, we therefore bid adieu and say farewell. Goodbye 1926!

JOHN C. STAFFORD, A. B., '29.

fac.

